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"NEXT STOP IS CHAMPAIGN!"

How do your cigarettes treat you AFTER you smoke them?

(This is a test that few cigarettes can stand up under)

Many other good cigarettes besides Fatimas taste mighty good—WHILE you are smoking them. Fatimas are not the only good ones. Although Fatimas taste so good that they continue to outsell any other cigarette costing over 5c.

But Fatimas deliver something more than good taste. They will give you *cigarette comfort*—comfort while you are smoking them and comfort AFTER you smoke them.

While you are smok-

ing them, they will feel cool and comfortable to the throat and tongue.

And AFTER you smoke them—even though you may smoke more than usual—they will leave you feeling as you'd like to feel. No heavy or "heady" feeling—none of that "mean" feeling of having smoked too much.

All this is the reason why Fatimas are called a SENSIBLE cigarette.

Yes—some day you will try Fatimas. Why not do it today?

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

The original Turkish blend

FATIMA

THE TURKISH BLEND

A Sensible Cigarette



20 for 15¢



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ON THE SQUARE

Complete University
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Kodaks and Kodak Finishings

The Co-Op

THE BIG STORE

Wuestman For fine jewelry--diamonds and gifts of lasting quality--come in and peruse our stock--by far the largest and best selected array in the twin cities.

Wuestman
"The Tiffany of Champaign"

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**BUY YOUR BOOKS AND
UNIVERSITY SUPPLIES at**

We have remodeled our front sides, enlarged our back sides, let daylight into our top sides, cut out and adjusted some of our insides, so as to give you better

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**ALL THROUGH THE COLLEGE
Year if you START RIGHT and**

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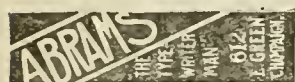
Film Kodaks Supplies



CONSISTENCY

I long, oh, so much, to write of the aesthetic.
I possess beautiful thoughts and ideals.
I adore Nature, even thorns!
I am stirred by the classics.
Even ragtime quickens me and stirs my emotions.
I am, what people call, a co-ed.
I am homely!

—A. E. Singer.



Ha, ha!
Ho, ho!
Hee, hee, hee!
Pretty good!
Haw, haw!
That's rich!
Well, well!
(Sniff)
(Titter)

But All Jokes Aside

WHEN you settle down
to business and are
ready for a Typewriter,
make a bee-line for

Sam'l. Abrams

The Typewriter Man

612 E. Green St.

CHAMPAIGN

(East of Harris' Candy Store)

ALL MAKES Typewriters



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Three months for \$5 and up



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*A season of rare musical and
dramatic entertainment Hear
GADSKI, "The World's Sweetest Voice",
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MISCHA ELMAN, wonderfull violin genius,
on this season's STAR COURSE Program
Season tickets - 3.⁰⁰, 2.⁷⁵, and 2.⁵⁰, good
for all seven numbers. Seats on sale on
Campus during Registration days. At
COOP and BUSINESS OFFICE afterward*

BILLIARDS and POCKET BILLIARDS

The Gentleman's Games

They are games that require a steady nerve, a quick eye, an active brain and sound judgment. They bring out the best there is in a man. Such games are not only restful—a recreation, but are up-building in character; they develop the senses of fair play, accuracy and quickness of decision.

We cater only to gentlemen. Our parlor is light, airy, clean, well kept. No improper language is heard; no improper conduct is allowed. Nothing objectionable can be found.

Our tables, the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., the world's standard balls, cues and all equipment are the best made and are kept in first class condition.

On these claims and statements we base our solicitation of your patronage. Visit the new room on the second floor. You will enjoy playing there. Within a stone's throw of the campus,—our door opens with a hearty welcome to you, one and all.

Arcade Billiard Parlors

DEWEY NEWMAN, Prop.

Bradley Arcade

Real Letters From a Girl to a Student

I.

Sun. Morn.

Darling:—

What are you doing today, I wonder. I hope you are lonesome for me as I am so blue about having you away from me. Yet your letters help so much as you tell me that you think of me and want me with you. We'll have to form a mutual lonesome club, won't we dearest?

Tomorrow is th Bankers Banquet and your little Eva will wear her best doll clothes and do her best stunt.

Marie will soon be out for dinner—I know you would like her. I was thinking how nice it would be when we can invite our friends in for dinner Sundays after you and I are married, hon.

Has Myrtle been dreaming of my man again. I can't stand for that it makes me wild. So please tell me every letter than you don't love her any more and I'm the apple of your eye. Even if my letters sound like a half-baked apple.

Tonight dear, I am so down-hearted and blue and I wish you were here with all my heart. Perhaps you could help me, of course, I know you would darling.

Dearest, write me very often as at home it will be so dull without you.

All my love,
Your own Girl,
EVE.

An intoxicated man hailed a cab.

After he had climbed in, the cabby leaned over and asked, "What street do you want?"

"What streets have you?" he inquired.

"Lots of 'em," smiled the cabby, humoring him.

"Gimme 'em all!" said his fare, waving his arm grandly.

After they had been driving for several hours, the man in the cab ordered a stop.

"H- how mush—hic—do I owe you?"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents."

"Well, hic, you better drive beak till you get to thir-ry fi' shents—'cause thashall I got!"

Bridegroom—"Waiter, I hope you haven't told anyone here that we are newly married?"

Irish Waiter—"No, indade, sor. Oive kaped it a secret. Wheniver anybody tried to pump me, sor, Oive told them you weren't married at all, at all."—Ex.

This Space Reserved for

Colonial Theatre

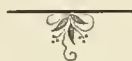
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REPAIR DEPARTMENT

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Moderate Charges



**Ray L. Bowman
Jewelry Company**

Hamilton Bldg.

Champaign, Ill.

IT'S GOOD—

to know that the best there is in tailoring
is at your service.

Select your garments while the assortment
of woolens is complete, and have them made
by *Anderson of Chicago*.

Prices \$18 to \$45

“Marshall”

Bradley Arcade

Opp. Library



The Girl I Left Behind

LET me drowse another hour or two, and dream another dream

Of the girl I left behind, of the girl I left behind.
Let me drift along a month or two on mem'ry's golden stream—
Let me see what I can find—let me see what I can find.

*Oh, her eyes were brown—or were they blue?
Her lips were dewy warm and sweet;
Her smile made gloaming from the night;
Her laughter made my throat draw tight—
Goodness me, but her picture's fleet—
Her eyes were brown—or were they blue?*



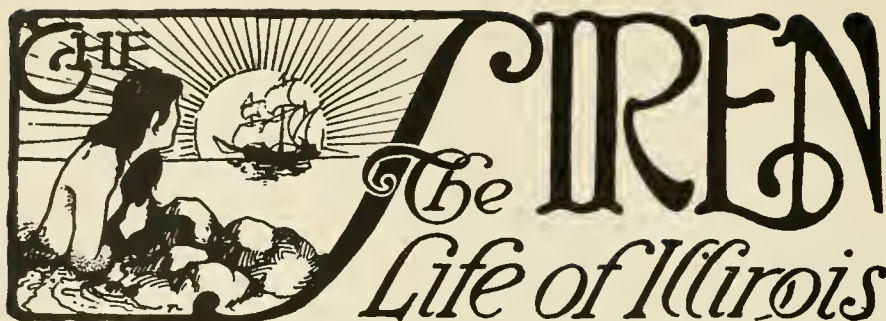
Let me lilt another strain or two—a sentimental tune—
Of a song that will remind of nights for love design'd.
Let me feel another thrill or two beneath an August moon—
The yellow moon that shined on the girl I left behind.



*Now it seems to me 'twas on the lawn
We sat alone—I think I said:
"My love, you've set my brain awirl!"
Or maybe I sighed, "You're some girl!"
And in the boat I caressed her head,
The boat?—Perhaps 'twas on the lawn!*

Let me catch a fragrant whiff or two, a perfume gently blown
By a friendly summer wind from the Evenings When I Pined—
Let me drowse another hour or two, and dream another dream
Of the girl I left behind—of the girl I left behind!





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"HELLO, BOYS!"

"BILLY! Gee, I'm glad t' see ya!"
"Hello, Tom!"

"Honest, Dick, you look good t' me."
"Jim! O-o-o-h—Jim! C'mover 'n shake me hand!"

Gosh, but it's great to get back!

It's a good old school.

Lots of fighting spirit; lots of friendship.

And behind it all, can anyone fail to feel the big wheels of labor turning around?

Nothing is more joyous than the work of youth, the stress of growth, the labor of love.

Nothing is finer than the smile of a friend.

Nothing is sweeter than a coed's eyes.

Lots of noise; lots of ambition; lots of mental and physical health.

Gosh, but it's great to get back!

COMPULSORY MILITARY

MANY years ago a bill came up in the state legislature providing for a state university. Senator Blink saw to it that a compulsory military training clause was inserted. Then he leaned back and looked complacent.

He dreamed a pleasant dream.

He saw college students filtering out into the world, ready to give superior service not only in times of peace but in case of war.

He saw sturdy, enthusiastic, capable soldiers and officers.

He looked even as far ahead as 1916 and pictured such a large registration at the University that two student regiments would have to be formed. Fighting bodies these would be, joyfully marching, machine-like in their precision.

Senator Blink's dream has not come true.

Our student cadets are a depressed, irritable, slipshod body of men. They

Our officers are poorly trained; it is impossible to make an efficient officer where military is a minor and subservient interest.

The methods of drill are maddeningly inefficient. The cadet movements are top heavy. The average cadet stands on one spot, jerky, nervous, ill-humored, more than half the time of his "drill" period. It is to be expected. You can't train an officer under existing conditions, to maneuver a large body of men with anything resembling mastery.

Therefore, from the viewpoint of the military department, fully half of the "drill" time is wasted.

It is more than wasted, from the viewpoint of the cadet. It makes him "sore"—disgruntled, dull, weary. It makes him just that much less capable of interest in his studies, just that much less keenly active in his human relations.

The average student can learn in one semester, if properly handled, more military than he is learning now in two years. As it is, he gets a year and a half of endless repetition which leaves him more "ragged" than he was at its beginning. Witness the superiority of the average freshman company, after the first semester, over the average sophomore company.

There is only one way to handle the cadet properly. Take him out of college. Give him military training in the summer, or give it to him before he has entered university or after he has left.

Germany is a great military nation, but it is also a great university nation. One reason for its greatness in both is that it does not mix them.

Poor, deluded Senator Blink! However, one cannot hold him to account. His dream occurred many years ago.

But how about those in power today?

Are they seeing the situation in good perspective?

Or do they think because our band's harmonious blare is almost

deafening that we are successful exponents of the preparedness idea?

How do they know that the plan here is successful? Reports from the military department represent only one side.

There should be an official effort to get the real facts, and all of them.

IMPUDENCE AND SENTIMENT

AN impudent Siren she will be this year—an impudent Siren and a sentimental one.

She will gossip about you to your face, and she will spoon with you.

She will laugh at you and, at times, think, earnest, youthful thoughts with regard to your welfare.

She will try to help you have a good time, and she will demand to know how you are spending your time—and why.

She will be your pal, your sweet-heart and your conscience.

So it is with smiling lips, serious eyes and alluring grace that the Siren curtsies low and bids you "Welcome."

ARE YOU A PIN CUSHION?

LOOK at a man's vest if you want to know what he isn't.

Every little pin you see most likely has a meaninglessness all its own.

There is a difference between joining organizations and collecting pins.

And quite a few of the fellows who think they are joining organizations are merely serving the function of a pin cushion.

Not a common, ordinary, red-plush pin cushion, of course. A nice, well-tailored, haberdash-topped, watch chain-embroidered pin cushion with beautiful gold and jeweled pins. But, nevertheless, a pin cushion.

Are you a pin cushion?

Have you joined one of the twenty odd useless organizations on this campus? Do you give time, effort and money—not to mention vest space—to nothing? Is your picture in the *lio* three hundred times?

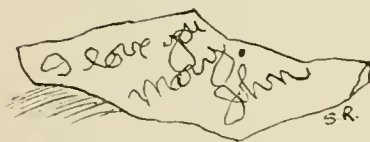
If not—

Are you going to be a pin cushion?

Green Street

Oh, Green street once was shady,
Shy and cool and shady,
And all its homes retiringly
Stayed off the beaten way.
It was so nice to stroll along
And josh around or sing a song
And look at the girls admiringly
As they passed in bright array.

But Green street now is brazen;
The dollar's clutch it sways in—
A cobbler's place is jutting here
And a lunch room's leering there,
The freshman of tomorrow—
What memories can he borrow?
Can his mind color the scene so drear?
Do you think he'll learn to care?



A MINOR NOTE.

A COLORED lady came to a surgeon to have a broken jaw mended.

The man of medicine, desirous of intelligently understanding the case, questioned his patient tactfully.

"Was it a hard object with which you were struck?" he asked, after she told him that her jaw had been put in its p'ight by a collision.

"Tol'bly haad, boss, tol'bly haad," was all she said.

"Was it coming very rapidly?" continued the doctor patiently.

"Tol'bly swift, boss, tol'bly swift."

The surgeon asked several questions more, whereupon the colored lady became exasperated and said:

"We'll, if yo' done must know, Ah wuz jest naturally kicked in de jaw by a gen'l'man friend!"



"What is an over-dressed girl?"

"One who has too little on."

The only thing which has an original cost but no upkeep is a funeral.

The fellow who puts things off until the last minute will have an awful time on his deathbed.



SUMMER NEWS

D. G'S. ARE FOILED

In Tin Saving Effort to Buy Flat

Univille, .., ...—Summer school at the U. of I. opened here today with a total enrollment of nearly 1,000 high school marms and profs in attendance. Stocks in summer society markets experienced a slight flurry upward with the registration of "Brink" Brinkerhoff.

Campusburg on the Boneyard, .., ...—Dean T. A. Clark left early this morning to attend the annual conclave of the Theta Nu Epsilon fraternity at Keysburg.

Sorority Row, Ill., .., ...—Members of Tappa Nu Keg held their regular summer meeting here last night. President Fecker Light of Danville presided.

The general conclave was opened at eleven p. m., shortly after a summer dance at the Beta house was closed, and continued until 5 a. m., when Mr. Fecker Light had disappeared. The meeting broke up in disorder, several members leaving in pajamas.

The parties who left a five gallon lard can, half full of ice, on the Alpha porch, can get same by calling in person and leaving name for Dean Clark.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 8.—Illinois University won the annual team championship of the Western Intercollegiate dude shinny association here today with a total of 816, as to Northwestern's 854.

Kyleville, Ill., June 24.—Regular weekly summer dances at the Woman's building of the University of Illinois began last night under the direction of the Beardsley, Brown and Kyle Co.



Sept. 18.—Initiations of fraternity freshmen into the secret order of T. O. C. are frustrated by kindly and considerate brothers.

At this function the season on school marms opened. Licenses were taken out at the office of the dean of women yesterday.

Promboro, Ill., Aug. .., ...—The regular summer 'Prom' was held last night at the Armory under the direction of "Duce" Hart, "Hal" Beardsley and "Tom" Brown. The financiers cleared \$2 each.

Brown failed to carry out his reputation as escort to Dean Martha Kyle, his usual "Prom" occupation.



If the "Froshess" looked as she felt!

TAPPA KEGS MEET

On Sorority Row In Summer Session

The Triangles, S. A. E. and A. T. O. houses were entered during the summer, nothing of great value being taken. "Slats" Senseman, at the Triangle resort, encountered a burglar in the upper hall of the fraternity house. Neither saw the other afterward.

A University "Movie," which was to be shown again last week, was taken during the summer, featuring "Heinie" Sellards, "Art" Metzler and the Phi "Sig" fraternity pin.

Written by Mrs. Kay, of Urbana, the play was a decided success. One of the most notable features was a "close-up" on the Phi "Sig" pin, worn by Metzler.

The acting was good, students of the University in summer work taking the parts. The play was filmed and directed by a Chicago cinema photographer.

Champaign Headquarters of E. J. James—Dr. Fannie Gates has been named Dean of Women at the University of Illinois to succeed Miss Marcha Kyle, temporary dean, and perpetrator of the "Urbana Sorority Row" movement.

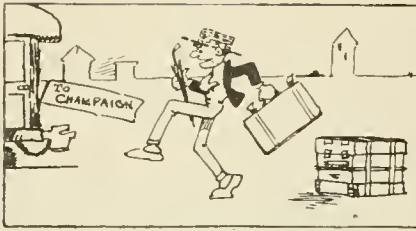
A scribe in the background opines that he could "tlf" the new dean off to a few things, but won't.

Delta Gamma sorority has "purchased" a house in Urbana. Tin foil collecting got rather tiresome, the sisters reported, and since the departure of several fraternity seniors, the foil has been rather scarce.

It has been estimated that by 1988 the incoming freshman class of the sorority will have but \$25,000 a year interest and \$50,000 principal to pay in case cigarette companies continue to wrap their product in foil.



FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE



A SON OF THE WORLD AND A WONDERFUL LIE

THIS is a tale, interspersed with
with a wail,

Of envy in all its gradations;

The Doings and Dids of The Collegger
Kids

While they were away on vacations.
They've all had their revels like reg-
ular devils

These cynics with worldliness
bloated,

But they'd scarce be amused if they
were accused

Of saying the things herewith quoted.

Toward the train

For Champaign

Once again

I had dashed;

Embraces

Kissed faces,

Suitcases,

I'd crashed;

In my race

For a place

I would chase

Unabashed.

I arrived at the car,

Heaved a sigh, "Bye and bye,

I'll be cozily seated

Within it," thought I.

Then came profanity,

Half of humanly

Fired with insanity

Came 'fore my eye.

Then I awaken

Wrathful and shaken

I stand with my luggage,

The others quite heedless;

Someone was cheating me,

Someone was beating me,

Hapless and strapless

I find myself seatless.

Back of a seat goes my suitcase,
kerplunk;

Under a seat goes the rest of my
junk:

Oh, how condoling

At last we are rolling.

Time to start worrying over my
trunk.

Such a bewildering melee of noises,

Tenor and alto and baritone voices
Crowded together in frenzied re-
joices.

Not a face

Any place

Shows a yearning to meet me,

Here are two

That I knew,

But they won't even greet me;

So now I decide that I must abide

By my fate

Or I'll die ere the end of this ride.

In anticipation

Of this situation

I listen, and shortly I catch a narra-
tion

That seems to shine through from
the conglomeration.

'Tis a chronicle wild

From the lips of a child

Of twenty or so, just returned from
vacation.

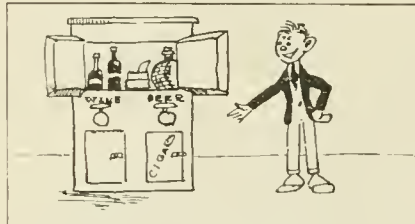
"It was slow,

Don't you know,

A fortnight or so

I spent in the Catskills

At our big chateau.



I had two or three cars

And lots of cigars

And enough wines and li-
quors

To start thirty bars.

But what could I do?

It's apparent to you

That I must have pleasure;

Simp life is taboo.

So one July day

I hastened away

And went to Bar Harbor

For a brief little stay,

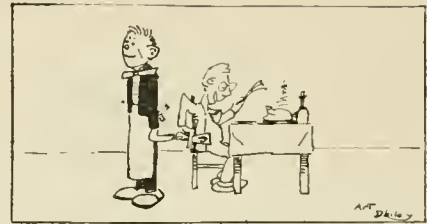
But all of our set,

From Eileen to Yvette,

Were touring the ocean,



So I got the notion



To start an affair.

I wired Ina Claire

The Queen of the Follies

That I'd soon be there

At the Waldorf to meet her,

Say, we are some pair!

She's a little bit gay,

Borders on the risqué

The hit of the season

The boxholders say.

Broadway was dead

The whole burg was in bed—

But few of the sports

Stand the pace that we led.

She's like Bacchus' daugh-
ter,

Drinks wine just like water,

The food that I bought her—

The best Oscar caters;

While champagne julce

Was just running loose

And Oh the abuse

That we heaped on the
waiters;

And yet it was boring,

So listless deploring.

And all through vacation I caught
myself snoring.

In folly and viciousness I've been im-
mersed;

I've seen the old world at its best
from the first.

And now that I'm grown

I'll have to be shown—

For fun and excitement I've sure got
a thirst."

And then the youth halts in his wild
recitation

About his experience during vaca-
tion

Secure in the hunch

That he's faded the bunch

And gained a dare devilish swift
reputation.

Now the rest look askance

With significant glance—

The youth settles down with a
sigh;

And some believed

And some weren't deceived

And in with the latter am I.

For I was aware

(Continued on Page 27)



Ukulele Tunes

1. Theta Girls Are Lovelier

The-ta girls are love-li-er than a - ny girls I know —
I'd like to make a The-ta girl my wife. And if a The-ta
girl would on - ly say she'd mar - ry me, I'd give her all my
treas-ures and my ev - er lov-ing life —

Chords: G, C, G7th, Em, D7th (faster), G

NOW---Go on with the rest:

I'd give her all my neckties and I'd give her all my shoes—	I'd give her all my mem'ries and I'd give her all of my books—	I'd give her all the pictures of the girls I used to love—
I'd give her all the pipes upon my shelf,	I'd give her all my overcoats and shirts.	I'd give her all the letters that they wrote;
I'd give her every coin that's jingling 'round in all my jeans;	I'd give her all my razors and my Colgate's shaving soap—	I'd give her all my future and my ukulele chords—
I'd give her every moment of my ever-loving self.	I'd give her all my good looks—and I don't care if she flirts .	I'd give her all my relatives and— I don't care if she votes.

Note: The chords are given according to any standard ukulele instruction book. The instrument should be strung G, C, E, A. The word "Theta" is used arbitrarily. "Pi Phi," "Kappa," "Chi O," etc., may be readily substituted.

We recommend that you hesitate a long time before you send the
SHOCKING NUMBER of the SIREN
[out October 9th] to your relatives and friends.

SUNDAY CLOSING

NEWCOMERS will be interested to know that on Sunday all tennis courts, movie and vaudeville theatres and the golf links are closed.

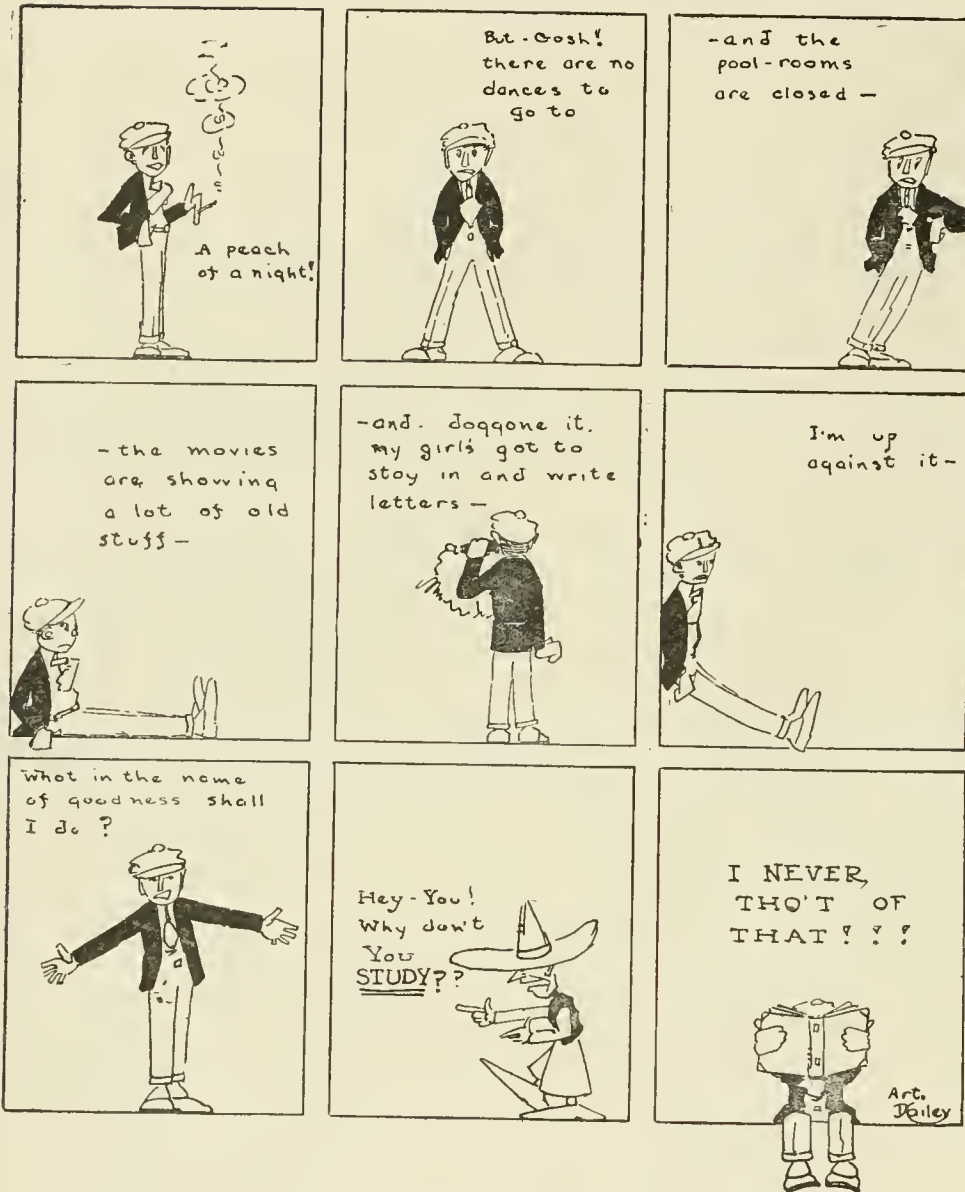
There is nothing to do on Sunday but go to church. If one's inclination does not happen to lie that way, one can always take a walk or even study.

You may be constrained to inquire as to what is harmful about sports and amusement on the Sabbath—from a political viewpoint. But do your inquiring, in private.

Don't air your complaint, if you should have one on this subject, in public. If you do, some may say that you are a "kicker," one who is always looking for trouble.

It will be pointed out that there are many attractive things about this community, and that you have deliberately ignored them and selected a, to you, disagreeable feature.

You will probably be told that on so many things are nice you have no right to recognize the ones that are not. And if you believe that, and obediently proceed to boost all the good things and ignore the poor ones, you will be well-liked.



Dean Clark Writes On The Funny Freshman

I am not so sure that the freshman is funny; that depends on the freshman. I have seldom found him funny. He has but seldom been an object to provoke laughter in me. If I wished to be amused by undergraduate exaggerations and eccentricities I should seek out the sophomore whose monumental self-assurance and self-complacency and whose bizarre sartorial display have always had for me a distinct, even though it were an unconscious, humor. I always smile at a sophomore swaggering down the street. He has on me the same effect as the contemplation of a proposed practical joke. He is going to be surprised when he realizes how much he has to learn.

But the freshman, on his arrival at least, is no joke—he is a serious reality to himself and to the college. A thing to be funny has to be unexpected, has to spring a surprise, and the freshman is as certain as the seasons and as easily recognizable as "flivvers." If he is funny at all it is when he has been about the campus just long enough to adopt its customs without having assimilated them, to ape a new language, a new style of dress, new manners, without making them his own.

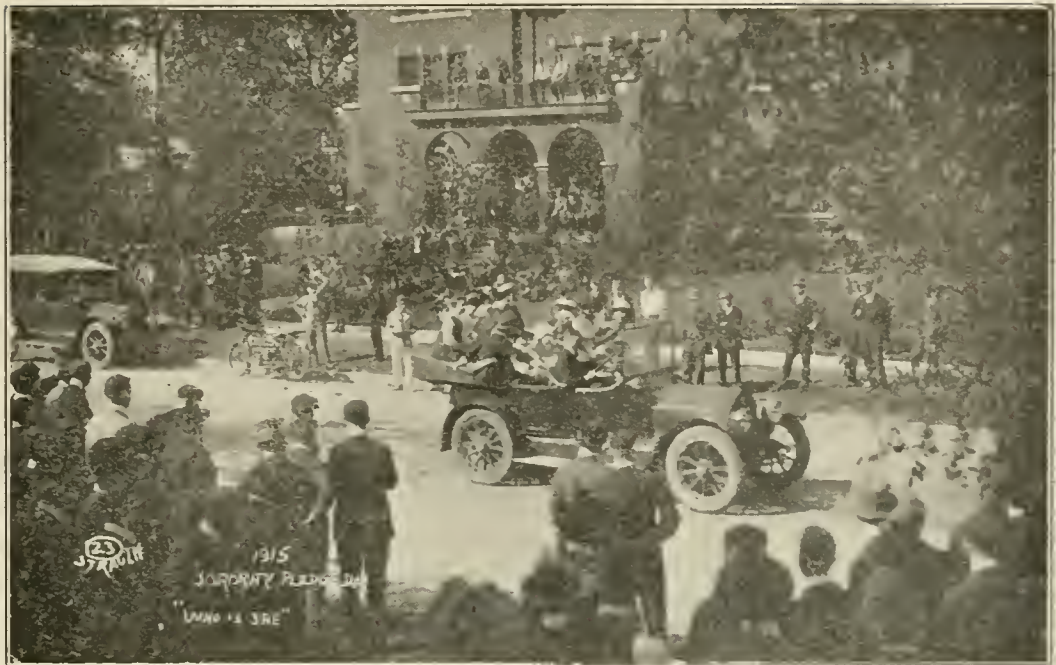
When he arrives in September the freshman often shows a touch of pathos; it is when he goes home at Christmas with his newly acquired styles, his new experiences, and his smattering of knowledge that he has to take scrupulous care lest he be funny.

THE pretty picture here, Theresa, is that of Pledge Day. Pledge Day is the day when all the newly-made sisters put on their best afternoon gowns and are driven to their new homes, where they are kissed in public by their new sisters.

Of course, Theresa, you silly child! Of course, they are ladies—perfect ladies!

Poor taste? Well, yes, from the point of view of the ladies it should be. But think of all the men, the hundreds of men, who crowd the street and stare and make remarks.

If we didn't have Pledge Day, what would these men do in order to enjoy the afternoon? Why, they might be driven to go to a vaudeville show



—but even that would not entertain them as much as seeing all these perfectly nice young ladies parading in public to be kissed.

Certainly, Theresa, the pledges know that the hundreds of young men will be there to watch. Embarr-

assed? Well, they might be, but then what fun would there be if the spectators weren't there?

Theresa, you are unkind! Making a show of themselves—indeed! Why Pledge Day is a university tradition, and you mustn't question it.

GUIDE TO CAMPUS HUMOR

Every freshman wants to see the funny things of the University, but he hesitates to inquire the way. Tut, tut, it is quite simple. Follow:

First to the laughing hyena at the museum in the Natural History building. The funny-bones of the monkeys are also there.

A delightful patch of tickle-grass may be observed in the southwest zone of the forestry. Also a few haw-trees.

The old Main Hall clock runs in a happy-go-lucky way somewhat enjoyable to all.

One of the big jokes of the campus is the hospital behind the military stable. The other is the celebration urn.

The take-off at the jumping pit on Illinois Field should be visited, of course.

If you want a dead give-away, ask for a catalog at the Registrar's office.

Plenty of waggery on the South Farm.

For good local bits go to some of the preliminary football games.

But the most killing thing of all is the cadet brigade.

Summer Reading

ALONG around in May or June, when our vacation's coming soon, we look ahead and think what we are going to read when we're all free from note books and that serious stuff. "I'll read for pleasure—something rough—instead of grinding Taussig's mess." And then we ponder, "Well, I guess I'll do some reading that'll make me feel it's worth the time I'll take—the things I've heard of since a child; Bennett, Shaw and Oscar Wilde, and some by this chap Tuergeneff, and some of this strange modern stuff." That's what we say when it is June and our vacation's coming soon.

But in July up at the lake we always hated to forsake the boats and beaches, and the night was purple black with stars so white and softened by a silver moon—a fellow couldn't help but spoon. In August time a lazy fit took hold of us and we would sit around and dream and laze away the golden, sleepy, summer day. Why, we would sort of seem to shrink from things which might have made us think. Books didn't seem to fill the bill; on rainy days we'd stall until the "Cosmopolitan" we'd spy and then we'd sit and read, oh my! It's thus in August and July when our vacation's slipping by.

Only One Arm at the Wheel

WITH my home town love, and with stars above,
And only one arm at the wheel
Of my little old Ford with its squeaks and discord—
That's a vacation real!

No summer cruise,
No Alpine views,
No rare Imported wine,
No midnight meals,
No Locomobles,
No yachting trips for mine;
No River Rhone,
No Yellowstone,
No Adirondack jaunts,
No fishing trips,
No poker chips,
No rest in mountain haunts;
No outing tramps,
No lakeside camps,
No big summer hotels,
No Maine resorts,
No water sports,
No hobnobbing with swells;
No summer spent
On pleasure bent—
Just simple life, you see,
And yet I'll bet
That you'll regret
Your summer more than me.
I chance to know—
And it's surely so—
That most all swell vacations,
Are spent in Spain
By a fertile brain,
In its hallucinations.
With my home town love, and with stars above,
And only one arm at the wheel
Of my little old Ford, just a Ford, but oh Lord—
That's a vacation real!



OH, it's "Tommy's a crook," or "Tommy's a god," or
"Tommy's a regular scout,"
Whenever the door of the den of the Dean opens up and
a student comes out.
It's "Tommy's in league with the Champaign police," when
a fellow's been nabbed with a jag.
And I've heard fellows say, "What a heart he has got!"
when he's helped falt'ring feet not to lag;—
But it's "Tommy's got brains, you can say what you
please!" when his scalpel-like tongue starts to wag!

A young man who was leaning against the entrance
wall of a large city building, smoking a cigaret, was ap-
proached by an elderly gentleman.

"Young feller," said the latter, "smoking cigarets is
a vile habit. Why don't you quit and become industri-
ous? Why, if you practice self-denial during your life,
some day you'll own this building!"

"Have you practiced self-denial all your life?" asked
the young man.

"I certainly have."

"Do you own this building?"

"No."

"I do."



EVOLUTION OF THE FRESHMAN

SUSAN LUMMOX, HER RISE AND FALL

By W. Chambers Robber

The greatest cereal Mr. Robber has ever written. Susan is the only elevator girl known to fiction. First she goes up and then she goes down.

Note: You know what it is to be in love, gentle reader. You know, oh, you must know! Because if you don't—well, read the story and see. On the other hand, if you do—well, read the story and find out what THEY did!

What Has Gone Before.

Susan LummoX is, strange to say, born without a name. She is even born without an age. Likewise without coiffure and teeth. But people have forgotten all about these things by the time she is an exquisite child of sixteen. Only they remember that she was born without a name. And it makes a difference. Oh, yes. Teeth don't count. Age don't count. Nothing don't count except that name business. Especially did it count with the malicious and gossiping women of the village of Cholomond-e'y-Talliaferro in Exessex. They neglected their washing and let their children go without their drippins' 'n' 'read just to stand around in their back yards and tell each other what a bally, or perchance blooming, disgrace it was to the fair name of the countryside that this LummoX was born without a name. Finally Susie's individuality asserted itself. You know what that means. Right away she climbed into the vortex of the swirl of the turmoil. You know what that means. Of course. She went to the city, the big city—all alone, homeless, friendless, shameless—climbed on a street car, and leaned breathlessly to the thrill of it all. Now the warm blood coursed through her! Her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone! Yes, they did. A millionaire wanted to marry her, but why should she marry a millionaire when there were plenty of shabby young men in Lunnon? So finally she went on the stage in Os-



She hesitated—fearfully.

kaloosa Iowa, and made a big hit. Life was poignant, swift, terrific, wonderful! Oh, how she loved it all! Suddenly she is stricken by poverty, cold and hunger. Drooping, drab and dizzy, she leans against the icy wind and walks the sloppy sidewalks night after night. She meets Tom Agony Filbert. He invites her to a cabaret. Here her fall begins. Now read the following instalment.

S HE stood there, exquisite. Her glossy hair looked like burnished copper with little gold glints. Her skin, ivory white on nose, shoulders, neck, upper chest, forehead and on her left ankle where a hole had begun that very evening in spite of the guarantee, was satiny in texture—a skin you'd love to touch.....

He swayed toward her.....

She backed toward the door jamb.

He stepped on her toe... She clenched her teeth.

"You are dragging him down," he anticipated.

"I don't care!" she announced. The Man smiled. She is so ingenous, he thought, so untutored! She really thought that was original. Never had seen Eva Tanguay's act. You sweet, wonderful young flower, he thought. What he said was subtly psychological and, oh, so wistful!

She hesitated—fearfully. Finally she spoke, and her voice was soft, liquid, throaty, alluring, soprano and tender.

"You—man!" she stammered "Oh-h-h...." She trembled. The sweet scent from her hair and cheeks and eyes intoxicated him.

His arms closed about her and his hot breath came and went, as it had been doing more or less during his life. Her rose petal lips were lifted, and

(To be continued).



The co-eds that spoon in the spring
tra la,
Don't always come back in the fall.

The College Man

THE fellow who comes to college to study—

And when he gets there finds that his physique and athletic abilities make him inevitable varsity material along more than one line;

Or that his facility with the mandolin is of a magnitude, giving him the entre to this, that and the other thing, all of which demand the pleasurable expenditure of much time;

Or that there is something about him that co-eds like, and flattering suggestions pertaining to everything from walks in the afternoon to for-nals in the evening are offered;

Or that he had a hundred dollars left after spending his first two months' allowance and he feels that

this is a direct challenge to his ingenuity to find new ways of expenditure, so that there shall be no hampering surplus;

—And who does not forget the original premise and eschews the time-annihilating pleasures which are his by virtue of his superior equipment;

Who, in other words, has the price and in spite of this counts the cost—

That fellow is a man.



At the Station

I.

Louise, my high school sweetheart, took me to the train
When I started out four years ago to come to old Champaign.
She said, "Remember, Jimmie, you've promised that you'd write
And think of all I mean to you from morning until night."
And John, my boyhood chum, who went east when I came west,
Said, "Jim, of all my pals, old man, you sure have been the best."

Brother Bob kept telling me that he just knew I'd win
In every tennis tournament that I would enter in,
And Sally Lowe, who lived next door, brought me a cake she'd made—
Her mother'd put the filling in of her own marmalade.
Oh, all the fellows said "good bye"—Joe and Al and Phil
And Tom and Dave and Sam and Don and Roy and Lew and Will.

But mother only looked at me, and I saw her eyes were wet.
"Be good, my son," she said to me. I answered, "Yes, you bet,"
And I left them.

II.

Ann, a girl I'd met in camp, to the depot came next year
And said, "You just be sure and write; I'll answer, never fear."
And Jack, a fellow whom I'd met and liked since I got back,
Said, "Jim, remember, you will always have a friend in Jack."

But Bob had played me tennis and had even won a set;
He told me now how I should watch the balls up near the net.
And John had spent his summer away off in the east;
I hadn't heard from him at all—I had written twice at least.
Sweet Louise was married, and so was Sally Lowe,
So even they did not come down to see old Jim off now.

But mother came. She held my hand and her eyes with tears were wet.
"Be good, my boy," she said to me. I answered, "Yes, you bet."
And I left them.

III.

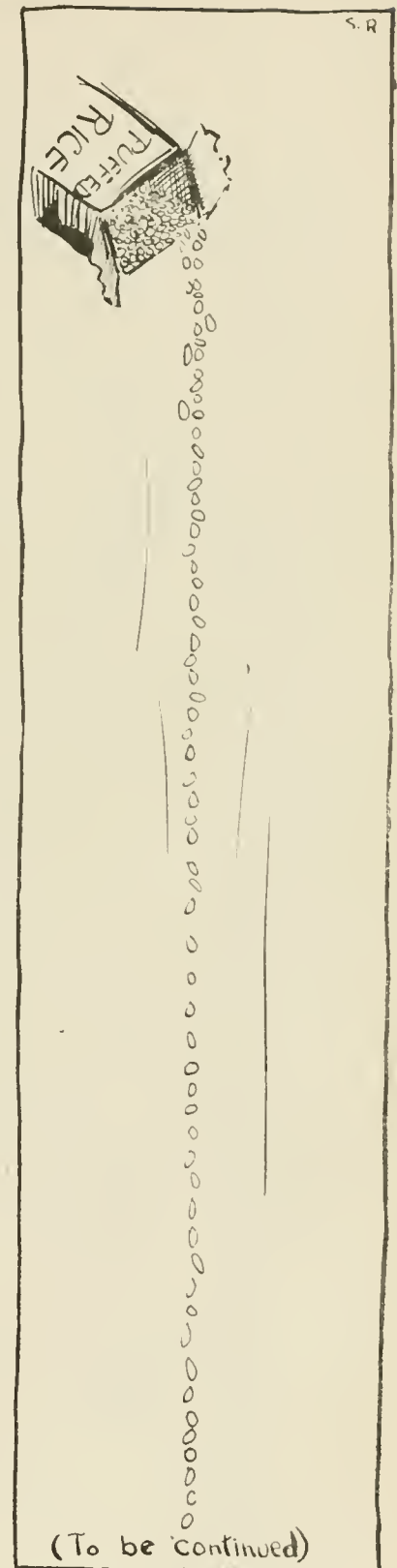
At the train a year ago there came another maid,
A blonde this time, and very sweet—too sweet, I'm much afraid.
New fellows, too, the ones I'd met while on my summer trip.
Bob had a date—"Important!"—and so he gave me the slip.
The crowd wished me just heaps of luck. I promised that I'd write.
Say, had I kept my promise I'd be writing day and night.

But mother stood quite close to me; her eyes were dewy wet.
"Be good, my son," she said to me. I answered, "Yes, you bet."
And I left them.

IV.

And yesterday down at the train there was another set
Of girls I'd taken out this year and fellows that I'd met.
They made a lot of noise and laughed and seemed so very gay—
Told me to be sure and write them when I had gone away.

But dear old mother looked at me, and her sweet eyes were wet.
"Be good, my son," she said to me. I answered, "Yes, you bet."
And I left them.



SERIAL





I worked on a ranch this summer in the mountains out near Uncle Sam's rock pile and flower bed, Yellowstone Park. It was so blamed close to the mountains that the bears and mooses and elks and fish and flies and bull—mostly flies and bull—used to come down to the cook's shack for their breakfast. Sometimes it got so hot that the pets refused to come down for their breakfast. They'd get sore if you didn't bring it up to them because then they'd have to sneak down and swipe it. After they'd swipe a few meals we'd go up and get the bones of the sheep and cows and steers and make soup and varnish out of them.

I can't blame them much for complaining about the heat, tho. Why, by Golly, at times it got so hot it



was pretty close around 100 in the shade. But of course a fellow didn't have to stay in the shade all the time if he didn't want to.

At first I spent most of my time looking around for a tree or a barn or a mountain to stand under to keep from getting tanned and all burned up like a guy what's been carrying water for the militia down on the border.

I got a job as a waiter.

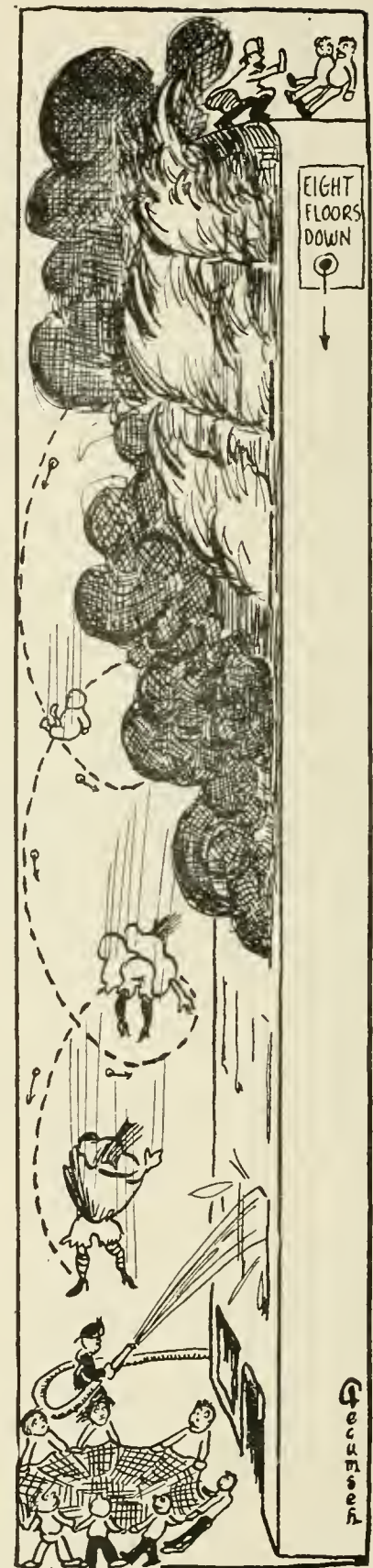
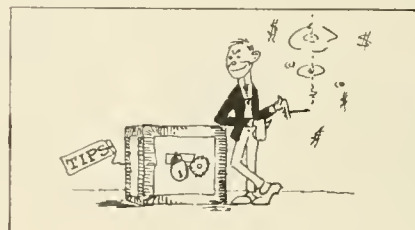
There was seven tip-snatchers, counting myself, and each one of us had a different way of swearing. They represented all the scrapping armies and navies of Europe and they knew more about the war than President Wilson did hisself. That is, I guess they did because they was always saying what he should do and how he ought to do it. Me and a Jew were the only neutral countries represented. The Jew and me got a long fine but I figured he was pretty much of a spender because he was so darn reckless with the silver.

The only one that ever tried to talk to me about the war was the



Russian but I couldn't savvy him 2-tall. Why, some of the fortified towns and fortified Generals and words he'd use would just about make me run up a Red-Cross flag. I bet you they use barbed-wire over in his country for telephone wires.

I got to go down to the bank now and deposit my tips. My private motor truck is waiting. So long.



Fire Chief (On roof)—"Stand back! women and children first!"

POSSUM TIME

When de nights git chill and frosty
And de leaves begin to turn
And de sky am soft and hazy
And de wood fires start to burn—
When de harvest's all been ga' her d
And de summer's work's mos' done,
Den I 'gins to git a longin'
For to use ma possum gun.

Well, I gits my rag an' polish
An ole gun down from her pegs,
An I sets down on de door step
Wid her chucked between ma legs.
An' I 'gins to rub an swipe her
Till she shines up like a toy,
While my dogs—ole Lead and Hanner
Set an lick their chops wid joy.

Seems jes' like they know whut's comin
An' are eager for a chase
Wid ole possum runnin' fore 'em
Puttin' up a speedy race
Till he strikes a nice ta l poplar
An' he shins de trunk straight up—
Den de dogs start jumpin' 'round it
Jes' a whinin' like a pup.

Wid de moon a'shinin' brightly
Mos' as light as in de day
See ole Possum squattin' up dere
Jes' as flat as he kin lay.
An' I ups an' aims my rifle
An' she gives a little spat,
An' ole Possum come a'tumblin'
Wid a hole clean through his hat.

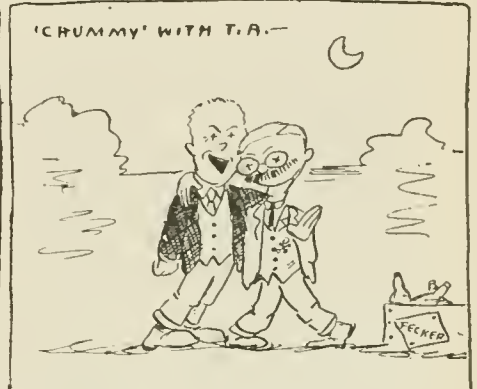
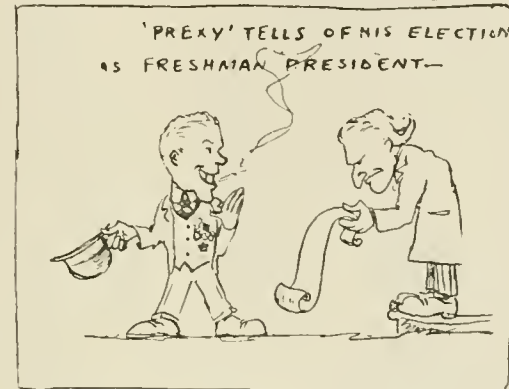
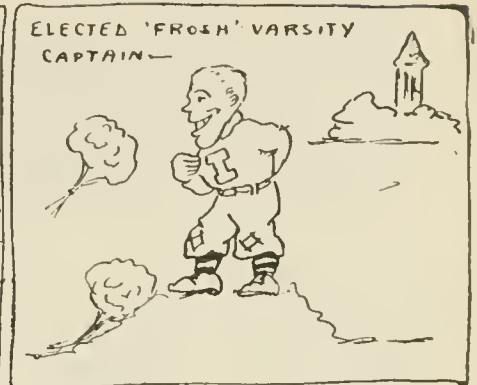
Lead an' Hammer jump right on him
But I jes' drive 'em back
An' I takes up ole Brer Possum
An' I stuffs him in my sack.
Nex' day noon you'll see dat Possum
Settin' up in mighty style.
Wid de yams all piled around him
An' you'll wanten stay a while.

Yas, dese nights dat's chill an' frosty
W'en de summer work's mos' done,
Makes me 'gin to git a longin'
For to use my possum gun.

For Ladies Only

AND another year will pass, and what will we find then?

For on the first night of my return this year, I was helping my little sister dress her hair for her graduation exercises and I was thinking of how sweet she had looked just eight months before in her middy and short kilted skirt as she walked to the station with me, clutching my hand tightly.



The Freshman Dreams

Now she was telling me of the dance she was to attend the next night, and when I asked her if she was to go with my brother, she gave me a look of scorn, and said haughtily, "Oh, no, I am going with Mr. Simpson."

"And who is he, dear, one of the boys at school?"

"One of the boys at school! Well, I should think not! Why, you know him, he's that lawyer who took you out a few times last summer. I've been going with him quite a bit lately. I think him rawther nice, don't you? He's so courteous and attentive. Please get that twist in back a little looser, and do hurry!"



*The "Post-Orph" meeting place where the
ice cream is served that is really delicious*



Letters

The letters you write in the summertime
Are different from those of the fall.

In the summer you're lazy;

Your feelings are hazy;

You love lovely maidens, that's all.

And if you're far away

From your girl for a day,

Why you'll hand her this kind of a bawl:

"My Mary

"I'm leary

"About you. I'll die

"If soon

"I can't spoon

"With you, dearie. Why,

"Your picture

"A mixture

"Makes out of my mind.

"I'll cry,

"Maybe die,

"If to me you're not kind."

You'll fill sixty pages

And rave on for ages—

You mean every word of the guff.

And as soon as you meet her

You'll melt as you greet her—

You'll spill lots of Doris Blake stuff.

But when autumn's breezes

Bring top-coats and sneezes

And back in Champaign you are found,

You're not such a yearner,

And no midnight burner

Of oil on your mail. Here's the sound:

"Dear Mary

"I'm very

"Much wearied, you know.

"The strain

"And the pain

"Of college is so

"Very tiring.

"Desiring,

"However, to write,

"These lines

"Are my signs

"Of affection—Good night!"

And your next autumn letter,

(If you've failed to forget 'er)

Is shorter and cooler than this.

For September is work time,

While August is shirk time—

And idling's ideal with a miss.

Preparedness.

The bride went into the kitchen
of their new home and returned
shortly carrying a rolling-pin and a
flat-iron, which she laid beside her
twin bed.

"What in the world are you doing?"
asked the astonished groom. "You
aren't afraid I'll beat you, are ou?"

"I am not afraid of anything," an-
swered the bride. "I have not the
least suspicion that you will ever be
anything but sweet and kind to me.
But I am a firm advocate of prepar-
edness."

The Philbrick Gift Shop

Hamilton Arcade



Gifts Out of the Ordinary



How Our Profs. Sound to Us

1. Edgar Allan Flom Lecturing on Ibsen

WHEN the boy Hendrik was about six weeks old, one smushy day in May, He fell down three flights of stairs and broke his leg. Strange! But even at that early age the young genius had a full realization of what had happened. Its significance was rich to Him; He had no delusions about it....It shows at once the marvelous capacity for introspection and self-analysis the man was going to have.

When a young man, He met a young, lovely girl in a Norwegian boarding house and He would sit with her for hours on the window seat of the parlor on balmy spring days and they would talk and talk. This incident clearly indicates His overpowering desire to study human nature at close range—at first hand, as it were.

His first poem was an allegorical psalm, so to speak. It was crude, unfinished, and its vast army of readers, after he had read it, agreed that it was generally rotten. Ah! But soon *one* came who even then saw His genius! Olaf Rasmussen, the combination cobbler, blacksmith, grocer and editor of *The Dairymaid's Gazette* in their own town—Olaf, in spite of the fact that he was in a condition approaching delirium tremens at the time, said it was good stuff, hic, good stuff!

The great philosopher and mathematician, Jas Williard, once said to Ibsen, who was a student in Germany of nineteen years old at the time: "There are rotten potatoes and ripe potatoes in the world, young man."

"Yes," replied Ibsen, thoughtfully, "Yes—you mutt!" And it shows the full brilliancy of these words went sadly unappreciated, for Ibsen wrote His first great tragedy in the hospital.

What College Students Read

The Co-op store sells over 125 *Cosmopolitan Magazines* and over 100 *Red Books* every month. The Green Street Drug Store sells about 100 *Cosmopolitan Magazines* a month, about fifty each of the *Red Book*, *Popular Monthly Magazine*, and that type of publication; and about three or four copies of each issue of *Collier's*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Independent*, and that type of publication. The Co-op sells about nine-tenths of the magazines to men. The drug store sells more than half to men.

In regard to the men, then, we can safely conclude that they read fiction most when they do read and usually fiction of the sensational type; by sensational we mean both that which is startling in nature and that which appeals to sentimentality and sensuality. In regard to the women, these facts do not give definite information; they suggest, however, that college women do not do much reading of magazines.

Such suggestion receives reasonably strong

When he was twenty-three years old, He was married to three women and divorced from two. This, considered of ordinary people, would be derogatory. Of Ibsen it only served to accentuate His wonderful versatility.

At the age of twenty-five He was broke one day and held a very heated conversation with his landlady. This conversation, reproduced ad verbatim between *Nora* and *Jake* in the *Fjord of Fjinfjams*, serves as the most passionate climax scene known since Dante wrote Hell.

In 1860, He wrote an epitaph entitled, "To a Bug." This has peculiar significance because He was considering at that time whether he wanted to be God's nephew or the president of the Standard Oil Company. This poem indicates the horrible doubts which were racking His brain.

I will now read you a little extract from one of His best lyrics to show you the subtlety of His feeling:

"My Foot! My Foot!"

Oh, the sun is vainly smattering the whirlpool—
And Emil stands, pensive, by the sink!
For my heart is weighted with sorrow.
I am sliding on bananas to the brink—zink! zink!
I muse beneath the vista of the clothes line."

Note the vague stirrings of an idealistic nature in the second line. And always there is the recognition of the masses, the hoi-polloi—as you observe by the uniquely appropriate use of the word, sink. And the third line—what a bewildering contrast!—no one possibly could understand it. That's why we are giving courses in Ibsen—so that no one can graduate from college without being convinced that Ibsen is not only deep, but unfathomable.

confirmation in the experience of a faculty man who visited several sorority houses. He found that none of the houses subscribes to useful periodicals. He found that few of the girls individually do. One matron to whom he spoke on the matter, a fairly well-read, intelligent woman said: "Of course our girls do not read much. They have too many other things to do." The subject under discussion at the time was the reading of periodicals of current interest.

A man or woman who is graduated from university without a working knowledge of the issues of the day has failed so far as the purpose of his or her education is concerned. College courses alone will not give such a knowledge. College courses followed intelligently must have as auxiliaries a consistent reading and an intelligent understanding of worth-while current periodicals.

Conditions in this university so far as successful education of the average student is concerned seem to be sad. Our standards are too low. We are content with too little.



\$1000 in Prizes for Best Title to this Picture

YOU see a picture—of a young man and a young lady. The young lady is standing. The young man is standing. The young man seems intensely occupied. The young lady seems deeply absorbed. The young lady wears a gown. The young man wears a suit of clothes. *Why? What? Whom?*

Here is a problem—but a fascinating problem. Have *you* any brains? If you have, you ought to be out for easy money. And what is easier than winning a prize in a picture puzzle contest? Contrary to custom, the winner will really receive the amount promised.

First Prize	\$896.50
Second Prize	426.72
Third Prize83
Fourth Prize	9.01

Total\$1000.00

Conditions

The answer must be no more than 10 (ten) words and not less than 35 (thirty-five) words. All answers submitted to

Struggle Editor of Siren
Champaign, Illinois

by October 1 will be ignored. The contest closes October 1. The first \$1000 found floating down the Boneyard on a brick will be used as prize money.

OUTSIDE of this "Welcome to Our City" stuff this space was bought to slip you an earful of chatter 'bout Joe Bowman and his jewelry shop in Champaign. Which, if anybody should happen to ask you, is considerable shop.

SO, if you happen to get loyal suddenly and want some Varsity jewelry, Joseph can show you some stuff that will separate you from the kale as fast as Willard took Moran.

Joseph C. Bowman

YOUR DEPENDABLE JEWELER

First Door North of City Bldg. on Neil St.
CHAMPAIGN

A STUDENT PLAY

ISN'T there enough of the necessary atmosphere present in this university to arouse interest in a play written and presented by students? Not an opera. A play. Isn't there any body or organization who would find it worth while in more ways than the financial one to offer a money prize to a student who writes a play selected by it for presentation by students?

The Mask and Bauble Club appears as a good possibility. For the sake of eliminating the simplest argument of opposition, we will admit that such a play in all probability would not be as interesting as an opera. But it would have some interest—enough to justify its immediate existence, financially and in many other ways.

And then, the outlook for the future after the precedent is set is a very promising one. A new element of high values—educational, broadening to the personality, and pleasing the tastes of human nature in general—would be injected in the atmosphere of our college community. Such an element would add one of the things which at present give universities like Harvard a finer atmosphere than that of the University of Illinois. It would be an element attractive to a class of persons whose presence at this university would be desirable, and an element enriching to those already here.

Little Interviews with Great Men

Tom Brown

"I'm democratic," said Mr. Brown to the *Siren* sob sister.

He continued: "I want you to feature that fact. I want every one of your five thousand (5,000) subscribers to know it."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said our reporter. "Is that all, sir?"

"Oh, no," said the great man generously. "I have a few more words to say."

"Oh.....O-o-oh!" the interviewer gasped. Hardened, cynical, worldly newspaper and magazine writer that he was, this statement, coming so abruptly, so suddenly, so unexpectedly, was just a little too much. Taking his pencil from the floor where it had dropped from his nerveless fingers, the correspondent looked up eagerly.

"I want you to say that I would appreciate it if every student here would greet me just as if we had been properly introduced. Of course, I can't know all of the fellows. But they all know me when they see me, and I want them to know that I don't feel one bit superior to them."

"I'm no better than any other fellow on this campus. I mean this—every word of it. I was never more serious in my life.

"I like the fellows. I like to meet them, to talk with them, to be with them when they are congregated in groups. I enjoy their youth, their lack of sophistication, their occasional vulgarities.

"I don't want them to feel anything but at home when I'm around. Make this plain. I want the boys—any and all of them—to slap me on the back when they meet me, to invite me to their fraternity houses for lunch, to take me into an ice cream parlor and buy me drinks. Just as if I were one of them."

And then, in a great burst of munificence, Mr. Brown said:

"In fact, you may include the faculty. I do not believe that I am in any way more gifted than any faculty man here, including President James. I want them all—"

But the reporter had fainted.



HERE are Polly and a lady and a pedestal, you see.

The lady's fascinating, 'cause she's garbed so foolishly;

The pedestal is slender and is fashioned charmingly;

While Polly says most any word she's taught, with zest and glee.

Now, if somebody let you have your choice among the three—

I know, of course, which one you'd take if you were just like me—

But of the trio, which would you yourself prefer to be?

A Highbrow

A Highbrow is a mind gone wrong—an intellectual prostitute.

Knowledge piled into a steamer trunk and dumped into the bottom of the sea is better disposed of than knowledge stowed in the head of a highbrow.

The highbrow is an information bureau superintended by a feeble-minded clerk. It—a highbrow has no sex—is a waste basket where a seminar has been thrown, pell-mell. It is a library without a catalog.

A PROBLEM

There was a king lived long ago
Who owned some diamond mines.
He also had nine hundred wives,
And a flock of concubines.

Now I have studied mathematics
And know that marriage make two one,
But I never could just figure out,
How many was King Solomon.



WHOM SHALL I VOTE FOR?

(Don't bat an eyelash in the important matter of voting for President of the United States until you have consulted this page of advice to voters.)

BY OUR OWN EXPERT

Dear Sir: Enclosed is seventy-five cents for a subscription to the *Siren*. Would "Red" Everham make a good president?

Anxious.

Answer: Thanks for the subscription. It is money well spent.

Dear Expert: My mother told me never to vote for a man with whiskers. But I am a thorough-going Republican. What will Hughes do?

Antoinette.

Answer: Before becoming worried about politics, you ought to learn spelling. "What will Hughes do" is wrong. I should be "what will youse do."

Siren Expert: What do you think of woman suffrage?

Mademoiselle X.

Answer: I agree with you absolutely, dearie.

Revered Sir: What is the democratic platform? Can you recommend a good facial massage? My eldest girl has the colic; what shall I do? Is arsenic in soup beneficial for rheumatism? How long is a string? I love a necktie salesman; shall I run away with him—my husband beats me every Saturday night.

Curious.

Answer: 1. A load of planks that a crazy carpenter hammered together. 2. Sure. 3. Refer the case to your husband. 4. No, try pleurisy. 5. You and Professor Bole ought to get together some evening and have a lovely little congenial chat. 6. Go out Saturday nights.

Dear Expert: What is this Mexican situation that everybody is talking about?

Indignant.

Answer: I am very sorry, indeed, but it is impossible for me to disclose state secrets.

Sir: I am so unhappy. My fiasco is down on the border and we was to of been married, oh, so soon. Can you tell me a way out of my troubles?"

Wistful.

Answer: Try the Southern Pacific.

"QUICK, WATSON, THE TAPE!"

"Trousers is trousers," said the half-back as he plunged into the line and lost four yards.

NATURE A LA SCIENCE

In days gone by we used to sigh
And gasp and tremble—yes, and cry,
When blinded by a painted sky
And the joy of nature, shy
In the brilliant glare
Of the sunset flare
Which tints her bosom with shifting dye.

But now we're awfully wise and so
These scenes can't stagger us, oh, no.
We know that dew is H₂O.
That light so far per hour can go.
If we but look
In our science book,
We'll find statistics for things that grow.

That valley with gold-dappled hue
Is not a mystery for you.
To glory with each glint anew
Would show your learning's gone askew.
So don't get the notion.
The law of erosion
Has made that valley a cute 'til view.

Should you desire the country air,
To breathe the odors riot there,
And shout without a damn or care,
Temptation fight. Beware, beware,
They won't be quelled—
They will be smelled—
So classify them to a hair.

So if today you like to see
The glory of eternity
In nature's looks, tee-hee, tee-hee,
You're ignorant as you can be!
You don't belong!
Your dome's all wrong!
Back to the farm for yours, b' gee!

"CAROM YOURSELF"

"Kiss me," whispered the cue ball as it chased the fourteen around the table.

Exclusive Park Visitors

Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Theodore Roberts, Marie Doro,
Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Dustin Farnum,
John Barrymore, Geraldine Farrar, Edna Goodrich,

And many other top-notchers. Always the Best.

Theatre Beautiful

PARK THEATRE

House of Class

Sorority Rushing Rules 1916-1917

1. Rushing may continue until 3:56 1-2 P. M. of the second Monday on which a rushee is treated to a double chocolate Boston by a Theta.
2. No all night dates shall be had until daylight.
3. Lobster salad must be served as the second course at dinners; never as the third, unless the lobster shall have been previously consulted and his written permission obtained. This permit should be presented for approval to the Pan Hellenic Council in special session at least two hours before serving.
4. No men may be rushed by a sorority.
5. Invitations shall be issued as follows: A sorority member shall take the printed invitation between her thumb and forefinger. She shall stand on the steps of her house and, with a vacant stare in her eyes, shall revolve slowly to the left until she begins to feel foolish. Then a messenger, who must have a mustache and speak in virile tones, but who should not chew tobacco, shall take the invitation and deliver it.
6. These and no other topics shall be discussed with a rushee: Weather; Fraternity Standings; Music (Classical); Clothes (Women's and Misses'); Courses.
7. No rushee shall occupy a room with an oak dresser.
8. No rushee shall be spoken to on the campus; all communication must be by written note.
9. Before initiation, every rushee must be examined by an alienist in the office of the Dean of Women to determine if the rushing season has had the desired effect.

Hello, Boys!

Drop In



Everything in the line

CLOTHES



R. E. Zombro


Nig—"If time were money, I'd take you for a ride in my Peugeot."

Gardly—"If money were time, I'd be too busy to go."

The Bardsley

The Reliable Hotel for Meals and Banquets

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Arrow Collars

Are made to give good service. The style, make, durability and finish leave nothing to be desired even by those willing to pay a higher price. 15c each 6 for 90c

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc. MAKERS TROY, N. Y.

His Study.

Grubbs—Are you going in for golf this summer?

Stubbs—No, indeed; I have got beyond that point. This summer I am making a comparative study of Roman, Greek and Egyptian profanity."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Clerk—I'd like to get off a week, sir, to attend the wedding of a friend.

Employer—A very dear friend, I should say, to make you want that much time.

Clerk—Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife.—Boston Transcript.

Some Coming Numbers of

THE SIREN

OCTOBER 9—SHOCKING NUMBER

LATER—LADIES' HOME JOURNAL NUMBER

ADVERTISING NUMBER

SUNDAY NUMBER

HOME TOWN NUMBER

JOHN STREET NUMBER

*Every Issue Replete With
Shallow Thought,
Prejudice,
Impudence and
Sentiment*

"Pa, what is affectation?"

"Affectation, my boy, is carrying three extra tires on an automobile that never gets more than four blocks away from a garage."—Detroit Free Press.

What Was It Then?

"I don't see why you call your place a bungalow," said Smith to his neighbor.

"Well, if it isn't a bungalow, what is it?" said the neighbor. "The job was a bungle and I still owe for it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Marcel—Do you know, Claude, chorus girls have a hard time?

Claude—Yes, they do have to bare a great deal.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

G. R. Grubb & Co.
will make the engravings for the
Siren 1916-17

Give a Yell for

Ostrand's Good Eats

They always win because they are home-made

3rd Street Delicatessen :: :: near Green

Cafeteria Service

Announcement

B. L. T. of the Chicago Tribune has promised to permit the Siren staff to write his Line o' Type column some time during the coming year.

Blitz—"What did you save this summer?"

Blatz—"Oh, I got enough blue ribbons to make a pillow top."

"Did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me after the ceremony?"

"Yes, my love."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that, in that case, he would charge only half the usual fee."

Melinda was very sad, and it was not long before her aged but still hale mammy noticed it.

"Whassa matter yo', chile?" she inquired. But her luxom eighteen year old daughter was silent.

Suddenly Melinda broke down and sobbed.

"Must be dat doggone Rastus yo' am engaged to. Now come and tell yo' mammy about it."

And Melinda did.

"I'se done broke ma engagement," she wept. "I'se stood enough f'um dat Rastus. When he called ma ole mar a good-fer-nothin' nigger, I said nothin', but jes' kept on levin' him. When he says you wuz a fat ole bunch o' useless washerwoman, I didn't argufy but jes' kept on lovin' him. But when he done used ma shoe polish fo' cold cream, dat nigger went too far, dassal!"

"Colonel" *Bradley*

Invites and welcomes
you to the Highest
Standard Confection-
ery---

Chocolate Boston
"Nuff Sed"

(Continued From Page 12)

That I'd seen that same
stare

And those duds, and those nar-
rowed eyes, too,

But I didn't know when

And I didn't know where

But that I'd seen him, I knew.

So I racked and I racked all the
brain I had left

And then I went over to face him

And then he saw me and then I saw
him,

And it took but a second to place him.
his son of the world, with his won-
derful lie

Was certainly one good narrator;

And there's only one species who'd
try to get by

With that stuff—that's the South
Haven waiter.

If you buy it of T. H. Craig you know it is right.

FOUNTAIN PENS---

with your name engraved thereon is what you can get at our store. We maintain a pen service station. Privilege to exchange any pen point we sell after trying it for a while.

Make the Craig Jewelry Store your headquarters when down town, use our phones and meet your friends here.

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Gaston's Hair Cutting Parlor

FIVE BARBERS ---- ALL WORKMEN

Y. M. C. A. Building---Corner Wright & John Street

The Old Adage—

"A Stitch in Time" is very true and we are prepared to take that stitch. Now is the time to look over your wardrobe and see what your clothing needs to be in good shape for winter use. We can make them good as new. We are also exclusive agents for

J. W. Losse Progressive Tailoring Co., of St. Louis

We show the broadest variety of wools in designs that radiate action and spirit. Brilliant tints and shades made to your order exactly as you want them made. We will serve you in a way that will meet your commendation.

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Use Pasteurized Milk

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Experts in Sanitary Dairying

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Bell Phone 1204

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SHOES

Three Doors North "The Booby Hatch" on Neil

BOWLING

**The Arcade Bow-
ling Alleys** have been
leveled and trued up this
summer and are now in as
fine condition as any in the
the state.

Under New Management

ED W. COLLORD

Proprietor

The Kisses She's Saving for Me

T HERE'S a little girl down in my little home town—
I left her just two days ago—

And already I yearn to pack up and return,
And she's yearning to meet me I know.

'Cause back in our childhood we played in the wildwood,
And I loved her then and before—

If there's aught to be known or aught to be shown,
This girl knows it all, and some more.

The tales that I'd tell to a gay college belle
Would be to this girl only jokes,

'Cause she's long been wise to th' approximate size
Of my bankroll, and that of my folks.

She may be above me, but she surely must love me
In spite of the facts,—as you see.

So here goes a stein to that old girl of mine,
And the kisses she's saving for me.

SPECIAL ATTENTION ^{GIVEN TO} FRAT ORDERS

BOTH PHONES

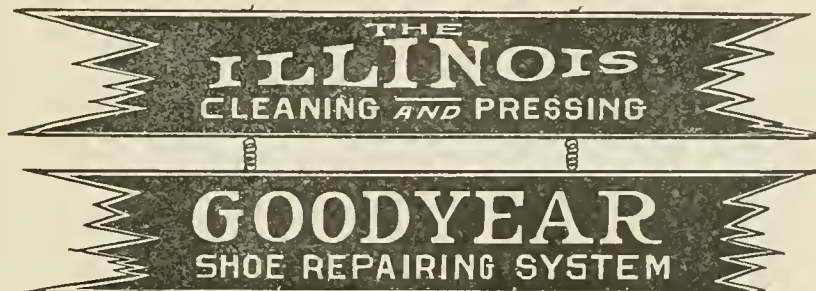
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510 East Green St.
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AUTO
SERVICE

Aunt—"You'll be late for the party,
won't you, dear?"

Niece—"Oh, no, auntie. In our set
nobody goes to a party until every-
body else is there."—Boston Tran-
script.

Safety First.

First Boy—"What is this big-broth-
er movement?"

Second Boy—"Well, as I understand
it, never lick any boy who has a big
brother."

The Wise Fool.

"Wise men write proverbs and fools
quote them," observed the Sage.

"That's right," agreed the Fool.
"Who wrote that one?"—Cincinnati
Enquirer.

Students' Hardware



Lots of Locks

John H. Doyle

28 Main St., Champaign

Only Soft Water Laundry in the Twin Cities



No Worry, No Trouble If You Have

O'Byrne Transfer & Storage Company

For Your Baggage—We Want Your Business

MISTRESS MARY

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row?

Ah, Mistress May, I wish to say
Your garden needs some care;
Pray let me hoe your pretty row
And keep your blossoms fair.

I'll while the hours among your flowers.
'Till all the days seem rosy,
And who will dare, while I am there,
To try to steal a posy?

No one shall pick the poorest stick
That's in your garden grown.
Your row shall be quite safe with me—
I'll keep it for my own.

Foot Charm--

A ship without a rudder is no more helpless than a woman without novelty, grace and charm in her footwear, for in this very important matter of stylish dressing she may be drifting steadily in the wrong direction.

The smart appearance of our Fall models in high lace shoes in two tone effects give the desired stylish and popular individuality at once—but not at the expense of a woman's foot comfort or her economic satisfaction, at \$5 and \$6.50 a pair.

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The Smoke of the U. S. A.

- That snappy, spirited taste of "Bull" Durham in a cigarette gives you the quick-stepping, head-up-and-chest-out feeling of the live, virile Man in Khaki. *He* smokes "Bull" Durham for the sparkle that's in it and the crisp, youthful vigor he gets out of it.

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"Roll your own" with "Bull" Durham and you have a distinctive, satisfying smoke that can't be equalled by any other tobacco in the world.



In its perfect mildness, its smooth, rich mellow-sweetness and its aromatic fragrance, "Bull" Durham is unique. For the last word in wholesome, healthful smoking enjoyment "roll your own" with "Bull" Durham.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Ask for FREE
package of
'papers' with
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Short Orders All Time

Student Crumb Shelf

L. D. BUCK, Prop. 506 1-2 E. Green

DID YOU?

Did you ever sit on a starlight night—
And spoon—with the trees all round?
And tell of your love—to the musical chirp
Of the Katydids down on the ground?

Have you ever danced with an orchestra sweet
Or been tripped by the door to the hall,
And suddenly squeezed—the lemon they served
With the iced tea after the ball?

Did you ever ride—in a panama hat?
Or swim on a bright afternoon?
Or walk along by the side of a house?
Or get lost in the dark of the moon?

Did you ever taste a pear of shoes
Or complexion of peaches and cream?
Did you ever hear a dog wood bark,
Or see moss on an old sun beam?

Did you ever drink with a ginger bread girl
Set up within reach—of your eye?
Or eat a bite a mosquito made?
You haven't? Well, neither have I!

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FARNUM**

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"THE MAN FROM
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The Most Popular
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—in—

"THE DARING OF
DIANA"



Heels that help

Do *your* heels *help* you walk?

When you raise your foot to take a step, don't do all the lifting yourself. That wastes energy. *Make your heels help.*

Leather heels can't help. They have no spring, no life, no *help* in them.

O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber are full of spring, full of life, full of *help!*

They help by giving spring to *your* walk. They help by taking the strain off your spine.

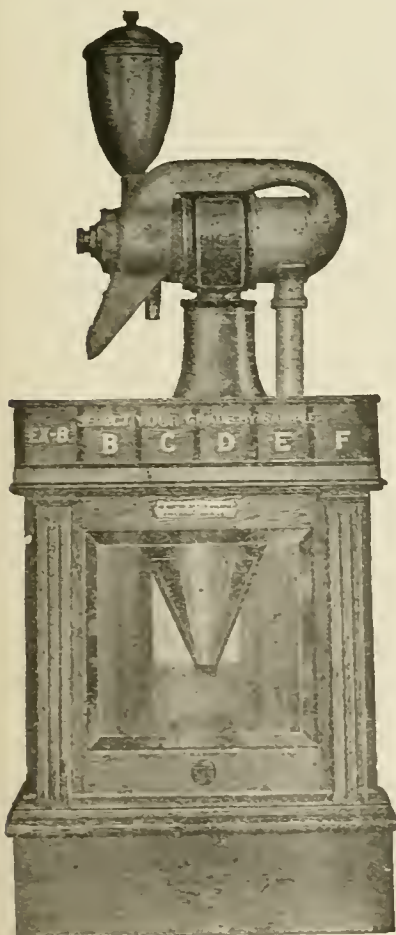
Let O'Sullivan's Heels help you walk.

When you buy your new shoes, buy them O'Sullivanized. Up-to-date shoe dealers now sell latest style shoes with O'Sullivan's Heels already attached.

Insist on O'Sullivanized shoes: the *new live* rubber heels give the greatest wear with the greatest resiliency.

In black, white or tan; for men, women and children: 50c attached.

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Why Not Be Fair To Your Stomach & Yourself

Use coffee with all its poison removed by our new refiners.

A trial will convince.

Ask your neighbor.

We also handle teas, extracts, spices, rice and baking powder.

Can save you money. Call and see us or phone, Bell 872 or Auto 2153.

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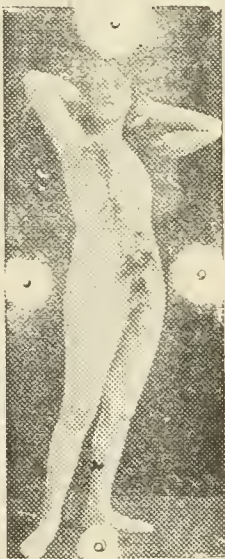
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We make a specialty of high-class work and our equipment and experience enable us to give prompt, efficient service. We are better prepared than ever to print

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STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES

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Mr. Freshman:

Your place to buy your candies, sundaes, lunches, etc., should be

Prominently located on busy Green street, this store offers you the best of everything at reasonable prices. Come in and get acquainted.

D. E. HARRIS

Originator and Sole Maker of the Famous
"LA NOY" CHOCOLATES



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A FRESHMAN'S "WEAK-END."

FROM HALSTED TO ASHLAND ON TWELFTH

It was pitch dark in the hallway, and the stairs swerved crazily, but she clumped down with the recklessness of apathy. On the second landing a gas jet flickered against the dank wall. She squinted her eyes with instinctive defiance of even this miserable radiance.

In the doorway, as the muffled street noises became suddenly the palpable bedlam of Halsted street sound and smell and glare, she hesitated for a moment and then unseeingly pushed out. She would have walked straight across the street until blocked by a car or a house or something. But a bulky body, stinking of beer, sloughed into her and keeled her around. She found herself going north.

Someone was grating at her. "Can't you look where you're going? These street cars ain't being run for you—see?"

A crowd was about her. Somebody was holding her arm. For no particular reason, she noticed one face, a hoy-man's face—weak, with murderous shadows for eyes and an immobile slit of a mouth—a cruel and pitiful face above a pair of slight shoulders and below a rakishly-set cap. She liked the face. She was pushed to the sidewalk on Twelfth street.

From the doorway of a saloon came the groaning of a piano. It was melody to her; the syncopation was rhythm. A hundred thousand miles above the full harvest moon of August shone. She began to look about. A brat, clad only in an undershirt, precipitated itself at her knees. She sagged toward the curb, dizzy. She did not fall, but went on, until on the corner of Sangamon street where there is a church, and more to the purpose, it is dark and not so crowded, she stopped.

She looked up to the moon with a feeling she could not understand. Her heart beat a little faster; there were suggestions of the possibility of ecstasy in her breast. She hummed a tune garnered from the saloon piano. Her hoarse, dispirited voice broke harshly into the distant gropings of her heart for happiness. "Hell!" she muttered dully. And passed on.

Champaign Ice Cream Company

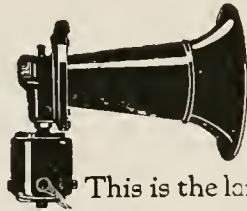
Sanitary -

Ice Cream, Sherbets and Ices

115-117 East University Avenue

Bell 175

Auto 2107



This is the largest of the Klaxons. It is the one you see on all high-priced cars. The "right-angle" construction distinguishes it from all other signals. No other signal looks like it. No other signal sounds like it. Its loud, clear-cut, far-carrying note can come from it alone.

KLAXON
Type L
\$20

There are smaller Klaxons. The U. H. Klaxon at \$12; the U. H. Klaxet at \$6; and for cars that do not have electricity there is the Hand Klaxon at \$7.50, and the Hand Klaxonet at \$4.

A Klaxon on your automobile means permanent satisfaction. It will last. You can use it on this car and the next and the next.

Klaxons are made only by the Lovell-McConnell Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J. Like all standard articles they are widely imitated. To be sure—*find the Klaxon name-plate.*

700,000 are in use

Harry Herrick

TO HELL

Is strong language, of course. But profanity is the only legitimate method we know of to be shocking on a cover. There is, to be sure, the half-clad female, and similar devices. But they have been done to death. We desire this number to be a favorite

WITH ALL

Students, alumni, friends who have subscribed, and sorority chaperones. Open this book and read its contents. You will be shocked, but pleasantly. You will be harmoniously agitated. Nothing will grate on your finer sensibilities. It is for this reason that this shocking number is recommended as a tonic for all—yes even ministers and

PROFESSORS!



I'm a member of no order
 With a mystic sign an' grip,
 But a thirty-third degreeer
 In the world-wide fellowship,
 That flourishes wherever
 Thar be two good men an' true,
 That smoke a pipe together
 Just the same as me an' you.

When you meet a real pipe lover,
 You're mo' than like to find
 A man who thinks befo' he speaks,
 A cheerful man an' kind.
 Hearty fellows, good companions,
 They belong—nine out of ten—
 To the "Independent Order
 Of Real Pipe Lovin' Men."

Velvet Joe.

The "Thirty Third Degree" Pipe Lover

—is the man who can say:

"I have found the tobacco that is tobacco as it ought to be."

To every member of the "Independent Order of Real Pipe Lovin' Men," we say:

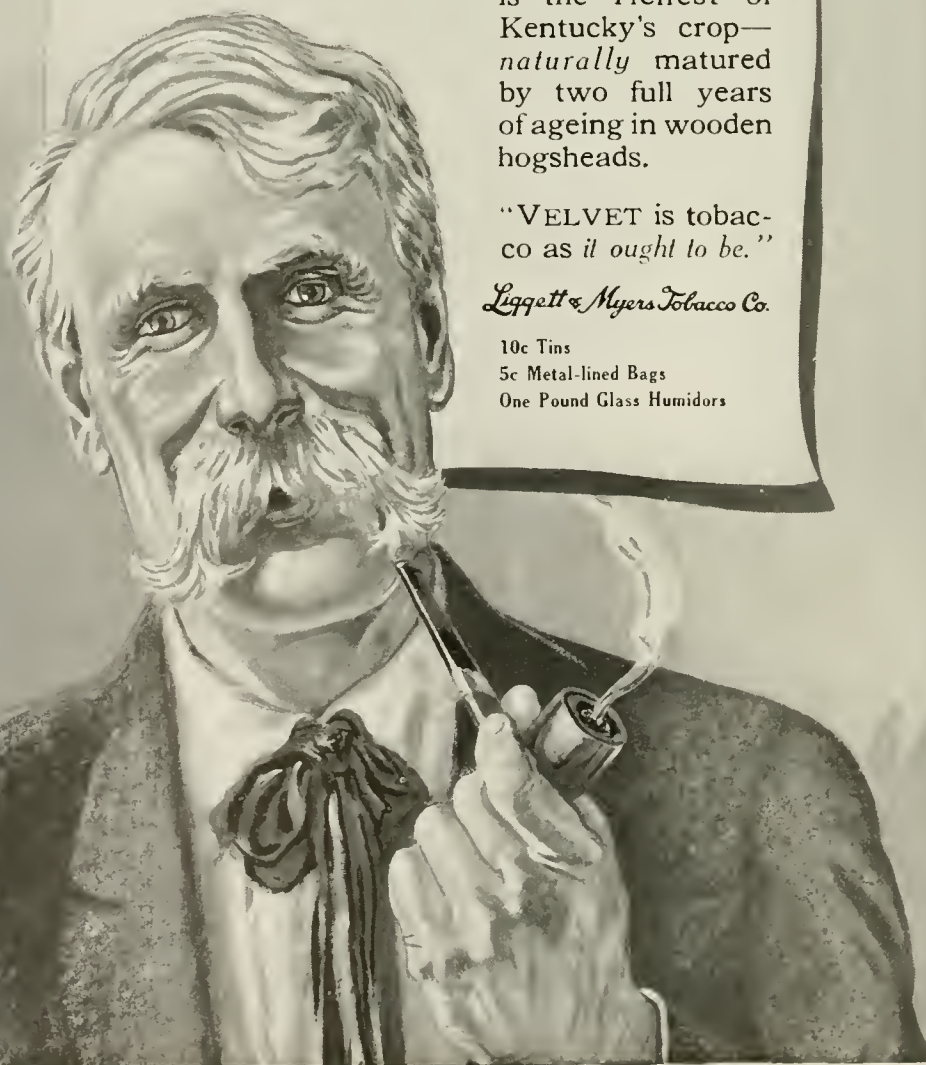
"You know Kentucky Burley Leaf. Is there a milder, better pipe tobacco in the world?"

"You know how ageing smooths and mellows tobacco. VELVET is the richest of Kentucky's crop—*naturally* matured by two full years of ageing in wooden hogsheads.

"VELVET is tobacco as it ought to be."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins
 5c Metal-lined Bags
 One Pound Glass Humidors





Thus spake Pharaoh (alias Unc. Si Lowe)

I know the coat don't make the man,
Nor yet the tie nor cuff;
But I'm afraid that all these things aid
To carry out the bluff.



The Sirens will all fall for you, and the Profs. can't help themselves,
if your shirts and unmentionables come from

JOS. KUHN & CO., 118¹/₂

33-35-37 Main Street

CHAMPAIGN

WHERE MOST MEN TRADE

Efficiency

"Chief," said the employee, "I really think that I deserve a raise."

"I don't think so," replied the employer. "You don't work enough."

"How do you account for that, chief? I work my head off."

"Sit down," said the employer, "and let me explain the situation to you. Here are the facts of the case. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. You sleep eight hours a day—that's one-third the days in the year, or one hundred and twenty-two days. That leaves two hundred and forty-three days. You only work eight hours, so that leaves eight hours for recreation, which totals one hundred and twenty-two days a year. That leaves one hundred and twenty-two days. But Sundays are holidays,

so we must subtract fifty-two more days, which leaves as a remainder sixty-nine days. Saturdays, however, are half holidays, and we must subtract twenty-six days from sixty-nine, which leaves forty-three days. But you take an hour and a half for lunch each day. Three hundred and sixty-five time an hour and a half is twenty-eight days, and subtracting twenty-eight from forty-three there remains fifteen days. You take a two weeks' vacation in the summer, however, and consequently we must subtract fourteen days from fifteen, which leaves one day. That day is the Fourth of July, and you don't work on it. So you see, my boy, you don't work at all. Now upon what grounds can you justly ask for a raise?"

The employee scratched his head a minute, and then replied, "Why, upon the grounds of efficiency—accomplishing so much work in so short a time."

"You win," said the employer.

We Make a Specialty of Student's Printing

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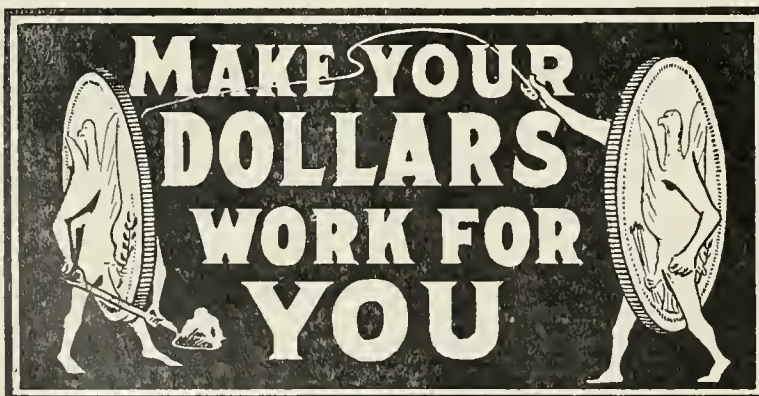
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with the

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THE O. K. HAT SHOP

Corner Main and Walnut

We will clean your old hat and reblock it in the latest style.

WE ALSO SELL SAMPLE HATS

\$3.50 Hats for \$1.75

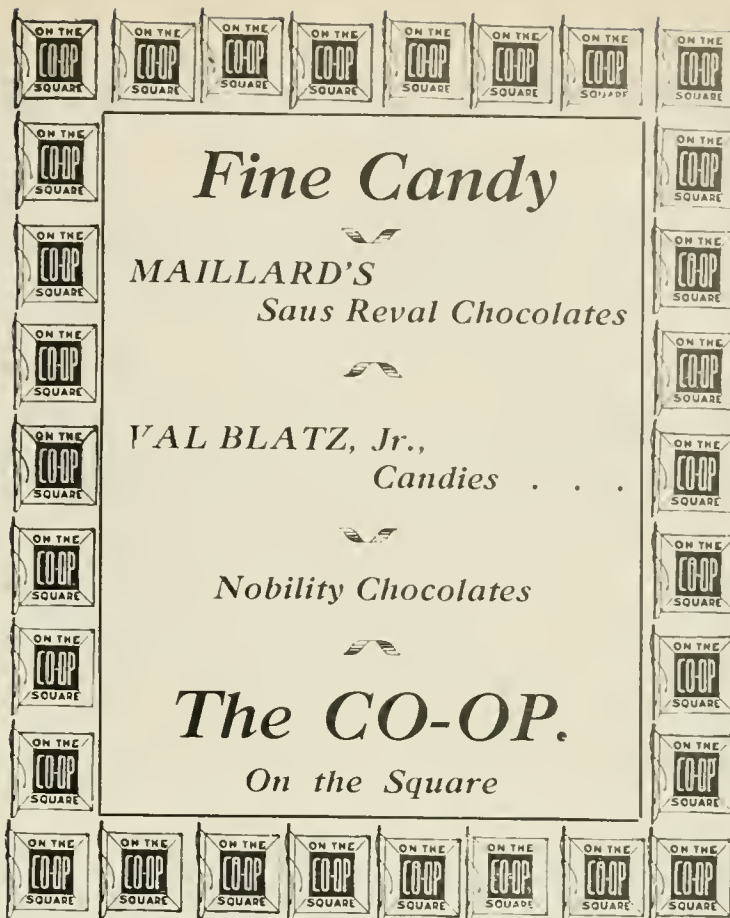
\$3.00 Hats for \$1.50

GOODS CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

Bell Phone 2387

Which?

There's the girl who believes—
 'Though you're wretched and vile—
 And she never conceives
 Of deceit or of guile;
 There's the girl who is true
 When she thinks *you're* sincere,
 And she'll wonder at you
 When you call her your dear.
 There's the girl who is wise
 And she knows every wile
 Of her magical eyes
 And her coquettish smile;
 And now you must choose
 From the three—have a care;
 And you daren't refuse
 For *your own* girl is there!



Fine Candy

MAILLARD'S
Saus Reval Chocolates

VAL BLATZ, Jr.,
Candies . . .

Nobility Chocolates

The CO-OP.

On the Square

CONFESSIONS OF A SENIOR

(A Lesson to Freshmen and Others)

Yes, I love her. For three years she has been faithful thru thick and thin. She was never jealous when I neglected her for evenings at a time. No, not she. She was the more ready to help me make up my work, to straighten out my chaotic lecture notes to make my themes "look like something."

Many a time did her dainty, delicate fingers rewrite my scrawly, doubtful reports and bring me a passing grade which would otherwise have been a flunk.

At times when I was especially behind she urged me to make up my work at home during vacations—and *she went with me* to help. The folks were always glad to see her for they knew how indispensable she was to me.

Yes I know I shall always love her. No one shall ever come between me and my darling typewriter—my precious Corona folding typewriter.

Confided to

SAM'L ABRAMS

The Typewriter Man

612 East Green Street

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS.

This Space Reserved for
The Colonial Theatre

Showing High Class Photo Plays

**The Place to Have Your
Prescriptions Filled**

Three Registered Pharmacists

**DRUGS,
SUNDRIES,
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The Green Street Pharmacy
B. E. SPALDING
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WARNING

**PHOTOGRAPHIC BUGS HAVE
STUNG MANY STUDENTS**

SAFETY FIRST

**LET ME BE YOUR ILLIO AND
CHRISTMAS PHOTOGRAPHER**

H. F. DUNCAN

614 East Green Street



The Voice Of The People

I.

One night when 'twas dark, a man and a maid
Skipped the town without leaving a clue,
Broke into a bank and proceeded to raid
The safe of its funds and then flew.
'Twas shocking.

2.

And when the next morning, the story came out
And folks far and wide fell to talking,
Then most of the people who gave it a thought
Agreed that it surely was shocking.
"Oh shocking!"

3.

Said old Mrs. Grundy, "A horrible fall!
"I just feel like hiding my face
"From all pure young folk. They weren't married at all
"It's simply a brazen disgrace!
"Simply shocking!"

4.

Said the "man about town" who apes Oscar Wilde:
"If they only would strike a new chord
"In the crimes of the day. I simply get riled.
"It's so shockingly dull. I'm just bored.
"It's shocking."

5.

When Jack London spoke, he spoke not of right.
"This deed's neither strong nor primeval.
"Just like a damn sneak under cover of night!
"Hell! Can't they be brave in their evil?
"Tis shocking."

6.

Said the sorority girl from our own U. of I.
To a sister, "Celeste, it's no joke.
"Those two had fraternity standing most high.
"Yet acted like regular folk.
"Why, it's shocking."

7.

Said the crook who in prison spent days splitting rocks
And in crime was a keen connoisseur,
"See the amateur way they've cracked open the locks—
"The workmanship is damnable poor!
"Even shocking."

8.

Said a golden haired tot who seemed stricken with grief,
"Ooo, mamma! how naughty they's been!
"Took other folk's fings—that's being a fief,
"An' stealin's a turrible sin!
"I sink it's socking!"



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A Confession

THIS issue, as an attempt at a truly shocking number, is a failure.

It is a failure, in the first place, because it is labeled and press-agented as shocking. Few things so handicapped could satisfy. It makes the reader think: "Shocking? I'll open you and see if you can shock *me*!" Such an attitude would take the volts out of the most highly electrified stuff.

In the second place, there is nothing "raw". Pictures of women in various stages of undress; significant allusions to legs in joke and verse; descriptions suggestive to a coarse sex interest,—all these are absent. And these are things which, without question, do shock some people. They bore most of us, be-

cause usually they are poorly done, and they disgust many of us when well done, because a person who can handle "raw" stuff attractively can handle things which are in better taste with equal attractiveness.

In the third place, the obvious expedient has not been resorted to. We haven't turned the trick of contrast: we haven't put a piously proper body under our red, profane cover. We have simply put out a book containing a few plays at the idea of "shocking," a few impudent stabs, a few sentimental dabs and perhaps a laugh or two.

We've done our best to put out a *Shocking Number* that is not "raw". If it were to be done over again it would be difficult for us to conceive where and how to change the magazine unless it were to change the title to the *Ordinary Number*.

Smut Stories

WHO at this university tell smut stories?

Our best students. Our best athletes. Some of our best professors and instructors. People from the best homes. And, of course, the inferior individuals in every class represented in the male portion of this community.

Why are smut stories told?

Because they are funny. Because they make for an atmosphere of conviviality, as smoking does, as drinking does—they invite relaxation. Because they give to the tone of the gathering a maleness which is even more rancid than a Service poem or a London story. Because they have the fascination of vice.

Why should they not be told?

Because they pave the way for toleration of immorality. A freshman who has never heard one before and who has some exalted ideals about sex will be converted to a lax attitude through the medium of the smut story. Because they serve as an evidence of masculinity to fellows who have no other evidence; and to those who have, they fill in spots which otherwise would stand out as weaknesses and might be strengthened—not fallaciously patched—by the right kind of moral atmosphere. Because they are coarse, vulgar, and rotten to an unpardonable degree, and they counteract the better influences of college strongly; they create a cheap cynicism which will handicap hundreds of students throughout life. Because they are an insult to every woman at the university, to every relative and friend of the listeners and narrators, to every woman in the world—to civilization. Because they are one of the best known devices for the wasting of time; the telling of one leads to a ceaseless stream, as the average student makes a specialty of saving up in his memory all the "good ones" he hears. Because they crowd out the wonderful opportunities for sane, thinking discussion of vital things which otherwise would naturally be induced.

How could they be sent on their decline?

By public discussion of this sort. If kept up efficiently it will compel the students, and the faculty, to think. Any one who thinks on this subject or who can comprehend another's reasoning on it can-

not help but realize the evils of smut stories and their dearth of benefits. With such realization must come a change of attitude. We do not favor "men-only" discussions. Let everybody know. Let the co-eds, the women of the faculty know. Let them look oddly at the

men with whom they come in contact. It will do the men good and will cause no permanent harm to the women.

Is there any excuse for the smut story?

No.



"SHOCKING"

Says the maiden before of the maiden behind
Or the maiden behind of the maiden before.

"Aint It The Truth?"

Early in the Year
First batch of quizzes
Sure are whizzes.
Stop that din!
I'm startin' in
On studyin.
To loaf's a sin!
There's work piled on
And French to con.
No midnight raids—
I'm out for grades!

Later
Activity
Is claiming me.
The union's poor,
It's dances lure.
Athletics sure
Have got the floor.
Organizations
Publications—
All look ripping.
Look out! I'm slipping!

Still Later
I work all night
Till broad daylight
A-planning stunts
Ahead for months.
I'm not a dunce
And yet not once
Is there a chance
At books to glance—
And so kerplunk
I go and flunk!

Sorority Table Talk

(Laughter.)

"The funniest thing—you r'member that crazy P. U. freshman who came to open house that time an' leaned back too far in his chair, an'—an'—"

(Laughter.)

"—leaned back too far, an'—"

"Yes, yes, we r'member—go on—gee, what's Alfie didded now?"

(Giggles—pass the gravy please, Mayme—well I guess I know—Jess, I've simply got to have a date—start the dish this way—)

"Y'know the kid went to the prom late in th' evenin' an' slipped in to th' punch tank to get a drink. An' he drank an' drank an' drunk till someone told him th' stuff was all *leavin's*—"

(Laughter—ouch, my poor bunny bunion—Oh I want an onion for my bonny bunny bunion—for she's weeping all-th'-day, tra-la-)

"An' then what does he do but gather up all th' stray chalk'lets from th' floor, arrange 'em in *some*—box—an'—"

(Here, let's listen to Jess tellin' about this crazy sparrow—)

"—takes th' box home an' feeds th' whole mess to th' hungry—P—U's—"

(Helpless hilarity—feet bump on under side of table—Jess fans herself with a lettuce leaf. Two longs and a short on the phone. Mayme shoots back her chair and scoots into the hall.)

"Helluh, hellah, helluh, hellah—h'luh—h'lah—"

"That was th' door bell, Mayme—not th' phone—"

(Squeak— President James' house? No sir—slam)

"Old Prof. Sniffenberg got his foot in it about right this afternoon—y'know th' old squash likes to stand up to lecture an' kick th' waste basket as he talks. Well, wot does he do but get one of his Merri-macs caught in the basket—an' stood in it th' rest of th' hour—"

"Girls, I've got th' worst old gourd for a prof you *ev-er—saw!* He parts his hair way down just above his left ear, an' when he opens his mouth it's like raisin' th' wall of a tent. And he wears two-speed specs and has a stroke of hiccups every 15 minutes—"

(All rise and sing the official sorority song:)

Alpha Rho Canoe!

Oh Alpha Rho Canoe!

We'll all be true to y-o-u!

Alpha Rho Canoe!

What is a toy but for breaking,
And what is a heart but a toy,
And what is there better than sorrow,
If one cannot have any joy?

We Hanker On

WE haven't a thing in the world to say against the new dean of the College of Law. He's a good fellow, no doubt, and an authority, we hear, on contracts or something; but why, in the name of educational progress, didn't we draw somebody for that place big enough to take the Law School off the skids and make it something more than a mill to grind out brief-and precedent-blinded practitioners?

There are several men in the country who are really interested in the broader aspects of legal education; who realize that our courts and our whole legalistic machinery are suffering from myopia induced by close application to the case system; who are trying hard to interest even a small minority in the philosophical aspects of the law, in the relations of law to governments and to social justice, in something of more importance to society than a narrowly expert knowledge of how to win a case and pull a leg.

If there is any institution under the sun that ought to stress the bigger and better possibilities in legal education it is the law school supported by the state. Privately run schools are already giving us all we need of the kind of lawyers we now have. The state and the nation need another kind, the kind that can be made only through contact with big broad ideas and big broad men, men of vision, of philosophical outlook, and personalities that fill young men with ideals and aspirations of high service.

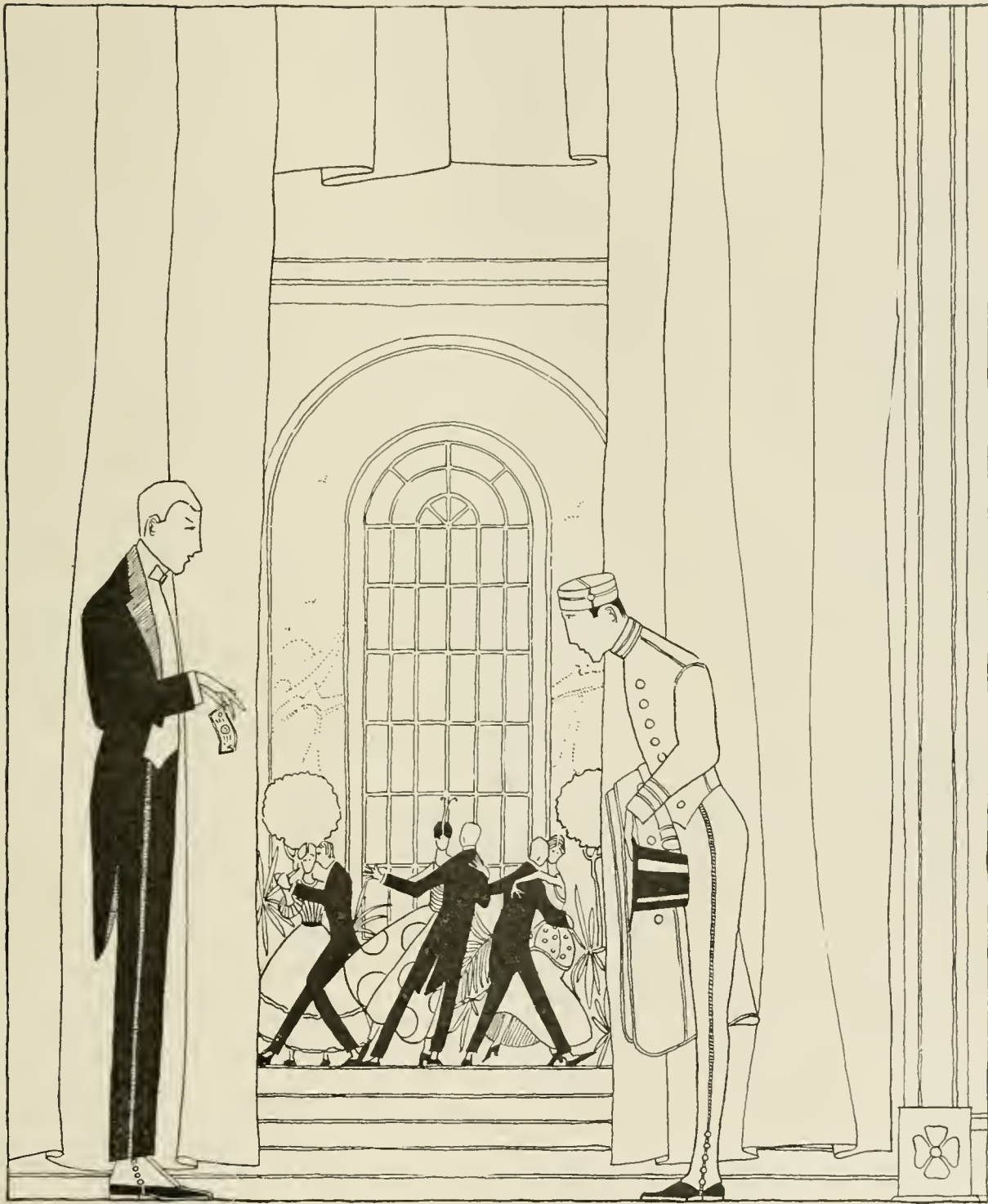
Our College of Law is as good as most in the personnel of its faculty. We hankered and hoped for something better.

We hanker on.



A PALM BEACH SUIT.

Xanthe—"What is your idea of a eugenic marriage?"
Zanthe—"To wed an eighty year old millionaire who has heart trouble."



THE AFTER DINNER MINT

The repast over, the uniformed attendant gets "his".

Fig-Leaf To Sable

Some Crooked Chronology

I. PROLOGUE

NOW here is a mystery:
 Folks say that history
 Every so often goes back and repeats;
 Starts with the features
 Of all living creatures,
 Their manners and pleasures, their
 duds and their eats,
 It is said that the world
 (While thru space it is hurled)
 Is following a program of reiteration,
 So present tradition
 Is mere repetition
 Of previous stages of civilization.
 It is hard to believe—
 I can scarcely conceive
 Of another time like the one lived in
 by Abel;
 But let's not talk vainly,
 We'll prove it all plainly—
 Suppose we trace women's clothes—
 "Fig-leaf to Sable."

II. CREATION

The Lord made the earth and the sea
 out of nothing
 And when these were finished he still
 had some nothing
 From which he soon fashioned some
 stars all assorted
 "Till nothing was left—that which he
 had started.

III. A DENOUEMENT

Mayhap Eve's skin was by the sun's
 rays burnt
 Until she sought the shade, where
 the sun's rays weren't
 And there the serpent came
 To play his little game
 And Eve her first deportment lesson
 learnt.
 At any rate 'twas in the brain of Eve
 That fashion plates and style books,
 chic, naive,
 Were dreamt of for the weal
 Of Paquin and Lucile,
 Whose coffers many sous and dimes
 receive.



Taking the bands off his cigars so
 that customers can have a quiet smoke.

IV. FIRST FASHION SHOW

That's the beginning—
 Eve was caught sinning;
 When she was rebuked she became
 somewhat peevish
 And then, I suppose,
 She made all those clothes
 And Adam got sore, 'cause he wanted
 her Eve-ish.
 All around on the trees
 Sat the birds; chimanzeees
 Snickered and laughed, and went thru
 contortions;
 Monks hung by their tails
 And emitted weird wails
 Because Eve had enveloped her shape
 and proportions.
 Rattle-snake and cuckoo,
 Mammoth, bear, kangaroo,
 Camel, gopher and elephant, grub-
 worm and doe,
 Looked by all amazed,
 Stupefied, beaten, dazed,
 While they witnessed in Eden the first
 Fashion Show.

V. APOLOGY

Perhaps all along we've been totally
 wrong
 In our heartless indictment of Eve,
 But why diagnose the real reason for
 clothes;
 It's a fabric that's hard to unweave.
 Now we wouldn't care if her limbs had
 stayed bare

And the snake in his amours had
 tarried
 But from blame Eve's exempted be-
 cause she was tempted
 And further than that—she was
 married.

VI. THE DELUGE

(Editor's note: No data obtained con-
 cerning the color of bathing suits
 worn on Noah's yachting party.)

VII. HOWEVER,

Across the smooth Arabian table land
 About half a million years ago
 There slowly moved a straggling Is-
 rael band
 Of sheep and folks, a thousand each
 or so.
 For eats they picked up manna from
 the ground
 Because no Green street shack cafes
 were there,
 For duds—'tis plain no fig leaves could
 be found,
 So robes were fashioned from the
 sheepsie's hair.
 And as the human race disseminated
 Into all lands of diff'rent warmth and
 clime,
 The styles were changed and then orig-
 inated
 The Cossack blouse, and Hindu hose,
 and time
 Sped swiftly on, and ev'ry race and
 nation
 Pursued the program given by the
 Lord—
 'Twas ordered that there be multipli-
 cation
 Upon the earth's face, of the human
 horde.

VIII. THE EARLY GREEKS, PHI BETA KAPPA AND TAU KAPPA EPSILON

Socrates had a wonderful will,
 So they gave him hemlock tea;
 One thing he escaped was a tailor bill,
 After all he was luckier'n me.
 A single robe and not even a sign
 Of a button, a hook or an eye—
 The same rig to slumber, to dance and
 to dine
 No chemise or collar or tie.



But after a while
Came a poor imbecile
With a vacuum brain
And said, "Let's ascertain
If by ex-per-i-ment
We cannot invent
Some sort of address
So we won't have to guess—
Because nobody knows
The feminine clothes
From those of the man;"
And right then began
Breeches and skirts
For men and women respectively.

IX. THE TUDOR PERIOD (FOUR-DOOR MODELS NOT YET ANNOUNCED)

See the ruffle 'round her throat,
And a gown we also note—
All brocaded,
Rather faded;
Why should Raleigh spoil his coat?
Here we get a little grin—
See those shoes her feet are in?
Number nine

Or I'm lyin'—
'Lizabeth couldn't make me sin.
Here it is in middle spring
And the Queen wears such a thing
'T isn't tulle—
More like wool—
I can see why there's no king.

X. THE BOOZOLOGICAL AGE

Slender was the mode, so slender
That a girl could scarcely bend her
Without ripping where 'twas sewed;
Thin and filmy were the dresses,
Wouldn't waste a million guesses
Wond'ring if her limbs were bowed.

All during this while
Pursuant to style
Women dressed like a good lady
daren't;
Gowns weren't only tight
But they wouldn't stop light
And even the hats were transparent.
But then came a war
Much worse than before
So the styles all became military
And buttons of brass

Adorned every lass
From Portland to far Tipperary.

XI. EDEN II

The tendency is plain to see—
Do you suppose economy
Has prompted women to dispose
Of many of the old time clothes?
Chilly autumn brings no fear
To wearers of those garments sheer;
And the women, I believe
Want to copy sister Eve.
A single apple let Eve know
That she was making quite a show;
And when she gazed into the pool
And saw therein a mirrored fool
She hid her face and sneaked away
And was ashamed of her display.

XII. EPILOGUE

Now do the styles in women's clothes
repeat—
Dress moves toward zero at a rapid
gait;
Another cycle started on its beat
And for another apple we await.

Suggestions For College Harmony Songs

Any quartette can do this. Simply let the tenor and bass and the other two—whoever they may be—loose with these words, and the product is bound to be something no sorority porch should be without on a dark, warm night.

1. The Tulip and the Tack.

Oh, the tulip on the wall—
Oh, the tulip on the wall—
And the tack upon the floor!
Said the tack unto the tulip—
"I'd—like—a—little—more!"

Bass
"Oh, I'd like a little more!"

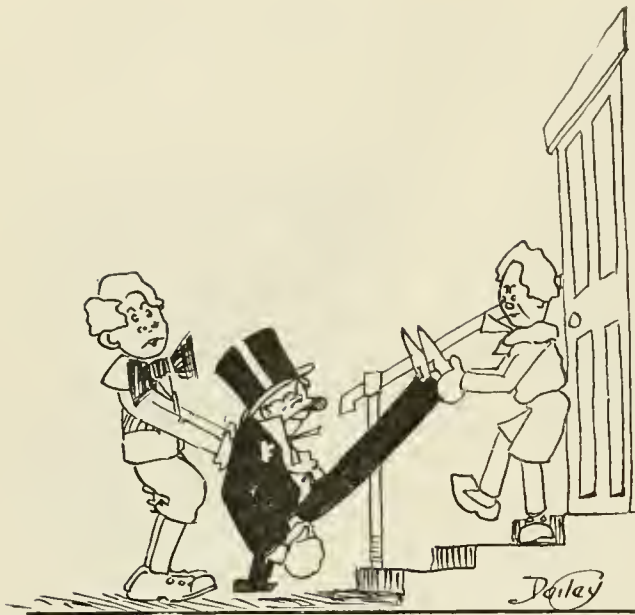
Tenor
I'd like!
I'd like!
I'd like!

Baritone
Said the tack—
To the tulip—
I'd like—
On the wall!

All
A lit-tle more!

Alto
For—it's—
Ting-a-ling
Ting-a-ling
Plink-plank—

Tenor
Yes, it's—
Plink-plank
Ting-a-ling
Ling!



BRINGING UP FATHER

You Cannot Live On Kisses

NOTE: This poem was written on a muddy sheet of paper found on the streets of St. Louis by a student of this university.

You cannot live on kisses,
The sages wisely say,
And lovers who are young and poor
Should learn that, right away;
For kisses are too light a food
To keep the hungry fed—
You cannot live on kisses
And so you shouldn't wed!

You cannot live on kisses,
But, sweetheart, don't you care!
They lend ambrosial flavor to
The very humblest fare;
They make a fairy palace of
The simplest little cot—
You cannot live on kisses
But they brighten things a lot.

You cannot live on kisses;
Well, maybe that is true.
But work and love and tenderness
Will see us safely through.
And we shall get new courage from
Each kiss we take and give—
You cannot live on kisses,
But they make it sweet to live!

Real Letters From a Girl To a Student

2.

At Home
All alone
Fraid
Help!!!

Dearest:

I wanted you so much, that I simply couldn't go to bed without having a chat with my honey. You're one of the necessities of my life, I guess, I positively feel sometimes as if I couldn't stand it unless you were here to put your arms around me and love me a little.

Tick—tick, goes the clock, its so still here it sounds like a full orchestra. Oh! why aren't you here, then I wouldn't be afraid—oh! of course I'm not, oh, no!

Do you know dear, some girls are so tepid in regard—well perhaps they pretend they are not—but in regard to the man they love. All they think about is the material things such as money, family, society, etc. I don't know why I love you or lets say I am so attracted by you but just by yourself. I think it's the way you look at life, "somepin 'bove the ears, etc."

Really, Dick, its strange you and I have had so many men friends and girl friends. Friends everywhere, and yet we are now so crazy over each other right in our own home town. Some day we can look back a long ways together when we were kids. Sometimes I'm just glad to be alive, life is so wonderful and sweet.

Now dear, kiss me good night and I'll get me little nightie and say my prayers and go to bed. Bye Bye dearest little mountain lion in all the world.

Your own Eve.

A FRAT CONSTITUTION

The fraternity "bug" has gone even into the grammar school. Here is the rough outline which was made by one of the Champaign grammar school boys for a fraternity constitution:

Colors—Green and Yellow.

Dues—jitney.

Dues not paid 2 days after meeting fined 1c per day.

Swearing in a kid's house—5c.

Yelling in a kid's house—1c.

Interrupting anybody talking—1c.

Laughing without cause—1c.

Shirking work—1c.

Initiation fee—10c.

Anybody talking back to or hitting seargent-of-arms—1c.

Meetings on Thursday.



Ukulele Tunes

2. I Like to Drink.

I like to drink, but I'm sat - is - fied with cider; I
like to smoke but corn - silk will do; I
like to chew, but I don't mind chew - ing Spear - mint — I
like to spoon, but I've got to have you!

2

3

I like a tune, but I don't mind hearing opera;
I like to drive, but a flivver will do;
I like a game, but I don't mind watching checkers—
But when I want kisses, I've got to have you.

I like to read, but I don't mind reading Shakespeare;
I like to eat, but Tite Wad's will do;
I like to stall, though I'll study when I have to—
But when it is moonlight, I've got to have you.

Eating Too Much

TO the peanut stand, the wienie wagon and the tempting confectionery displays in stores 'round about the campus may be traced much of the tendency of the college man to laziness, irregularity and inefficiency.

Very few men at this university allow a day to pass with having

eaten only the required three meals. There is always a sandwich, pie, and the Hershey bar to relieve the monotony of existence and to satisfy the ruminating instinct. The desire for good fellowship, which has led men to the saloon with their friends, is taking the fellows here to the local "eat joints".

No man's digestion can function properly under the diet of the average student here. And no man can be normally efficient when his in-

sides are more or less in a continual state of disorder.

Many a fellow will actually grieve over his nervousness, over his restlessness, over some indefinable but ever present ailment—and will fail, even in four years, to discover that it is due to one of the worst of bad habits—eating irregularly and too much.

The difference between greatness and mediocrity is very frequently a matter of digestion.

The Wrist Watch

I SING the praises of the wrist watch, ridiculed by sly-dog merrymakers and pewee humorists with ivory observatories. As an institution it has been laughed at, smiled at, sneered at until it is now proper that a champion seize the long lance and try a joust with these sawdust dummies who cackle their disdain of one of the most useful inventions of modern times.

No, dear brother, I do not wear a leather thong around my wrist. Mine is but a round Ingersoll sold on tick and used on credit. I am but a modest soul, but in me burns a passion for fair play and a square deal. Before you would dub every man who exhibits a wrist watch as a Miss Nancy or Prim Priscilla, diked out in masculine petticoats, with lace handkerchief perfumed with heliotrope, look at the thing squarely between the eyes and listen to hoss sense.

Is there any good reason why a real watch should dive 'way down in a deep pocket inside a man's buttoned coat, to be fished out by a jerk of a nicked chain? (Of course you may be ashamed of it.) Is there any intelligence displayed in keeping a watch where nobody can see it and when you have to drop books, your lady's arm, or a half-finished Boston just to tell some gazook what the time is? Suppose you had two minutes to make a train; you'd miss it if you had to consult that archaic turnip to be yanked out of your duds by a shoe string. What's the use of hiding the time anyhow? Are you afraid of thieves, of cut-throats, or of your girl in the dark? Uhh! Do you use padlocks on your overshoes or a combination burglar-proof safe for your fountain pen? Do you wear that Hughes button on your winter flannels or plainly in sight where it's of some use to somebody besides your roommate? What the dickens is the matter with you, anyhow, that you get on your hind legs and roar about a fine custom that ties a watch to a man's wrist where he can look at it in the squeezing of a lemon? Correct, you may sit down.

Soldiers are no violet-scented, peach-blossom mollicoddles and yet every mother's son of them wears a wrist watch and finds it convenient, sensible, time-saving. Tennis players wear them, so do speed demons in racing cars, so do aviators that fly the high heavens. They're *manly* men, ain't they? And here you splutter like a toy pistol with your fool notions about the wrist watch. Avaunt! Remain ignominiously squelched.



HIS LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION

A Memory of the South

Only five years ago? That opera-tune
Seems trembling upward from the happier years
Buried beyond the reach of time and tears.
There where I left you with flowers and June.

I might have lived a century since then:
I might have died, and been transported here,
So strange it seems and distant to my ear:
I might have died, and come to life again.

And you? Does that great palm-tree lean above
The little porch where southern moons looked in?
And do you ever dream of what has been?
Or dream you hear the silent voice of love?

Or do you sit and watch that southern moon,
Oh dark-eyed daughter of the dreamy South,
And wait for some new lover, while your mouth
Pouts to the rose plucked newly out of June?

Idly I guess: the song has died away
As all things must—yes, even love like ours:
You were the rose of all this Land of Flowers:
May love still keep you there in bloom today!

Shocking Historical Revelation

An unpublished history of the university turns a nerve-injuring glare on questionable matters in high places.

AMONG the highly interesting chapters of a history of the university as yet unpublished is one entitled "Hazing", which treats the subject in a way hitherto unattempted, and reveals several reasons why the university authorities have for several years done their best to stamp out this often cruel but sometimes exceedingly useful institution. Bare outlines of only a few of the many shocking instances revealed in the book are all for which room can be found, but they will serve, the *Siren* feels sure, to give the history a larger sale than that enjoyed by Miss Director Vivian Phelps' Directory of Matriculants.

For example, then:

It was customary in those days to conduct the hazing in private, and the process sometimes extended over considerable periods of time, since the dignity as well as the obstreperousness of the victims made haste both unseemly and impracticable.

The disciplining of President James seems to have required especially frequent and long continued application of correctives. At one time he was restrained for a period of six months from sending out any publicity matter beginning: "President Edmund Janes James of the University of Illinois announces;" he was forbidden to see his name in print until he confessed all the steps by which a friend in Pennsylvania was induced to mention him for the Presidency of the United States. Who suggested him for the governorship was not disclosed, but in that connection some diverting facts were brought to light.

Squirming under cross-examination, Prexy alluded to another official who was interested in having him become a candidate for the governorship, or anything else that would remove him from the campus.

The innuendos led to the summoning of the genial Dean Davie. Though the hazing committee discovered that any committee can spend a long time with him without arriving at a definite result, enough information came from other sources to constitute one of the great travel



SHOCKING NUMBER

mysteries of all time. The case has already been referred to the Society for Psychical Research without result.

Briefly: Why didn't the Vice President go to South America last spring? He says, because his baggage didn't get to New York till after his boat had sailed, which was the same day that President James was mentioned for the governorship. What was in the baggage, then, that made it so important? Were there no other vessels? Why was the baggage late? What effect had the governorship on the handling of baggage? To these and other questions the committee got no satisfactory answer, and sentenced David to make forty speeches without making a single complimentary joke about the girls or the ladies.

One of the most comic deeds of the hazers was to forbid Dean Clark's having his picture taken more than once a month, to initiate him into T. N. E., to debar him from using "I" in any spoken or written discourse, to cut out of his works all occurrences of "I was talking with a student only the other day", and other comic and unusual punishment.

Dean Goss was rolled in the Boneyard. He rolled very well.

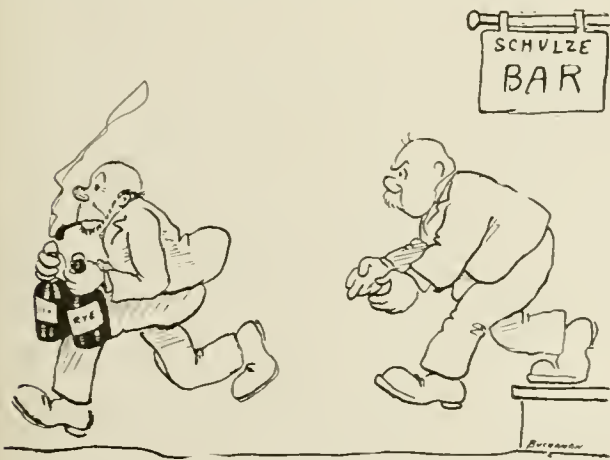
A dimmer was put on the shining poll of Good-enough.

Dodge's whiskers were trimmed, when lo, nothing remained but a pair of glasses and a rattle like a rusty bicycle.

Hopkins was forced to read "The Story of the Soil". Dewsnup and Fairlie had to listen to each other lecture, and Oldfather was appointed professor of English literature in the University of London.

The university community had long known the crying need of some means to correct these and other abuses, but as late as October, 1916, had not become aware of this secret hazing, or seen any improvements on the part of these gay dogs of the Faculty.

Curiously enough no mention is anywhere made of Joe Morrow or Shorty Fay and their midnight prowlings.



"Laden with booty, the Irish contingent retreated before a heavy Teutonic force"—Press Bulletin.



Another Crazy Defective Kennedy Story

Ivory Soap, The Girl Who Went Right Or, 99 44-100% Poor.

by Arthur Bereaves

NOTE: If you know Crazy Kennedy, the scientific defective,—as who doesn't?—you will realize that he is a keen student of physio-comical phenomena. Here we have a story dealing with every phase of this big branch of the psyhence of psocks. The story of Ivory Soap is one that will touch your heart—the story of unrequited love, a solemn vow and a happy return after many years. Read it quick, before the next number comes out.

IVORY SOAP and her husband, Crazy Kennedy, the most astute individual who has ever been released from a nut house, a man who has been pronounced by the world's most renowned experts as being really almost half-witted, sat on the front porch of their ranch.

Their ranch was 'way out west.

Crazy wanted to spoon, but Ivory didn't. At last, in desperation, he tried to place his head in Ivory's lap.

Infuriated, she pushed his face in, thus rolling his head back on his shoulders, where, if at all, it belonged.

"I vow," said Kennedy, arising, with his eyes flashing determination from his straight and narrow form, "I vow this fifteenth day of October, nineteen hundred and sixteen, that the day will come when you will be glad to have my head in your lap. Until then you will see me no more."

So he beats it for a train and goes to Germany where there are trenches and beer. In Germany he joins an army and we will leave him in a trench up to his waist in pants while we return to see what has become of little Ivory.

For a while Ivory was lonesome, because the nearest railroad station was nine hundred miles away and the mail man only came once every eighty-five days. However, after a short courtship of eleven hundred and thirty-four days, Ivory marries the mail man who, for no reason at all, shall remain nameless.

In the meantime Crazy becomes bosom friends with a kind-hearted trooper whom, for the purposes of this story, we shall call Smear

Caseh. One day, all of a sudden, Crazy gave Caseh an envelope which, what do you think?, was sealed.

"Do not open this until I'm dead," said our hero. "When you open it, please do what it bids."

So one day a shell came along and shot Crazy's head off and then Caseh opened the envelope and did what it bid.

In the meantime, to return to our heroine, Ivory was getting qualms. She was worried as to the legality of her marriage to the mail man. It occurred to her that perhaps it was not legal, since she had not obtained a divorce from Crazy.

This worry she passed on to her more or less husband, and they both wrangled with the problem, but with little success.

All of a sudden one day her mail man came with a big package and a letter and a joyous, ecstatic, happy, blissful grin on his mug.

The letter she opened first. It read:

Mrs. I. S. C. Kennedy:

Your husband was killed in battle and in sending you this package, I obey his dying request that—

But Ivory couldn't wait to see the rest. She opened the package and drew out Crazy's head, his bloody, gory, staring, ghastly, pale, ghoul-ish, skull and skin and hair.

With a sigh of content she dropped the horrible thing in her lap and continued the letter.

—that his head be detached from his body and sent to you parcels post prepaid.

*Yours auf wiedersehn,
Smear Caseh.*

With little squeals of merriment, Ivory petted Crazy's head, at the

same time crooning to her mail man:

"At last we are free! At last we are free."

And so the reader can see that Crazy kept his vow, even unto the last for Ivory was truly glad to have his head in her lap.

The Assistant

ONE of the most unfortunate elements in the American university of today is the more or less inexperienced individual who instructs classes and laboratory sessions—the "assistant."

Every assistant begins his career by experimenting on the many students with whom he should be on sure and beneficial terms.

He is bound to make mistakes, and the one who suffers most from these is, of course, the student.

The assistant is often underpaid and therefore is compelled in many cases to work outside in order to keep himself "going."

This surely could not be interpreted as being in any way a condition tending to give the student and his requirements the attention and care they deserve.

Interviews With Great Men

Gene Hopkins

S AID the most impudent and sentimental reporter on the staff to Mr. Hopkins.

"Gene, first I'll get in some publicity stuff on the student council in exchange for your comps to the dance. Then we'll have you say a few characteristic things. Then—*pop!*—it's all over!"

"Let's go over 'n have a drink," said Gene.

"Whoa!" said our star. "I spoke of the characteristic things as being said last. What I want now is the publicity stuff."

"Gosh," said Gene, distressed, "I don't know what to say!"

"Well, I guess I'll have to feed it to you. Who are you? Now, don't say Gene Hopkins, or a Psi U, or a Buick chauffeur, or an Arcade bum. Say, just like this: 'I'm President of the Student Council.'"

"Who am I?" said Gene. "I'll tell you who I am. I'm President of the Student Council."

"Fine! Now, what the dickens is the student council—does it amount to anything? For goodness sake, don't say it isn't for you to brag, and for me to ask someone else about it. This is publicity stuff, see? Say like this: 'The council never was heard of until I became president; I'm making it a vital factor in this university's existence.' Shoot a line like that."

Gene did.

"Which would you rather attend, Gene, a Pi Phi formal or a student council dance?"

This was the supreme test, but Hoppy didn't hesitate.

"The council dance," said he.

"Why?" fed the reporter.

"It's cheaper," said Gene. Our reporter gave up. "It's no use," he said. "You weren't cut out to be a press agent. I'm ready to hear you say something characteristic now."

The *Siren* man ordered a double chocolate egg malted milk Boston.



'61—"Yes, little girl, I wuz a self-made man."

"Why didn't you finish the job?"

At The Ball: Four O'Clock

NOW these sweet faces droop like wilted flowers
On many-colored stems, and cheeks are pale
That glowed with roses in the earlier hours
Before the flying feet began to fail.
Like burnt-out sapphires now blue eyes are dim,
And brown ones wear a dull and onyx light:
Like little shadows on the sleepy rim
Of dawn, they seem to mourn the sleepless night.
So pleasure fades: it never can be true
To its first promise, but must die at last
At dawn or dusk, when night or day is through.
And in the endless gallery of the past
Hang one more picture for the ghost of Youth
To gaze at, after Time has told the truth.

Bah ! Bah !

I'll not partake again of sheep,
Although it makes my living cheap.
At naught it stops, it has no pride,—
And so its chops I can't abide.

Its wool you say makes cloth the best,
Be that, as may, sheep I detest,
For woe of woes, it is a fack,
The law book grows upon its back.

Diplomas, too, upon it grow,
These make you do hard work, you know.
No sheep or lamb for me, I beg,
Bring forth the ham, trot out the egg.







WHEN we are tired, dear,
And our stars fade.
When life is seer,
And time decayed,
When we have learned, dear,
Truth as it seems,
Which will be greater,
Life or its dreams?
Let's meet again, dear,
Heart against heart—
We the world wise
So long apart.
In all the world, dear,
Dreams only last.
Let's live in dreams, dear,
Dreams of the past.

This Month's Telephone Conversation

"Hello!"

"Bill *who?*"

"Why not? I've seen things like that. One on Green street today!"

"All right."

"Ye-ah."

"Uh-huh."

"No."

"Why, I'll ask about it. I saw Harry Darby with one on last week."

"None this afternoon. You'd never believe it, but Milt belongs."

"Sure, he's clever."

"I kidded him and Red Everham quite a bit about it."

"Ye-ah."

"No, they don't know now how much I know or whether I know anything."

"Honest? Say, it's hard to believe. But, by gosh, Bart *would* do it, at that, wouldn't he?"

"No, that's putting it too strong."

"I saw 'em together three times this week."

"Be dinged if I know where he gets his money. He's a roughneck."

Ye-ah. Belongs to a frat where they've got a fireplace."

"Don't you believe any such thing about Gene Hopkins. I know Gene, and he's no better than the rest of 'em."

"You're crazy."

"Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, hee-e-e-eh!"

"Aw-haw-haw, hoo-hoo, ho, ho, whee-ee-eeeh!"

"Listen here, kid, are you sure about that?"

"Absolutely?"

"Larry Winters! ha-ha-ho-huh—Larry Winters—gosh, I can't believe it! The old devil!"

"Say, I saw Bill Nelson about that matter we were talking about the other day. He says it's all right but to keep mum. Get me?"

"No."

"Ye-ah."

"An A. T. O."

"Tom Brown was out of town. I'm positive about it. A Beta brother called me up and said Tom had called him up from the country."

"Graft? . . . Say, is this a party line?"

"I'll call you on the Automatic."

"Good by."



A SHOCK ABSORBER

"Why Don't Professors Press Their Pants?"

Don't ask me. How should I know when they themselves don't know?

You might as well ask why they became professors. One puzzle is just as baffling as the other.

The baggy knee and the high-brow—what a world of opportunity for conjecture they offer!

Do you suppose, if some day a real, sealed-in-the-factory professor appeared in public with one of Zom's two-dollar ties, a Fred Marshall six-dollar silk shirt and—

let's see, who else advertises in the *Siren*?—and a pair of Joe Kuhn's nine-dollar cordovans and one of Jake Kaufman's nifty hats and a high-class Nobby Tailored suit on—

Do you suppose, if he really did this, that it would be reported to President James? And do you think that Prexy would tell it to the board of trustees and have the offender jailed, or just fire him?

Prof. Scott Nearing was brave and a pioneer, but how much more wonderful would be the intrepid faculty soul who could step out arrayed in all the splendor of an undergraduate!

THE MODERN HERO

A TRILLER
IN ONE REEL

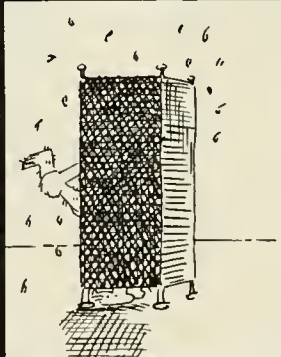
Our hero rises
at 8 A.M. and
prepares for
his morning
shower.



He lets the
water run till
it gets good
and cold, then
shivers and
screams but
does not get
under shower



He then gives
himself a good
rub with a
rough towel,
completes his
toilet and
gets dressed



He spends
the rest of
the day walking
around town
telling everybody
how fine a
cold shower
makes him feel
and how he
takes one every
morning.



Good
Night

Art.
Dailley

How Our Profs Sound To Us

2. Noyes in Chem. I.

I HAVE here a glass tube in which there are some chopped up tin cans. Heating with a flame and adding a little K. M., or common kitchen sink water, we have a resultant decomposition which gives the equation P U T R I D. This indicates an instance of how science is a vital factor in commerce, for this decomposition brings millions of dollars every year to manufacturers who sell it as tomato soup.

Sodium, the metal out of which summer drinks are made, has some very peculiar properties. When stirred rapidly and an ordinary United States nickle is dropped in, it changes from its colorless state to a creamy chocolate color. If then another nickle is put in, or the first one withdrawn and a silver dime inserted, all of the properties of an egg—about three months old—appear in the mixture. You can test this by tasting with an ordinary mouth. Applying this test to the same mixture when three nickles, a dime and a nickle, five cents and a dime, or any other combinations are dropped in, which when tested, show a full content of J I T the liquid will be found to contain a new element, which, when oxidized will prove to be malted milk.

Take about three grams of S C A G and apply a light and you will find a smoke permeating from the lips when the S C A G is applied to them and a sucking motion undergone. This smoke's color varies. If you use the O M A R mixture it is a pale, musty yellow. With the C A (M E L) it is a thin blue. F A T I M A gives off a dark brown vapor.

This ends this morning's lecture.

Why I Dislike Holes In My Stockings.

As a child, I had no particular aversion to having holes in my stockings. Habit had inured me to them. Mother, it is true, exerted every effort in attempting to overcome my tomboyishness and to transform me into a modest, sweet maiden. At times I would become impressed by my hopelessness and resolve to become a little lady. Then for a few days, I would

play house instead of climbing fences, and my stockings would be free from holes.

One day my mother and I were down town. As we left the car, she noticed the condition of my shoes. There were five buttons on one and six on the other. The sole of one was loose and flapped as I walked. It was this sound that had attracted my mother's attention. I had been proud of the noise made by my shoe when I walked, but my mother marched me to the shoe store.

A clerk came toward us. He had broad shoulders. He was tall. His hair was dark and wavy. I knew him immediately. I had met him in many books. He was the man who whirled about in magnificent ball-rooms with beautiful ladies, robed in silks and satins, in his arms, or who lashed his dripping steed through the wilderness in a mad flight to rescue his betrothed. What he was doing in a shoe store, I did not know. But he could not fool me. I knew him.

My ripped shoe lost its charm. The missing buttons assumed disproportionate significance in my mind. I felt ashamed. With burning cheeks, I shyly put out my foot. As he removed the shoe, I anxiously watched his face to see if the expected disdain at the sight of its dilapidated condition would show there. But his expression remained unchanged until he had removed the shoe. Then his features relaxed into a broad smile.

I glanced down with sinking heart. Three of my toes were staring boldly through my stocking. My heel, also, was revealed, black from rubbing against my shoe. I glanced from my foot back to the hero-clerk, whose face was grave once more, and then up at my mother. The wrath and consternation seen in her face drove, for the time, all thoughts of the clerk from my mind.

"Put her shoe on again," my mother ordered frostily. The clerk complied. We left the store.

The next day I learned to darn.



Tourist: I say, old chap, you're clever with that revolvah, but aren't you afraid that sometime when you are shooting that hat pin off your wife's nose, you'll miss and blow her brains out?

Sage Pete: Huh! If she's darn fool enough to stand up there and let me shoot at that pin, she ought to have her brains blown out.

Snarly Charlie

I. He Introduces Himself.

"The students round here don't do enough thinking", vociferated the new instructor who had just thought his way through to a Ph.D. "Some of 'em go through the whole four years from freshman to senior without learning to think!"

"You needn't yell at me", I said suavely, "for I agree with you. But time is money, so thinking is expensive. What I object to is that we don't do enough snarling. Pigs get mad at their keepers, bulls rebel, dogs snarl and bite, cats scratch, but we just lay down and cut the doormat out of a job in front of every dean's and adviser's and instructor's office. Why don't we snarl I'd like to know. It doesn't do any good to start thinking when someone steps on you, but a vicious snarl would help.

"When some of us snarl a bit in the Illini, along come the editors and close the cutout. All they like is a well-mannered little snarl of their own chauffeuring with headlights dimmed and well inside the speed limit. Why, this institution is an overgrown Sunday School with the Student's Own and Only Friend as superintendent and Prexy in the background as minister. Let's punch the piety in class and on the campus."

"Pardon me," said the new instructor, "I've done quite enough thinking for a while. May I ask, who are you?"

"I'm the first fallen angel at Illinois", I said. "And you can meet me here every month. My name is Snarly Charlie. Help me snarl."

Oh, Nothing!!

Oh, see the crowd on Johan Street—
Oh, such a host of trod-on feet;

What is it?

Oh, hear the laughter of the crowd—
Oh, hear them shouting out so loud;

What is it?

Oh, see the speedy motor rush—
Oh, see them stop—now there's a hush;

What is it?

Oh, see the gir-ruls dashing out—
Oh, listen how they yell and shout;

What is it?

Oh, what a noise around the place—
Oh, see them hug, see them embrace;

What is it?

Oh, see the kodak held on high—
Oh, there must surely be a spy;

What is it?

Oh, see they're pinning ribbons on—
Oh, now another one is gone;

What is it?

Oh, see her kiss the whole darn bunch—
Oh, let's go home or we'll miss lunch;

What is it?

Oh, Nothing.

Consistency

The deacon and the elder, both pillars of the leading church of a small Carolina town, were about to enter therein for the regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting service. The elder, chancing to see one of his acquaintances standing on the corner, hailed him and inquired,

"Who won today?"

Before the gentleman could answer the deacon blazed forth in a wrathful torrent.

"There ought to be a law agin them baseball games. I never wasted my time when I was young and I wisht they'd stop 'em by law."

The elder said not a word, altho he felt the sting of the other's tongue. Then the deacon, having ceased his denunciations, turned directly to the elder and asked sharply,

"Got any terbaceer?"

"I don't chaw terbaceer in the house o' Gawd," reproached the elder.

"Wal I chaw," answered the deacon apologetically. "But I don't spit."

THERE'S just this one little thing to remember about the gifts you buy of Joe Bowman—They are chosen to be appreciated. Deep stuff, that, but meaningful, old dear, mighty meaningful!

And there's no argument but that Joe's varsity jewelry has all the pep and good looks in the world.

JOS. BOWMAN

"Your Dependable Jeweler"

First Door North of City Building on Neil Street.

CHAMPAIGN

Bradley

KNIT WEAR

"Cum Laude" Sweaters

Funny how ubiquitous a sweater is. From matriculation to graduation its uses are multitudinous, its paths devious. And how nomadic, too. The athlete's luxurious shaker, proudly alphabetized, migrates from "stude" to co-ed, from frat house to girl's dorm. If it's a Bradley, it abides there. Ask for them at the best shops. Write for the Bradley Style Booklet.

BRADLEY KNITTING CO., Delavan, Wis.



Jake

JAKE arrived Monday. Marion brought him with her when she came home from Chicago. She says that he was an ideal companion and never bothered her once all the way down. The conductor didn't even collect fare for him.

I was surprised to see him, for I hadn't expected him. But he had not changed since I saw him last. He did not enthuse when he saw me, but then it isn't Jake's way to enthuse over anything. In fact, Jake is the most phlegmatic and undemonstrative creature that I know. Nothing excites him. He does not even feel resentment, not even when imposed upon.

He never, never complains. He always grins and bears it. Why, his hand has been on the ceiling and his head upon the table for the last two days and he hasn't said a word. And if you don't believe that that is an uncomfortable position, just try it yourself. But Jake just grins and grins and never says a word.

I tried to aggravate him still further. I took his hand into the other room. His expression never changed. He didn't even seem to miss it.

We have become accustomed to his taciturnity, and impose upon him as we can only upon an uncomplaining person. We put three apples on his head and he has been holding on to them for three days. He guards them religiously. No one would dream of touching those apples. For the girls in the house have taken a violent dislike to Jake, and will not go near him, even for the sake of the apples.

Their dislike is unwarranted. He never did anything to them. He wouldn't think of harming them. And I who know him better realize that he has some sterling qualities which few of them possess. He is a companion who will wear well. He may not be scintillating or clever, but he is made of good reliable stuff and will never bore me with incessant chatter. He won't prowl around at night keeping other people from sleeping.

Jake's most attractive quality is the mystery which hangs about him. He has a past which he will not reveal. It does no good to become confidential with him in the hope that he will in turn confide in you. About his past he utters never a word. He may have been a saloon keeper or a lawyer. Who can tell? We don't even know how to refer correctly to him. I have been calling him "he" to be sure, but I did so merely for convenience. It would be so awkward to write "he or she" and "him or her". However, for all I know, he may be a woman. Of course, I never saw a woman who looks like Jake.

Poor Jake! So much of him is lost! Just a bony head and a hand! Not even his mother would know him now. Poor Jake.

A Perfect Gift a Picture Perfectly Framed



Strauch's Photo Craft Stores

112 North Neil Street

625 South Wright Street

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Champaign Ice Cream Company

SANITARY
ICE CREAM, SHERBERTS
and ICES

115-117 East University Avenue

Bell 175

Auto 2107



Catering to those who appreciate

The Best in Photography

Bell Phone 35—Auto Phone 2268

208 N. Neil St.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

JOIN THE ARMY

Of our satisfied customers. We are accepting new recruits daily. We make a specialty of cleaning, pressing and repairing at reasonable prices. . . .

SUITS AND OVERCOATS MADE TO ORDER AT \$18 AND UP
PITSENBARGER & FLYNN, 612 E. Green Street

Everybody Should Vote Somewhere



Students are invited to register
October 17th and October 31st,
and vote



The Straight Republican Ticket

Soph—"I thot Bill took the Keeley cure this summer.
What makes him so sad?"

Senior—"It cured him."

If you go into Harris' with some
people, you have to pay five cents
more than is customary for sundaes,
because, says the menu: "5c extra
for nuts."

VISIT

Gaston's Hair Cutting Parlors

Five Barbers

--

All Workmen

Y. M. C. A. Building

Corner Wright and John Streets

Buy

Swearingen

Shoes

Three Doors East of "The Booby Hatch"
on Neil Street

The Philbrick Gift Shop

Hamilton Arcade



Gifts Out of the Ordinary

As a Little Remembrance
for the new or old
Acquaintance
of vacation days

Your Photograph

Make the Appointment
to-day

The Photo Art Shop

ETERNAL PROMISES

"Until the Boneyard runs dry."
That summer love affair.
"Until death do us ——"
I. O. U.

The proprietor of a summer hotel
put up a helpful sign to keep depart-
ing guests from forgetting their be-
longings.

It read: "Stop! Look! have you
left anything?"

A disgruntled guest changed it to
read: "Stop! Look! have you any-
thing left?"—Chicago Daily News.

Champaign Sanitary Milk Company

PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM

415 East University Avenue

Telephones: Bell 1204, Auto 1533

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

One Guy: I'd hate to be in that
state.

Other Guy: What state?

One Guy: State of matrimony.

Other Guy: Must be the United
States, eh?

One Guy: No, Marryland.

"What you say may be true,"
sighed the bowlegged man, "but you
can't call me a knocker."

STUDENT CRUMB SHELF

WE MAKE OUR PIES

NEW CIDER ON TAP
LUNCH AT ALL HOURS PLATE DINNER AT NOON

L. D. BUCK

506½ East Green Street

ROBERTS & GRANT

Wholesale and Retail

Meats *and* Provisions

111 South Neil Street

--:-

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

We Maintain Our Own Delivery Service
Ask for Price Lists

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CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

—PRESENTING—

Quality Feature Plays

—INCLUDING—

THE POPULAR "VITAGRAPH SPECIALS"

WILLIAM FOX FEATURES SUPREME

WORLD PICTURES, BRADY-MADE

MUTUAL MASTER PICTURES

TWO DAYS

COMMENCING

THURSDAY, OCT. 19

Anita Stewart

—IN—

"The Combat"

In Six Acts

TWO DAYS

COMMENCING

THURSDAY, OCT. 26

Through the Wall

THE GREATEST DETECTIVE
STORY EVER
PRODUCED

The Latest Ideas in Jewelry

**EVERYTHING
NEW**

Repair Department

In Charge of an Expert

MODERATE CHARGES

Ray L. Bowman Jewelry Company

Hamilton Building
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

WE BELIEVE

The Keystone to
Success is

FIRST-CLASS WORK

AND SATISFACTION.

THIS WE GUARANTEE

TO PATRONS OF

THIS STUDIO.

We will gladly bring our display to your home.
Call B 1118

McGuire's Studio

Opposite Flat Iron Building

URBANA, ILLINOIS

Frosh—"There was a man here this morning who said
he would give anything to see you."
Soph—"Who was he?"
Frosh—"A blind man."



We Still Specialize On

**Repair and
Remodeling
Work**

Wozencraft & Finder

Practical Plumbers Catering to Particular People

57 East University Avenue.

THEATRE BELVOIR

The Home of First-class Plays
... and Road Attractions ...

NOVEMBER 8th and 9th

(Wednesday and Thursday)

WILLIAM ELLIOTT RAY COMSTOCK
and MORRIS GUEST Presents

"EXPERIENCE"

The Most Wonderful Play in America

Home of Klein, Edison, Selig, Essanay,
Blue Bird and Metro Pictures

Not Up To Her Standard

"Have you any references?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yis mum, lots of thim," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why did you not bring some of them with you?"

"Well, mum, to tell the troot, they're just loike me photygraphs. None of thim don't do me justice."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Proof Positive

Coroner—We found nothing in the man's pockets, ma'am, except three buttons, one handkerchief and a receipted bill.

The Sobbing Inquirer—A receipted bill! Then 'tain't my husband.—Tid-Bits.

Too Good

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married."

"Yassum," said the former cook, "I'se done got me a man now."

"Is he a good provider?"

"Yassum. He's a mighty good provider, but I'se powerful skeered he's gwine ter git kitched at it."—Birmingham Age Herald.



The Oldest Established and Largest Dying and Dry Cleaning Plant
L. B. SOUDERS, Proprietor

ATTENTION TO ORDERS

Military term No. 21

All members of the Arcade Rest Haven will have
their tonsorial work done by

BROWN'S ARCADE BARBERS

-:-

Bradley Arcade

Sanitary

-:-

Courteous

-:-

Modern



FORM

Shoe form without
Foot Comfort won't get
a man far on the way to
peace for his body and
ease for his mind.

Shoes that set the pace
in the season's close race
for form and fit invite
early attention here.

CORDO CALF BALS. ALL WIDTHS\$6.00
MAHOGANY CALF BALS5.00
VELOUR CALF BALS\$4.00 to \$5.00

CURRY & TAYLOR SHOE CO.

133 West Main Street

Urbana, Illinois

Out of the Twin Cities' High Rent District

Perfectly Shocking!

“The Daylight Confectionery serves Ice Cream
“undressed” for ten cents.
But, Oh! it's so delicious.

Mead's

CUSTER'S

The Best

BUTTERED POP CORN

and

ROASTED PEANUTS

In the Twin Cities

21 MAIN STREET, CHAMPAIGN

Exclusive Park Visitors

Marguerite Clark, Pauline Fredrick, Theodore Roberts, Marie
Doro, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Dustin Farnum,
John Barrymore, Geraldine Farrar, Edna Goodrich

And Many Other Top-Notchers. Always The Best.

Theatre Beautiful

PARK THEATRE

House of Class



Louis A. Busch

U. of I. '08

To University Voters

VOTE FOR
LOUIS A. BUSCH
FOR
State's Attorney

"Boost for an old Illinois man"

"What do you think of a man who
will constantly deceive his wife?"
"I think he's a wonder!"

Goldsmith—Would you like any
name or motto engraved on it, sir?

Customer—(Who had chosen an en-
gagement ring): Ye-yes-um, "Au-
gustus to Irene." And—ah—look
here, don't—ah—cut Irene very deep.
—Punch.

Foolish Question

"Would you love me as much if
father lost his wealth?"
"He hasn't lost it has he?"
"No."
"Of course I would, you silly girl!"
—Minneapolis Journal.

SPECIAL ATTENTION ^{GIVEN}_{TO} FRAT ORDERS

BOTH PHONES

GEHRKE'S ILLINOIS BAKERY

CHAMPAIGN

Parker House Rolls a Specialty

The Beardsley

A Reliable Hotel for Meals and Banquets

C. B. HATCH, President

Zom harpeth on the subject of Overcoats

I HAVE *some* overcoats
The "some" is intended
to be superlative, what-
ever that means. Any-
way, I believe I have speed
myself. If I were a wise
rah! rah! I'd pick one out
now and have it to wear
right off. I'm not disinter-
ested in this advice—but
it's good advice anyway.

Come in and ask about Overcoats

ROGER ZOMBRO

Green Street, of course

PLAY BILLIARDS



The healthiest and happiest people in the world are
those privileged to work a full day, with a moderate
amount of exercise. Just the right amount of exercise
is to be had in a good game of billiards.



Arcade Billiard Parlor

DEWEY NEWMAN, Proprietor.

Students' Hardware

-:-

Lots of Locks

JOHN H. DOYLE

28 Main Street

Champaign, Illinois

DEPRESSION—

The world is empty. There is no
happiness, no genius, no accomplish-
ment, no failure. Nothing but addi-
tion and multiplication, and desks and
instructions.

Roads are ruts. Lovers are loafers.
There is nothing within the furthest
range but a maze of detail.

Figures and dates come and go un-
erringly, maddeningly, and they ceas-
lessly rotate and rotate and rotate.

Our Rules:

1. The right kind of work is bound to satisfy.
2. Only the right kind of workmen will prosper.
3. Cheap workmen are expensive for responsible jobs.
4. Cheap work is too expensive for OUR shop.

KANDY'S UNIVERSITY SHOP

614 East Green Street.

What Will We Eat?

WHY, THE GOOD EATS
SERVED DAILY AT



OF COURSE.

PRICES REASONABLE

WE MAKE THE ORIGINAL "LA NOY" CHOCOLATES

G. R. Grubb & Co.

G. R. GRUBB, Manager

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QUICK DELIVERIES A SPECIALTY

We have just installed the new Air Space Screen
which is the very latest in half tone reproduction

LET US MAKE YOU THE BEST

BELL PHONE 411

114 WALNUT STREET

AUTO PHONE 2162

The SIREN

Published monthly by the students of the University of Illinois during the College year. Entered as second class matter at postoffice at Urbana, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75 cents per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. All business communications should be sent to M. B. Ware, Siren Office, 608 East Green Street, Champaign. Contributions either art or literary should be sent to S. M. Raphaelson, 311 E. Green St., Champaign, Ill.,



STILL ON THE JOB

With everything in Auto and
Horse Drawn Livery

The Chester Transfer Company

EAT

FOUNTAIN SPECIALTIES

WE SERVE ANY AND ALL KINDS OF BANQUETS

ROCKSIE'S

313 East Green.

Formerly known as College Hall

"You're a liar!" drawled the little man.
"What!" roared the big man, clenching a huge fist. "Do you dare to call me that, you poor, puny, pitiable little puppy?"

"I do," came back the defiant reply. "If you speak another word, you great lump of podgy pork, I'll soon cut you short!"

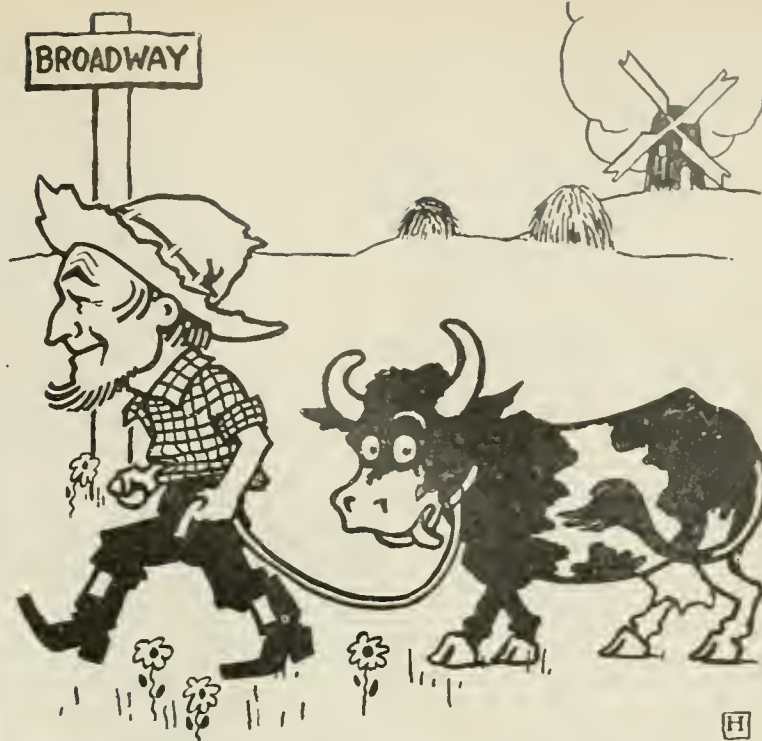
"Cut me short, you cheese-mite!" shouted the enraged giant.

"Yes, and here goes!" snapped the thin-armed dwarf, sharply; and, quick as lightning, before the burly one could utter a word, he rang off and hung up the receiver.—*Tid-Bits*.

YOUNG LADY (in book store): I want something popular.

CLERK: Wicked or vapid?

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.



When Broadway was a Farm

When Boston was a cow-path, Chicago a wood, and most modern cities meadows—

THEN *leather heels* were good to use. There was nothing to walk on then but springy turf or soft, yielding roads.

NOW Broadway is paved; bricks cover Boston's cow-paths; you walk on hard stone, not sod, in Chicago's streets: the meadows are macadamized.

We've *outgrown* leather heels.

They are too hard, too jarring, too dead for modern pavements. More people are finding this out every day. They are wearing O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber. Under their feet the hard pavement of today is turning into the springy turf of olden days.

Don't wear 1716 heels in 1916.

When you buy your new shoes, buy them O'Sullivanized. Up-to-date shoe dealers now sell latest style shoes with O'Sullivan's Heels already attached.

Insist on O'Sullivanized shoes; the *new live* rubber heels give the greatest wear with the greatest resiliency.

In black, white or tan; for men, women and children; 50c attached.

Copyright, 1916, O'S. R. Co.



There IS a Differ-
ence Between
"Getting
Your Mug Shot"
and
Sitting for Your
Picture

HOWARD

Can
Illustrate That
Difference.

Howard Studios
Champaign
Two Studios

112-114 N Neil St.
Opposite Lewis' Store

602 E. John St.
University District

After De Shocking's Done

"When de frost am on de punkin
An de fodder's in de shock."
Dat am how de poet tells me
Huntin season's 'gun ter knock
At de door of my ole cabin,
Settin back upon de hill,
Jes alookin like a midget
Stuck way up above de mill.

Well, when dat time comes upon me
After all de "shockin's" done
An de corn's been tuk in wagons
An de huskin bee's begun
An de cold air 'gins to frizzle
So's you see your bref at night,
Den my pal and me go huntin
In de hazy mornin light.

Fust we start out through a hay field,
But that ain't much good fer game,
Till we strike a rail fence stragglin
Zig zag back from where we came;
Cross dat lays de massa's corn field
Wid its row on row of shocks
Look like de Injun teepees,
Grim, and silent as de rocks.

Once across and in among 'em
Den we 'gin to clear our eyes,
All at once Brer Rabbit scoots out
Headin fer a little rise—
All outstandin gainst de sky line,
Jumpin like he scared to def,
Quick, I up an pulls de trigger
An dat one draws his las bref.

Two more jumps out jes like dat one,
An dey bof gets popped de same—
Sure will make a fittin dinner
But it do mos seem a shame
Dat dey can't play in de mornin
But a nigger comes a past
Wid a gun what takes no chances an
Makes dat playin be their last.

"I had a misfortune the other day.
My wife and I were reading when
some one threw a bomb through the
window and it exploded in the room.
My wife and I were blown through
the window at the same time."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; that was the first time the
wife and I had been out together in
eight years."

FRESHMEN HUNT



**Hoover's Sanitary
Barber Shop**

First National
Bank Building

The Hair Cutting Parlor

Howard Ross

Meat Market

CHOICE

**Fresh,
Smoked and
Salt Meats**

106 S. Neil St.

Bell 16

Auto 1116

**CHAMPAIGN
ILL.**

WILLIAM B. McKINLEY

REPUBLICAN

Candidate for Congress



My
Friend
McKinley

Your
Friend
McKinley

The Students' Friend



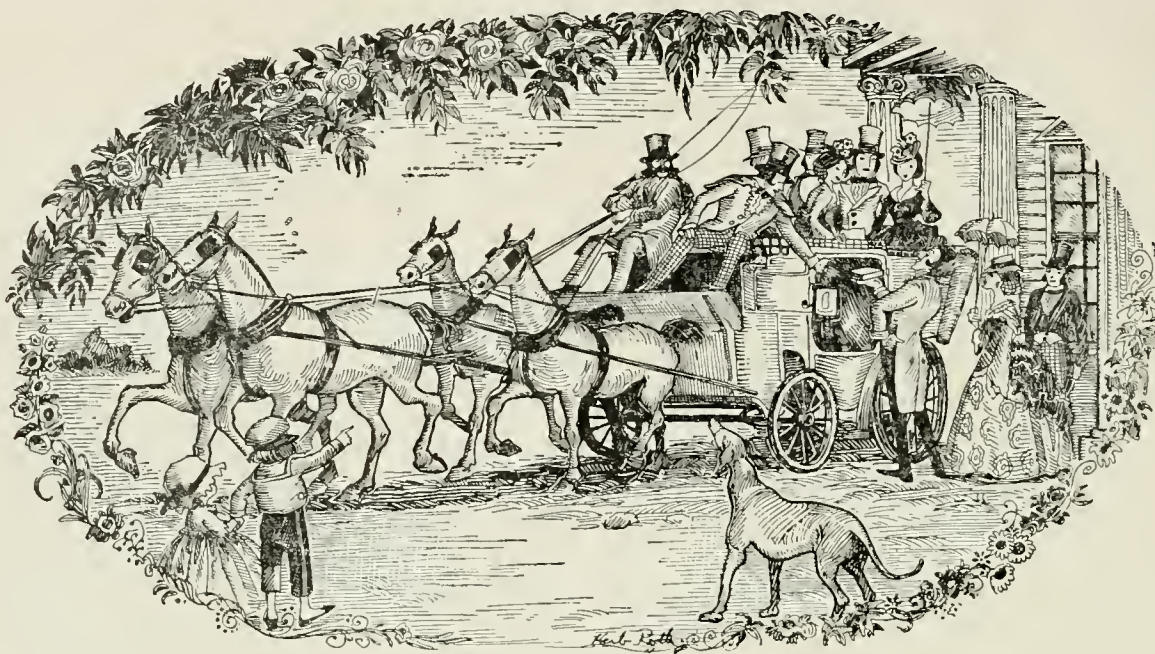
ARROW COLLARS

EVEN putting cost aside, nothing has been offered in collars that equals or betters the Arrow for permanency of fit and tie space, for correctness of style, or for length of service.

15 cents each, 6 for 90 cents

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.





... "Will you tuck these into your coat?" said our host. "Will a duck swim?" chuckled Mr. Leaming in reply as he eagerly took the Virginia cigarettes.

What has made Richmond Straight Cuts stand alone throughout two generations? Simply because there is a subtle charm and a quaint old-time delicacy in their "bright" Virginia tobacco which is not to be had in any other cigarette. Why not renew your old-time acquaintance?

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT

Cigarettes

PLAIN OR CORK TIP
Fifteen cents

Also in attractive tins, 50 for 40 cents;
100 for 75 cents. Sent prepaid if your
dealer cannot supply you.

Allen & Ginter RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS



Preferred by Gentlemen Now as Then



THE CO-OP

“On The Square”

Souvenirs :-: Roycroft Shop

Beautiful Pictures, Artistic
Framing, Gifts in Gold,
Silver, Copper, Brass
and Leather

Kodaks, Films, Toilet Goods, Maillard's
Candies, Nobility Chocolates,
Fine Cigars & Tobaccos,
Campus Views
Post Cards

Books of All Kinds

Postal and Telegraph Station

Welcome

WUESTEMAN

And during your visit you are invited to the store of quality where University Emblems in gold and silver are shown in great variety. Seal Pins 50c to \$5.00. Spoons with Seal \$1.00 to \$2.00.



The Tiffany of Champaign

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Turkish Baths, Massage, Chiropodist, Salt Shampoo and Sulphur Baths for Ladies and Gentlemen

107 West Hill Street—Woodcock Flats.

Bell Phone 2529; Auto Phones 3142—1284

R. TAUTENHAHN, Medico Gymnast

SLEEPING APARTMENTS

TREATMENTS GIVEN AT HOME



*We Feel Sorry for Chicago,
but—*

It's important to you to be properly
"dolled up" for the big doings.
Every man knows that the best place
to do this is—

JOS. KUHN & CO. 118 $\frac{1}{2}$
33-37 Main Street CHAMPAIGN

WELL, WELL, WELL!

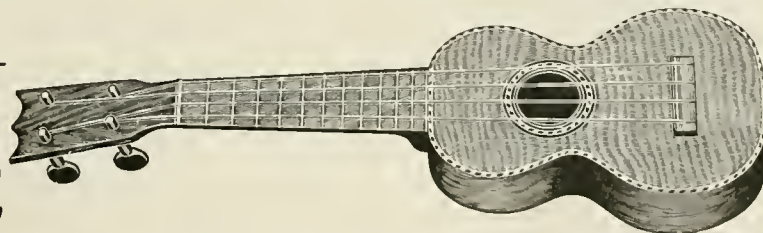
"MEET me," said she, "by the orchard wall
Tomorrow night as the sun goes down."
And this is tomorrow and here am I,
And there is the wall, and the sun's gone down.
—Pelican

IF you ask a girl for a kiss you are old-fashioned, but
some are old-fashioned. Then, assuming that you are
old-fashioned, you do ask this. There are several possible
answers for the girl to make. If she says "no," she means
"perhaps." If she says "perhaps," she means "yes." If
she says "yes" there is no telling what she does mean. But
it is a wonderful world, isn't it?—Brunonian.

EVERYTHING

... IN ...

Music



From an Ukulele to a Piano

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," therefore all you young savages, (and
old ones too) are hereby notified to get your

Soothing Syrup at . .

LOYDE'S
TWO STORES.

Colonial Theatre

Management of Ray R. Harmeson

— PRESENTING —

High-Class Feature Photo-Plays

Daily Change of Program

Advice to a Son About to be Married

An old farmer receiving unexpectedly a letter from his son notifying him of the latter's engagement, wrote him the following:
Dear Adolph:

I thought I would ancer your kind welcum letter but you haf jard me up a little for a wile but I got over it now. By me tinkink it over now Adolph if you tink that you air getting a good girl that is true to you and treat you nice you marry hur I dont cair if you better your selve if you can but I think you air too young to get married yet you could waided 10 years then you would haf money to stand with. You will be a poor man all your life time but you want to get married you do so if you tink it is the best for you

My dear son I noaded som Eastern girls would pull you in you air too soft hardet but may doo all write we dont know these things. You outa wadet till you was 21 you hat panty time to get in truble yet. If you tink it is the best for you get married if you wanta I dont cair wat you do in marrying. Good by my loving son

Yours truly
father

Adolph tink over this marryin you noad Mr. Sam Stross oldes son boy he married in Boston and his wife left him with 4 kids and thay air all with his mother now Dont do this with me I cant keep them

NATURE STUDY.

TEACHER—"Willie, which do you think are the most destructive, worms or caterpillars?"

Willie—"I don't know, teacher. I never had caterpillars."—Purple Cow.

SUMMER MEMORIES.

WAIKIKI Stuff—"Tell me, Archie, how are you and your Mother getting on with the servant problem this summer?"

Archie—"Swimmingly, Maud, swimmingly—we have two Finns."—Purple Cow.

Women don't need to make a will when they die, for they generally have it all through life.

"All is not bull that bellows."

*Good Shoes
of course—*

WE SELL IN OUR STORE
WHAT WE SELL IN
OUR ADS—

The Julien Shoe House
URBANA
Next to Masonic Temple

*Crumb
Shelf*

Sandwiches

JUST AS YOU LIKE THEM

**We Make Our
Pies**

*ONE TASTE INVITES
ANOTHER*

Coffee

*BEST IN THE UNIVERSITY
DISTRICT*

Free Advertisement

THE SIREN is strong for the Junior Prom, the Soph Cotillion, the Military Ball, the Ag Dance, and every other big affair for which an advertisement like this will be taken in exchange for comps.

Any man who goes through college without having attended the Prom may still be a man; he may be a great student and a noble citizen; but he is like the fellow who goes to a wedding without kissing the pretty bride.

Any man who goes through college without having attended the Soph Cotillion may still be a good fellow, but, etc., etc.

He who misses the Military Ball may still be human. However, etc., etc.

As for the Ag Dance, it certainly was great stuff, and the SIREN earnestly advises all of next year's students to be sure and attend it in November, 1917.

He: "Why do you think I no longer love you?"

She: "You don't even stop chewing gum when you kiss me."

"The carriage waits without, my lord."
"Without what, gentle sir?"
"Without the left-hand running board;
Without the French chauffeur,
Without a drop of gasoline,
Ten nuts, the can of oil,
The outer coat of Brewster green,
Two spark-plugs and the coil,
Without the brake, the horn, the clutch.
Without the running gear,
One cylinder—it beats the Dutch
How much there isn't here!
The car has been repaired, in fact,
And you should be right glad
To find that this much is intact
Of what your lordship had.
The garage sent it back, my lord,
In perfect shape throughout;
So you will understand, my lord,
Your carriage waits without."
—C. H. D. in Northwestern Candle.

**Joe's Barber
Shop**

FIRST-CLASS SERVICE

621 South Wright Street

Three Doors North of Co-Op

J. M. Foley
PROPRIETOR

Champaign, . . . Illinois

Howard Ross
Meat Market

—CHOICE—

**Fresh, Smoked and
Salt Meats**

106 South Neil Street

Bell 16

Auto 1116

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

YOUR NAME.

When I am dead and the world has said
What it cared to say of truths and lies;
When the rain has washed the pain
Free from the dust of my mouth and eyes;
When my friends have gained their ends
And come to lie with me under the grass;
When my stone is all over-grown
With ivy and myrtle, when goats' feet pass
Over the place where my long-dead face
Has smiled itself into senseless clay—
Your dear name would make me flame
Into marigolds—for I love that way.
—Hester Walrath, in *Northwestern Candle*.

“Homesickness Blues” will be an appropriate Thanksgiving song this year.

Haberdashery

of

The Latest Sort

TAILORED SUITS

Of Distinction

Made by Anderson

“ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW”

See **MARSHALL**

Bradley Arcade

IT'S UP TO YOU

IF YOU WANT
The Best

Dry Cleaning,
Pressing,
Laundry Work,
Shoe Repairing

In the Twin Cities, it's up to
us to show you, and we can
and we will

WHITE LINE LAUNDRY

Shoe Repairing Shop,
21 Main St.

Phones: Bell 405—2406. Auto 1550—1786

The H. & H.

5c, 10c and 25c Store

*Our Prices Speak for Themselves
Our Goods We Guarantee.*

Large Stock of Good Quality

“Most Anything You Want”

6 Main St.

CHAMPAIGN, - - - ILLINOIS

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E. H. SOUTHERN, the most powerful and talented actor of the modern stage in “THE CHATTEL.”

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Eventually they all go “BACK” to

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"OLD COLLEGE HALL"



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Keep in Mind this Fact

*We have the finest Shop in
the City and*

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That Makes it a Pleasure to Patronize Us

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We have just installed the new
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 Let us make you
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ANNOUNCEMENT:

The first two issues of this
 year's

SIREN

have had a circulation more than
 twice as large as that of

ANY PREVIOUS ISSUE

in the history
 of the
 publication.

Also the amount of
 advertising space sold in
 this issue is
SIX PAGES
 more than that of any
 previous one.



WELCOME ALUMNI

To Champaign and this Store

TO YOU, this store extends a most hearty greeting—
 come in and look us over, we'll be glad to see you.
 Use our Rest Room and all store conveniences—they're
 free; you needn't buy a thing—but if you do buy, you'll
 find here splendid varieties—the newest fashions, fabrics,
 and home requirements.

Again we say—Welcome!

"Quality First Since 1872"

S. C. Willis
Champaign

"Quality First Since 1872"

PEP-O-MINT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LIFE SAVERS

LIFE SAVERS

5¢

Cheer for the Team

But Save Your Voice From Hoarseness By Using

LIFE-SAVERS

THE CANDY MINTS ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE
They Soothe and Lubricate the Throat

Four Delicious Flavors

PEP-O-MINT

WINT-O-GREEN

CL-O-VE

LIC-O-RICE

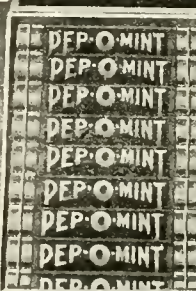
EVERY GENUINE

LIFE SAVER
HAS A HOLE IN
THE CENTER

DON'T BE FOOLED
WITH INFERIOR
IMITATIONS



PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
A DAINTY CONFECTION



PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS
A DAINTY CONFECTION



WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS

CL-O-VE
LIFE SAVERS
A DAINTY CONFECTION



CLOVE
LIFE SAVERS



WE won't say, "Welcome back!"
Those words we're tired of hearing—
We have reached the point of fearing
That no longer it is cheering
To hear that "Welcome back!"
Tell me, why must every track lead
To that phrase so trite and hackneyed—
To those old words, "Welcome back!"

We won't say, "Welcome back!"
Those words so oft are spoken
That their charm is long since broken,
And we'll search some other token;
But we won't say "Welcome back!"
Though we feel a mighty yearning
And our tongues are fairly burning
Just to cry out, "Welcome back!"



THE SIREN

The Life of Illinois

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Recumson



Dig Deep, Old Grad!

DIG in, old grad.
Dig deep into that old college feeling.

Dig your hands into your pants pockets, just as if your pants clutched against your hips—just as if your pants were knife-edge creased—just as if your wrist folded back a “nifty” coat.

Lift your legs.

Talk loud, just as if you were not married. Laugh too much, just as if father were paying the bills.

Dig in and get all you can out of the good old U. of I.

And, while you are digging in to get, don't forget that there is another kind of digging in which gives equally healthy joy.

Dig in to give.

When you pull your hands out of your pockets, don't let them come out empty.

Let your hands come out full of money, *money for a Student Union building.*

For we need a Union building, old grad, and we need it badly. The old University has grown; our publications are now the most potent factor in fashioning a good college atmosphere, and our publications need offices of the right kind, offices close together. We need a press club room, so that our infant

journalists can gather and consciously develop in their craft.

We need a campus theatre, so that the new idea of college plays dealing with college problems and presented by college students may be adequately propagated.

We need a real dance hall that we can call our own.

We need a common home for every student. We need it, and we must have it.

On every corner 'round about the campus there will be girls, members of the Woman's League, to tag you for contributions.

Be generous, be extravagant, be happy—

Dig in, old grad!

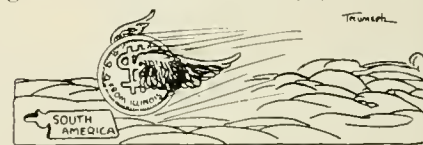
A Thousand A Year— To Whom?

WHILE we are talking about a Union building, let's get it all off our mind.

Five hundred dollars, about half the proceeds of the annual Post-Exam Jubilee, go every year to the Y. M. C. A. in Buenos Aires, Argentine. The other half goes to the local Y. M. C. A.

Here we are, yearning and yelling, working in a frenzy in our efforts to clamp down every possible dollar for a Union building, and we let a dependable income of about a thousand dollars drift away, under our noses, to two propositions which have no more right to that money than the Zulus of Zanzibar.

Why should five hundred dollars go to Buenos Aires every year?



There is no answer. There is no excuse. There is nothing except an explanation. The explanation is this: The man who started the Post-Exam idea here now is president of the Y. M. C. A. in Buenos Aires. The Y. M. C. A. there is



large, beautiful and well equipped; the city is rich and is certainly more responsible than this University for the welfare of its Y. M. C. A.

Our fraternities give time, energy and talent to the stunts, they spend money—and, frequently lots of it—on scenery and costumes. And then the winners get silver cups, while Mr. Conrad of South America gets five hundred dollars.

Why should the balance go to the local Y. M. C. A.?

Could the local Y. M. use the money to better advantage for us than we could by paying with it for a Union building? The Y. M. is a worthy enterprise, but is it as worthy an enterprise—when we consider that the students are earning every cent of the money—as a Union building? The Y. M. exists in a cause the desirableness of which has not been established. The Union building is admitted by every thinking person as being necessary and desirable.

Right after Homecoming the *Siren* is going to start a campaign designed to transfer the destination of the Post-Exam Jubilee money to the Illinois Student Union. We want the cooperation of every loyal Illini.

We Hanker On

THE article in our last issue, "We Hanker On", which has elicited hysterics from the students of the Law School, was intended for perusal by adults. After the article was handed in, the *Siren* tried it out on several individuals of normal mind and past their twenty-first birthday. These persons understood its intent. It seems, however, that the students of the College of Law did not quite perceive the point. So we rewrite the content of the article here, in simpler style, for their benefit.

To begin with, children, the *Siren* has nothing whatever to say against

Dean Ballentine, either as a student of law, a teacher, or a dean of a college. Nobody thought that the *Siren* was assaulting the Dean, until you, oh, hasty and impulsive youngsters, after reading the article once and with your eyes half closed, told this community so.

The *Siren* understands that there are two ways of studying the law; one from the precedent standpoint, and one from the standpoint of the actual facts involved and their interpretation in the light of modern sociology, diplomacy, economics, or whatever science is involved.

Also, it is universally acknowledged that neither the one way nor the other has been proved to be better.

All is clear so far, is it not?

Now, if nothing has been discovered to prove conclusively that one way is better than the other, an intelligent man may believe in either system without being wrong, may he not, oh, future lights of the American bar?

And if the intelligent man believes that the "actual fact" standpoint is the better one, he may assume that, everything else being equal, the exponent of that standpoint's doctrine is more desirable than the exponent of the "precedent" or case system doctrine, not so?

That being true, and it also being a fact that the new dean represents the case system, an intelligent man who believes in the other system may look with depression on the arrival of the new dean, may he not?

And may not that depression be a purely impersonal matter and also one not at all reflecting on the calibre of Dean Ballentine?

And if all of this is so, oh, analytical and logical students of Black-

stone, wherefore comes your delirium?

The *Siren*, dear boys, had only one object in printing that article. It was to start a thinking discussion—and especially among you—as to the relative merits of the two systems.

Our object has not been accomplished. All we drew upon ourself was an exceedingly voluble and an exceedingly mediocre set of resolutions which were exceedingly pointless, abusive, and futile.

Now, little boys, to show you our possible weak spot. Where we were somewhat misinformed is with regard to the new dean's standing on the case system question. The article not indicate that we were aware of the fact that he is one of the strongest radicals in the ranks of its upholders. Had we been aware of that fact, our article might have taken another angle. Had you in your resolutions confined yourselves to advising the public of that fact and stating your loyalty to your new dean, you would not have emerged from this little fracas the laughing stock of the campus.

Moral, little dears: First know something, then think about it, then talk—and do it like gentlemen.

The *Siren* really has faith in you. You have not shown yet that there is an incipient legal giant among you, for such an one would have prevented your outbreak. But we have hopes. Greater miracles have happened.

We hanker on.



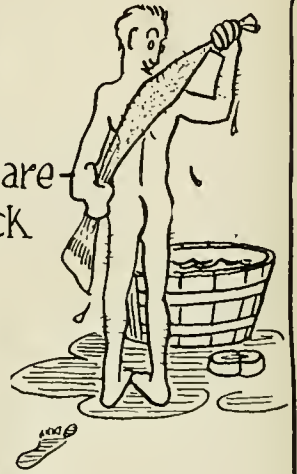
FAMOUS "BACKS"

THREE
ROUSING BEERSH
HIP-HIP-HOOORAR



A "full"-back

The Bare-Back



MR AMOS KEETO



The Back-Biter

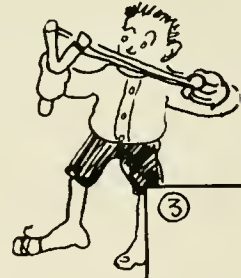


The Half-Back

VARIOUS
DRAW-BACKS



THIS SPACE
RESERVED
FOR THE
BACK-SLIDER



It's a wise
Henry That knows
its own master -
Proverb from
the Greek

The Camel's Back



TOO MANY
STRAWS

The Back-Fire



SOME "COME"-BACKS

The Grad is BACK



SHICK FRIEN'
MUH DEARSH



Hennerly, where
have you been?

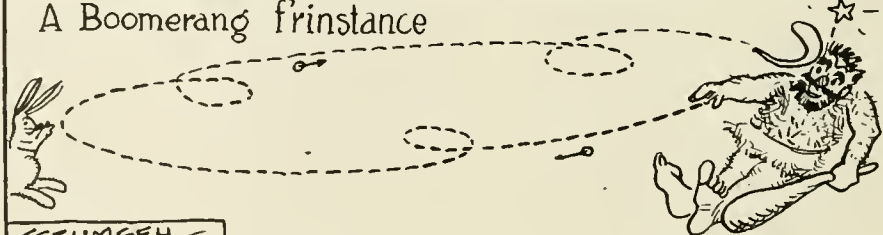


One of the 57 - Domestic

The lead quarter



A Boomerang frinstance



TECHNISEH
10-4-16



The Game is Sometimes Deceiving from the Side Lines

Our Monthly Telephone Conversation

"Hello."

"Why, hello! How are yah?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

"He did?"

"He did?"

"He did!"

"Ye-ah."

"Ye-ah. Well—"

"Sure, I can let you take my notes, but for goodness sake, why are you taking that subject?"

"Required? Listen: I've taken five required subjects that I didn't

like and, honestly, I haven't gotten a thing out of them. And the time I spent on them made me sacrifice five subjects that I'm interested in and which would be of some earthly use to me later on. I wonder when the faculty will discover the idiocy of required groups."

"They do? At Chicago? No required groups there? Well, well! Then there is one thing in which the U. of C. is better than we are!"

"Goin' to class tomorrow?"

"I'll see you at ten to, in Lincoln Hall."

You Could Wind Me 'Round Your Finger

YOU could wind me 'round your finger—

If you pleased,
And your finger is so small—
While I am six feet tall!

I have always liked to linger
When you teased . . .
Your eyes are melting brown
And your hair's a golden crown.

I have thrilled at times to power,
But one taste
Of your lips which I adore
Makes me care for strength no more.

For you're like a swaying flower,
Happy-faced—
And you croon to me of joy,
Though I'm a man, and not a boy.


Oh, you could wind me 'round your finger,

If you pleased,
And your finger is so small—
While I am six feet tall!

A Coed Says

WE'RE not always elated
At each student's greetings;
The first joy's abated—
We're no more elated.
We've become satiated
With too frequent meetings;
We're no more elated
With each student's greetings.

But we feel very proud,
When the folks visit school,
To know the whole crowd.
We feel very proud
And we greet every dodd
Whom we'd cut as a rule,
For we feel very proud
When the folks visit school.

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED		Form 1247	
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Day Message <input type="checkbox"/> Day Letter <input type="checkbox"/> Night Message <input type="checkbox"/> Night Letter	<div style="text-align: center;">  WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM </div>	Received by _____ Date _____ Time _____ 5:10 pm	Sent _____ 18 _____ 1916
Person should mark on it number of message if service desired. This number will be transmitted as a part of message.		NEWCOM CARLTON, PRESIDENT	

Send the following telegram, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

To W. Oldgrad Staidathone Chicago, Ill

We won by golly we won
by golly we won by golly
we won!

Dick Huwent

SENDER'S ADDRESS

SENDER'S TELEPHONE NUMBER



Well, Now—

MY room-mate has a slide trombone—

He plays it in the band.
The noise he makes on that machine
Is more than I can stand,
But all last winter he would blow
That trombone every day
To keep his face in such a shape
That he'd be fit to play
For all the sewer diggers and such
Who congregate down here—
I guess a dozen of those crowds
Held sessions here last year—
A complimentary concert must
Be played for all who come
Within a hearing distance of
The Auditorium.
Now just before exams last spring
The Uni was so proud
It had to show the band around
To ev'ry visiting crowd.
Most ev'ry week my room-mate had
To play his horn or shirk—
He played his horn to pass the
course,
And flunked six hours of work.

Last week I was assigned to read
In Robinson or Lough
The chapter five in either book
For Business O. and O.
There are two copies of the book
Which Mr. Lough compiled
And one by Mr. Robinson,
Corp Finance, it is styled.
That day there were just fifty men
Who wanted that assignment then.
Is this th' exception or the rule?
Who know which if you're in school.

Where, O where are the "I" men
gone,
O where, O where can they be?
It's been half a year since we've
seen an "I" sweater,
Or mackinaw, cap, or a sign of a
letter.
Is the Tribe of Illini something to
be
A mystery—hidden from you and
from me?
The Board of Control at its last
meeting votes
That instead of the caps and sweat-
ers and coats
To award Bee Vee Dees with a neat
letter "I"
Embroidered thereon where none
can espy.
For the sarcastic public 'twill be out
of sight
But the owner, of course, may take
keen delight
In his letter.

For 'bout four weeks we haven't
heard
Or seen or thought a single word
About Shacks.
The Student Council hath con-
demned,
The shack owners have hawed and
hemmed,
Over Shacks.
And now at Homecoming we see
A marv'lous multiplicity
Of Shacks.
We think it's rather a disgrace
To have them scattered ev'ry place--
These Shacks.

The cops got busy one dark night
And raided Norah's place;
Some studes were pinched, and
next a. m.
They had the law to face,
After the trial all these guys
Swore, and muttered, "Tommy's
spies."

A certain fellow's health was bad;
His eyes were always bleared;
His friends remarked about his
looks

Whenever he appeared.
His best pal put the old Dean wise
But the derelict growled at "Tom-
my's spies."

Who do you s'pose are Tommy's
spies?
Plainclothesmen and sleuths?
Finger prints, and dictographs
Concealed in Hofbrau booths?
No. The guilt that's in your eyes,
Your health, your stealth—they're
Tommy's spies.

Hurrah for Thanksgiving
Our one day vacation—
Oh how can we fill it
With gay recreation?
We'll sleep in the morning
At noon we will eat
At night we will purchase
An Orpheum seat
We'll go to bed early
With nary a look
At assignments or outline
Or lecture-note book.
And while at our bedside
We're kneeling to pray
We'll thank the good Council
That we had ALL DAY.



FOOTBALL TERM
"He made a long dash"
17



Real Letters From A Girl To A Student

III.

November 15, 1915.

My dear little Dickie:

Just after I finished writing to you yesterday I was reading "At the back of the Cabaret" to mother and we were in the bright lights of Broadway and someone knocked and upon opening the door two Salvation Army maidens walked in and asked if we had any old clothes and we told them we had given them all away when we cleaned house last fall. Then the dear maidens asked if we were Christians and I said I try to be and then they said shall we read from the bible and have prayer. Mother said, sure if you want to. I almost giggled. So they read from the bible and then they started in to pray and first one, then the other would take a lift and the lung power those maidens had would stop a freight train. I put my handkerchief in my mouth and didn't look at mother and so we lived thru it. I don't laugh at things like that as a rule, but that sensational, nuffin 'bove the ears type makes me laugh. I love God and every night I kneel down and say my little prayers and try to do all the good I can but that surface stuff gets me. When you belong to Eve shell make you say your prayers or you won't get any chocolate pie, ham and eggs, etc. .

Dickie dear I don't know how I can stand it until June. Just think December, January, February, March, April, May. JUNE. Darn it. Here I must cut this out or I'll be getting blue and that won't do. (Poet)

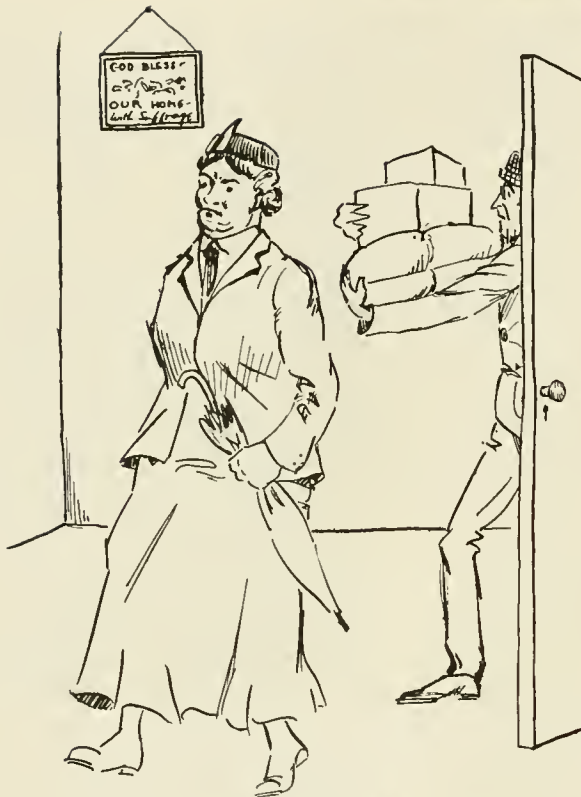
Say dear, I just love that ring you sent me and I wear it all the time 'cept when I wash dishes and bake then I take it off, but when I sew dearie, I look at it heaps. Some day I'll sew something for you, lets see, oh, I know, I'll make us a pair of pajamas, like I saw in the fashion book, blue and they had the cutest monogram on. Ha! Ha! Oh! I'll have more fun with my little Dickie, I'll wash his ears and manicure his nails and love him to death Then I'll make him sing with me until we entrance the neighbors with Broadway hits.

Well sweetheart I'll write tomorrow and hon, I enjoyed your Monday letter so much.

Bye bye with all my heart,

Eve. —strictly yours.

P. S. Write me often my pretty pancake and tell me you love me in Nov. as you did in Oct.



MOVIE TERM

"Part One Over; Part Two To Come"

Fables As They Really Happened

I. *The Fox and the Grapes.*

ONE day a fox, who had just eaten a ten-course banquet, went on an amiable amble 'cross country. His appetite being sated, he was in a contented, frisky mood. Passing by the home of a friend he stopped to observe how the grape vine on the garden wall was growing.

The fox had known for a long time that the grapes growing on this vine were sour. He had never in his life entertained a desire for the grapes. Especially now, after his wonderful meal, he was wholly uninterested in the grapes as grapes.

Feeling frisky, however, he tried to see how high he could leap. No other means being handy, he determined on the grapes as a measure and jumped for them, missing.

Just then Aesop, an unscrupulous feature-story writer, came along, saw the fox and claimed through his spurious sheet that the grapes had been really sweet, the fox hungry, and that the fox's statement to the effect that the grapes were sour was motivated by a disappointed mood. And so posterity has believed ever since, as the fox had no "drag" with the press.

As It Might Have Been Authored



By Elinor Glyn:

The blood beat in her temples; his passionate eyes beheld her yielding beauty.



By O. Henry:

"Wasn't the soup grand?" said Mayme.



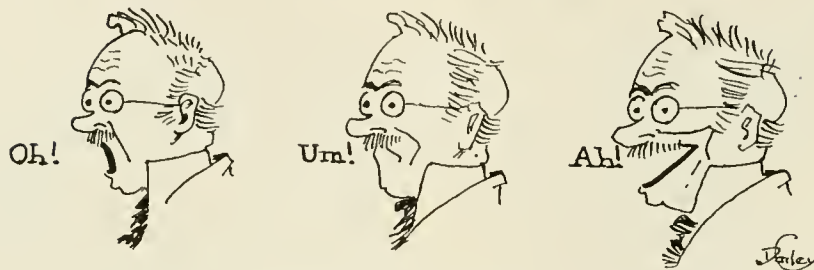
By Robert Chambers:

She gasped. "I am the archduke," he was murmuring.



By Jack London:

"Here, Nelly, Nelly!" called Mrs. Yosemite to her tame wolf.



Movie of a man watching another man eat peas with a knife.

I Am a Grafter

I'M a senior, and I'm in right on many things around here. I got into politics in my freshman year, and in my sophomore year received the chairmanship of a committee. I made enough out of that committee to put me through school for a semester plus the price of two joy trips to Chicago.

I was behind the scenes in a lot of dirty deals and always had my finger in the pie, especially if it was a nice, juicy pie that belonged to somebody else. I got into that sort of thing because I liked the feeling of being "in right", and because I liked easy money.

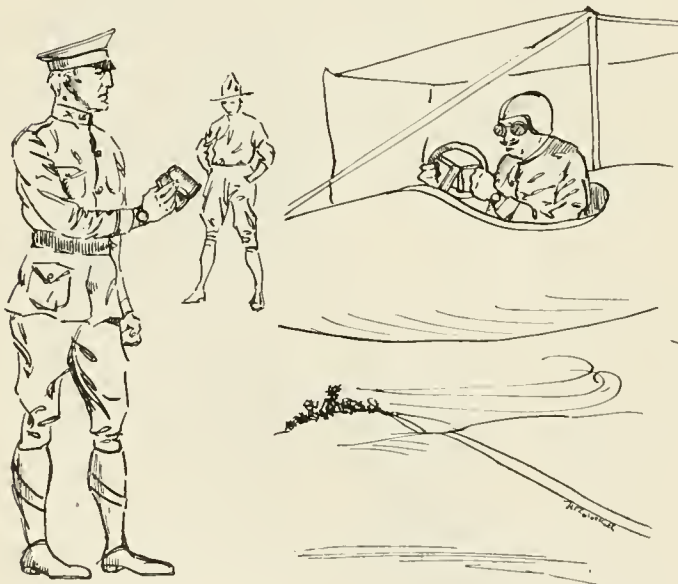
However, in the summer after my sophomore year I had conscience pangs and vaguely resolved that the past year had seen my first and last crookedness. When I came to school in the fall I looked everybody smilingly in the face and was happy. I felt strong—independent.

But in a few weeks the "crew" got together. They were a nice crowd of fellows; they had abilities, and they certainly did manage to corral the coin. I couldn't help but like them, and I would have seemed a fool or a backslider if I had not entered into every deal or arrangement which was designed to give me, as it did the others, "gravy."

I'm a senior now, and I'm a big man in my class. I hardly ever laugh—I just snigger. I never look a man straight in the eyes. I don't like to be alone for very long for fear that I may think, and only disagreeable and depressing thoughts come to me. On the other hand, I don't like to be with one or two fellows for very long. If they are "straight", I feel resentment against their virtue at times. If they are my own kind, we none of us dare to stay together long enough to think or talk seriously of ourselves or of life. We are cowards.

I hate myself.

I am a grafter.



Soldiers need it—

Aviators wear it—



Business men use it—



but HE thinks it is sissified.



What We're Going to Do To You, Illinois

By S. T. Oil

(The above is the title which the SIREN suggested to the Daily Maroon as indicative of an article which some capable U. of C. journalist could handle for this number. The gentlemen of the Maroon being too lazy to answer the SIREN'S letter and too much afraid of the outcome of the game to write the article, we take the liberty of writing it for them.)

We're going to enter your city several thousand strong, U. of I. We're going to arrive cocky and with a wide slathering of yellow-backs which we will expect to insure by demanding 10 to 1 odds. You, however, will call our bluff and take up every Maroon yellow-back within a radius of 118½ miles.

Then we will stream into your west stands and make an awful lot of noise. The sections will be bloody with our banners. Our team will trip gracefully out on the field and shoot through a lot of picture puzzle plays.

Your team will then lumber out in a ludicrous attempt to look like combinations of gazelles and bulls. They will fumble the ball every time in passing it around. We will become all excited and every one of us will take out a note book and make plans for spending the coin we shall win.

Then the whistle will blow and the game will start. Probably you will kick off, and we will send one of our speedy backfield men, full of the glorious old hate for Illinois, through half your team up to about your thirty yard line. Then we will wake up.

We will suddenly discover that we had not been seeing right, for our speedy backfield man will have been thrown with the ball after an advance of half a yard. And then will progress a beautiful game in which all of the thrills of the last two years' battles will be re-enacted, plus a score somewhat similar to what Minnesota did to Iowa.

We will leave Illinois field in a daze, borrow two dollars and fifty

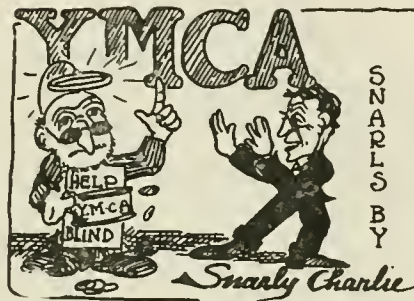
cents to go home on, and wake up a few days later with a dark brown, zero-ish kind of a taste.

(The Siren accepts your apology, Mr. Lardner.)

Jack: "I sat in the doctor's office and waited all afternoon before he examined me."

Jill: "What did he tell you?"

Jack: "He said I needed a rest."



"P EACE be with you," breathed the well dressed, aureoled beggar. "We are raising a fund for the Y. M. C. A. Half the Deans have subscribed. We want to make God's club house a center for living Christian manhood on the campus. We turn out clean, manly men. Won't you help?"

"Amen!" I said. "World without end of subscriptions for your piety-producers. I'll help to make men if I can, but what do you ever accomplish? The university pays the

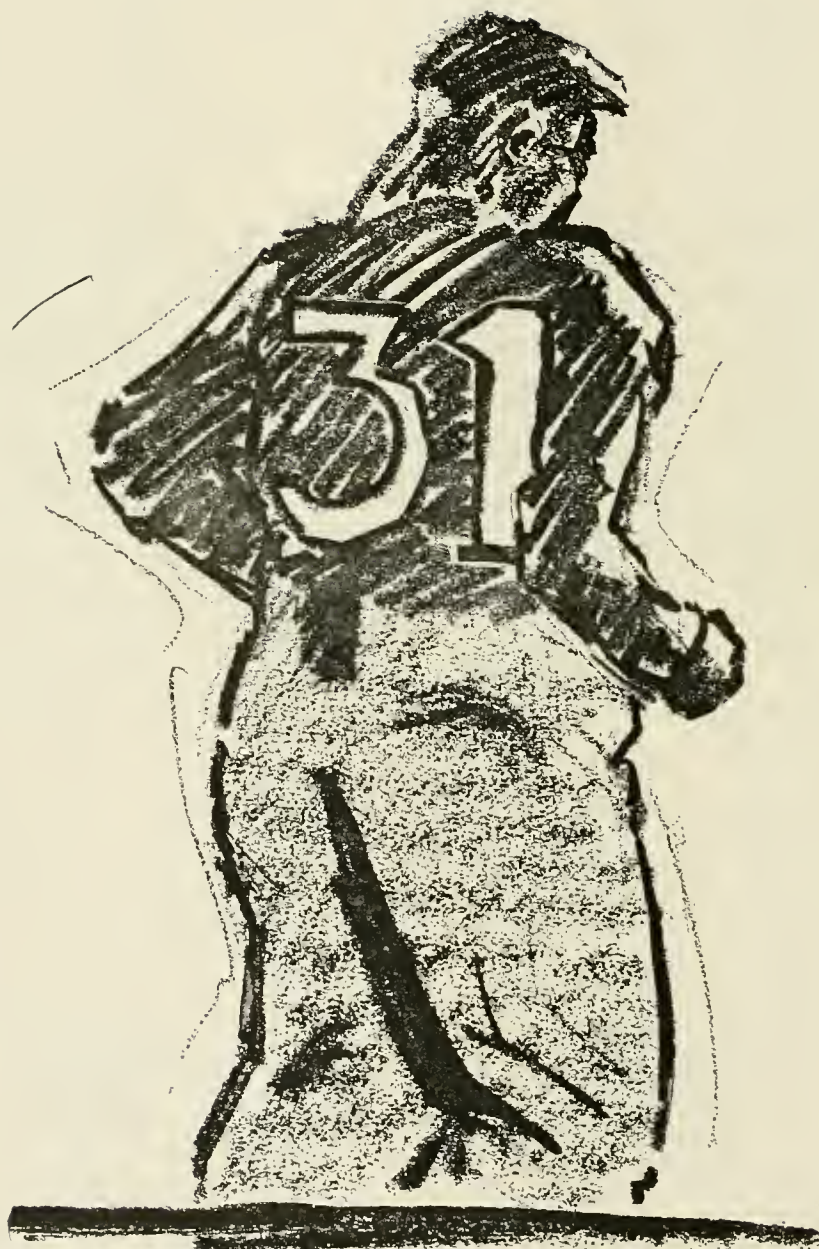
expenses of your employment department and much of the expense of the handbook, the rooms and the cafeteria seem to be self-supporting, so what is there left except your religious activity? Let's consider that. You are neither straight orthodox like the churches from which your audiences have as a rule come, nor definitely on the other side of the religious fence like most intelligent men and women after they have had a thorough university training. You are Laodiceans in religion, and you know what St. Paul thought of the fence-warmers in his churches. So far as I can see you are the white slaves of the religious underworld. Instead of turning out clean, manly men, you provide a religious safety vent for the adolescents who have put away childish things in their religious thinking and are not yet able to support a legitimate establishment in a fearless scientific and philosophical way. You are a necessary evil as long as children are brought up in religious superstition. But I shall not support you; rather shall I contribute to exterminating the superstition. I'm out to punch the piety wherever I find it."

"Pardon me," said the collector with a halo, "but who are you?"

"I'm the first fallen angel at Illinois," I replied, as I refused his glad hand. "My name is Snarly Charlie. Help me snarl."



They think the sack rush is too rough;
They liked the push ball scrap still less;
It is our pleasure to suggest
The grand old stirring game of chess!



Illinois



Chicago



FAMOUS SAYINGS:

"Hello, Bill (Jake), you haven't changed a bit!"

Loyalty

"GOODBYE, dear, I'll drive into the city and transact a little business with my client, Mrs. Smith, and I'll be back in two hours. 'Till eleven then!" he said.

They kissed. The door closed, and she watched him drive the little car into the darkness.

At one o'clock she got out of bed, pulled up the window shade, and looked out. Then she got into bed again and cried quietly. The hall clock struck two. Again she arose. Where could he be? He had never stayed out late before. Could he be hurt? Was he still at Mrs. Smith's? No, he couldn't be so untrue—they had only been married a year. Perhaps a friend would know his whereabouts.

She picked up the telephone receiver, and cried "Hello, Central! Western Union? Western Union, send this message: 'Where is Jack tonight?' signed 'Edith': to these four addresses," and she gave the addresses of Jack's four pals in the city. Then she sat down in a chair by the window.

Dawn was breaking when an auto chugged up the road, coughed and stopped. A farmer untied a rope from the mud-covered little car and drove his team off down the road. All this Edith saw from the window. A key rattled in the front door; Jack entered Edith's waiting arms.

The clock struck seven, the door bell rang, and a messenger boy delivered four telegrams. Each was from one of Jack's four pals, and each read about as follows: "Jack is staying with me tonight. Don't worry."

How Our Profs Sound to Us

3. Miss G. Schopperle in Early Celtic Lore.

NOW, I want to tell you a charming tale showing the purity of mind and freedom from conventionality of these simple-minded early Celts.

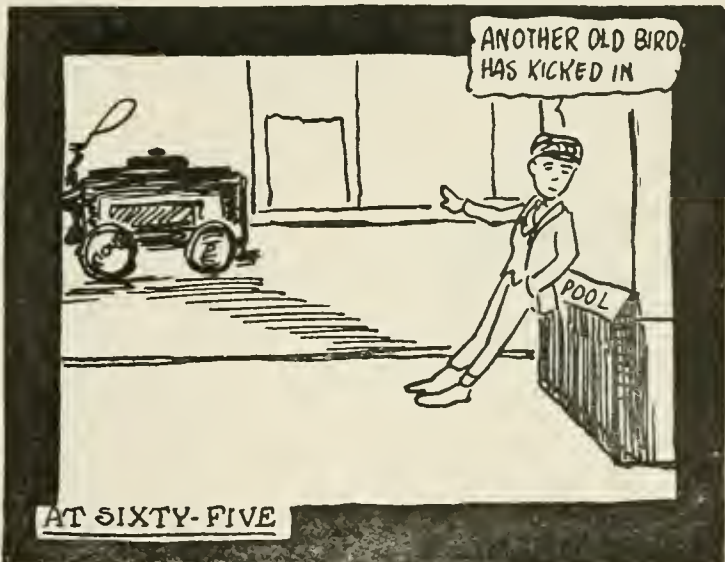
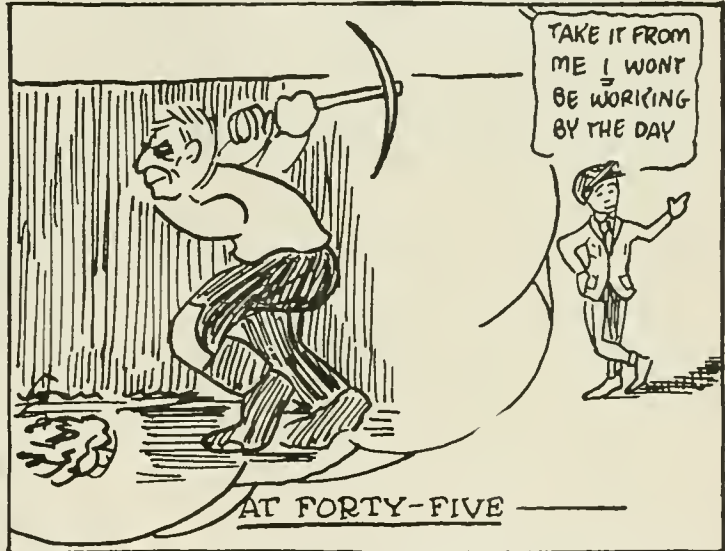
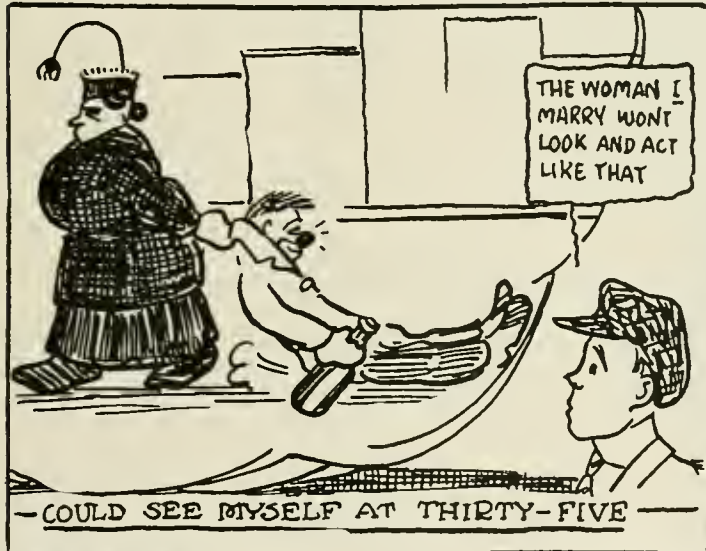
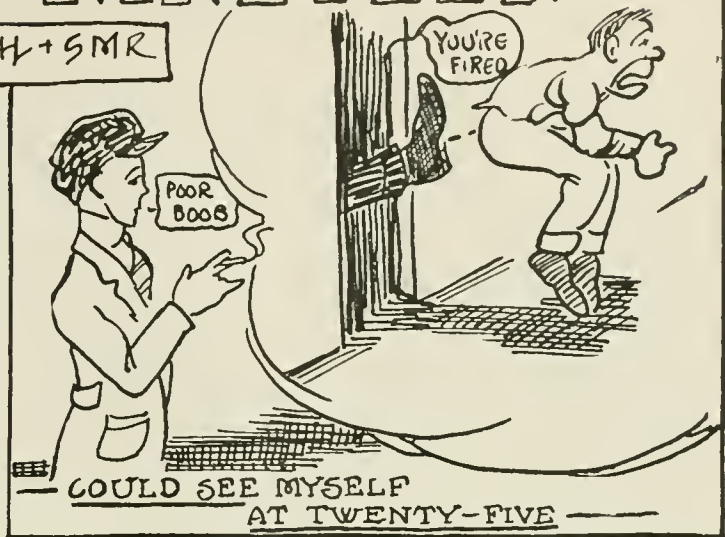
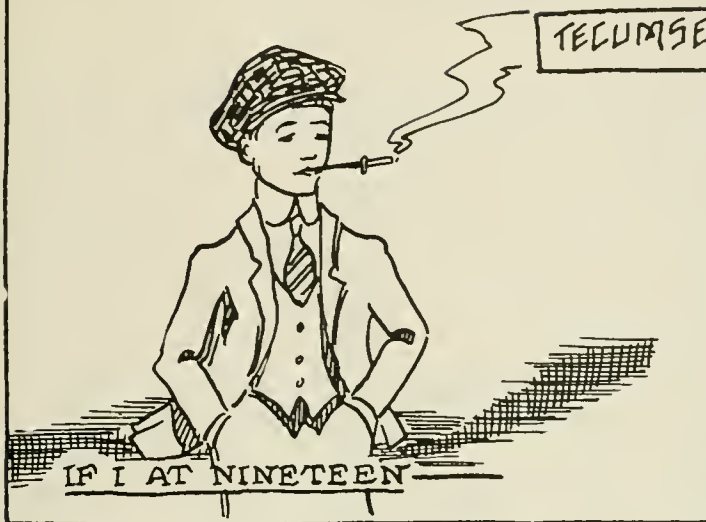
These two I speak of were young. They were lovers and oh, so simple. They roamed o'er the hills in elemental abandon. He, Arthur Fleascratcher, by trade a chamberman in the house of the King, and—tradition has it—the ancestor of the right royal keeper of the King's beeveedees. And she, Guenivere Dingleberry, of no descent in particular, for of her father there can be no trace as her mother was a hermit's housekeeper. So charming! So unaffected! So pure!

Nothing marred the beauty of their perfect understanding. Untutored, untaught, unrestrained—Nature's own, Nature's loved ones. No hindering tie of convention, of culture.

Well, one day these two were wandering hand in hand revelling in each other's intoxicating nearness. Suddenly lightning flashed and thunder pealed. It stormed. And yet they walked on, unheeding. She looked at him lovingly, languishingly and he at her languishingly, lovingly.

"Darling, we shall wander far from human eyes. We two alone, just we two. Come to the land of eternal joy. Let us flee; we shall eat from one plate and one spoon."

"IF I AT NINETEEN"





Why I Went Into Cabaret

As told by Touphe Sucker to Hae Binnee

I was just fussed, that's all! Just absolutely, perfectly fussed!

I simply knew I couldn't get thru with my interview—my perfectly awful interview which the cold-blooded city editor man assigned to me—without saying something—oh, something—well, something just horribly inadequate!

So I smoothed my coat,—my lovely Paquin coat which I had thought so chic that very morning and which seemed so dowdy now!—straightened my hat,—my exquisite Lady Duff Gordon hat which I had thought so naive and adorable that very noon and which seemed so frowsy now!—and entered!

And, honestly, dearies, I felt that I was in the presence of a *personality* as soon as I stepped across the threshold of Touphe Sucker's dressing room! And, oh!—surprise of surprises!—she made me feel at ease instantly!

"Sit down, kiddo," she articulated

in her exquisite Southern accent. I sat down on the cutest little broken chair with a dirty leg and no varnish that you ever saw.

"Wot can I do for you?" said this wonderful woman with one of her quaint flashes of humor.

"Oh, you are to be interviewed!" I smiled. I was, oh, so comfy!

"Oh, how charming!" I ejaculated in delight. "But I really don't fancy seeing your man, man, man press agent. I want to talk to *you*—to girl, girl, girl you and bring our readers a personal, *intimate*, magnetic message from *you*!"

"Where do you get that girl, girl, girl stuff?" the great cabaret star mimicked with the most naive adorableness. "I'm thirty-nine next week, beby. And my press agent ain't no man, man, man. He's a skinny shrimp and I've got a legal document that says he is my husband!"

How quaint, oh, how exquisite she was as she stood there, boldly wielding a rouge stick on her adorable, large lips!

Finally I broached:

"Why did you go into cabaret, Miss Sucker?"

"Why? Listen to 'er, will yuh?" The darling of a thousand beer tables paused, choking with emotion. "Well, I tried out once as Juliet. Now, you wouldn't say offhand that I'd make good as Juliet, would you? Then I entered competition for a Ziegfeld chorus. Mr. Ziegfeld said I had the quantity, all right, but he wanted a little more form. I took in washing for a while, but I didn't like that kind of suds. So one day, as I happened to be walking along Broadway, what do you think stood right up by my side? Why, a beautiful, healthy, busy beer garden. I went in and got tanked up and stood on the long table and sang, although all four of the bouncers tried to stop me. Well, I made such a hit that—well, you see what I am today!"

I just sat and gasped throughout this thrilling tale of real life and hardship and, oh, suffering.

At last I recovered from my reverie, and I asked:

"What would you advise young girls who are ambitious to go on the stage to do?"

"Tell 'em to get drunk in a beer garden, and if they can lick four bouncers, their fortune is made."



She Rose To Her Full Height

"Fer Gawd's sake, don't come here and bother me with interviews. See m' press agent—he shoots a speedy line," stated Miss Sucker with adorable frankness, as she rose to her full height of seven foot one in her quaint, silk-stockinged feet.



"I don't fancy seeing your man, man, man press agent."



Tecumseh + B.M.R.

A LESSON IN PSYCHOLOGY

What Might Have Been

Place—Springfield, a room in an hotel.

Time—November 6, noon.

Ramatis personae—H. Ate Learning, crooked politician; I. G. Norance, his private secretary and adviser.

The action—(Enter Norance. Learning is just awakening.)

Norance: Wake up, Ate. Great stuff. Got the educators now, old boy. Looky here.

(Learning sits up in bed, blinking violently at the paper which Norance is holding before him.)

Norance: Dispatch from Champaign. Students paraded on Sunday. Band and all. Four thousand of them. Disturbed church, probably. Maybe a regular riot. Bully, ain't it?

Learning: What's this. Why are you waking me up to tell me about a lot of college fools?

Norance: Say, take a eye-opener. There's plunder in this if our papers get wised. Just see the headlines that might be: STUDENTS HOLD NO RESPECT FOR SABBATH—CHURCH SERVICE BROKEN UP BY PARADING COLLEGGERS IN FOOTBALL RIOT—UNIVERSITY BAND LEADS MOB OF 5000 RAH-RAHS THROUGH CHURCH DISTRICT. Don't tell ME there's nothing to it! We can keep that school from getting any appropriation for the next two years if we hand this stuff to the voters. Think of all the gravy it means to our gang. Go on back to sleep. You don't know propaganda when you see it.

Let Us Give Thanks

WE should be thankful this year of 1916-1917. We should rejoice that we are not at home at the family festive boards encircling ourselves around turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie.

We should be glad that we are not with our parents, friends and the girls we left behind.

We should rejoice and be glad and be thankful. Indeed we should.

And whom shall we thank for these blessings?

The Council, our dearly beloved Council of Administration, our revered, kindly and considerate Council, which has cut down our Thanksgiving vacation from three days to one day.

Oh, how grateful we are for the railroad fare we are saving! And the time! And all the miscellaneous expenses of money and energy!

Let us give thanks.

Congratulations, Friend Illini!

NO newspaper in the country carried more accurate or more complete information of the election returns than friend *Daily Illini*.

The crowds constantly surging about the windows of the *Illini* office, where bulletins were being posted, proved that the Associated Press service performed a desirable function for the student community.

The Greatest College Daily is to be congratulated on its innovation and on the efficiency displayed in handling it.



We Conclude With Regard to Wilson

THE *Siren*, in its silly, untutored manner, hereby gives expression to the hunch that Woodrow Wilson during the next four years will prove to be one of the country's greatest presidents.

To get fresh with the inner workings of Woodrow, we think that he has just about finished battling through his adolescence as an executive. The adolescent of large abilities is likely to swing around in wide circles and with sudden turns, in untrained expressions of his genius. Such swingings will frequently cause harm—to others and to their perpetrator. But they are invaluable and incomparable as teachers in the, as some one has so aptly put it, school of experience.

Wilson has grown—he knows now what circles to swing in and how swinging is being done there this season. His turns will still be sudden and his horizon wide, but few of his movements will be misdirected.

Deal Dramatically With College Problems

MASK and Bauble, with your talent, with your initiative, with your financial health, it is inevitable that you become a powerful factor on the campus if you will but take your eyes away from the vast outside world which you comprehend so little and concentrate your vision and energies on the university life around you.

Of course "A Pair of Sixes" is going to be a big success. Its rehearsals indicate that the Homecoming audiences will have an interesting, merry time. But why don't you offer an effective incentive, such as a financial prize, for a play dealing with the problems of college life?

Don't you realize that such a play could be made humorous, dramatic, forceful, interesting? And don't you realize that this community contains persons who could write such a play?

The problems of college life are problems with which the nation is becoming more and more concerned every year. They are serious problems, problems of wide significance.

If you make a step in the direction suggested, you will achieve national fame. Other universities will follow you and the thinking men will laud you. If the play you present is at all worthy, it probably will be presented by dramatic organizations of other colleges.

Try it out once, Mask and Bauble. For your next play, offer a \$75 or \$100 prize and suggest problems of college existence as the idea on which interest is to be developed.

Painting

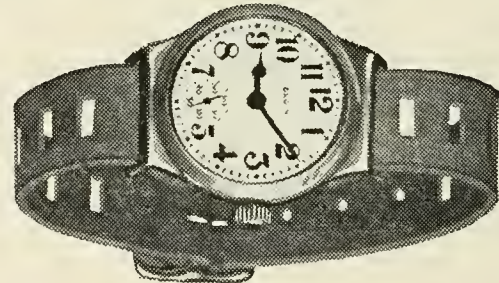
I wonder, quaint-lipped maiden,
What you're painting there,
With such busy rapture
In the sunny air.

I wonder if 'tis lively,
Or half so blithely dear
As the quaint-lipped picture
I am painting here.—Masses.

If politicians expected the same quality of support that they hand out in cigars they can't expect much from the dear people.

"You're some joker," said my friend.
"Yes," I came back, "in most games
the joker takes any trick."

Our ideal hypocrite is the bird who writes about sixteen hundred pages of fine print on the subject of "economics" when print paper is scarce.



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DISTINCTIVE CORSAGES

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Anywhere

E. S. Boerner

At STRAUCH'S
625 Wright

Bell 3288

Auto 2218

Swell? You Bet!



NAKES? Yea, bo, I saw many of them this summer, and saw them with my own eyes and not with a barb-wire whiskey painted imagination. You may have been bothered with flies down on the fertile

plains of Illinois this summer, but not so with the summer inhabitants of western Wyoming. It was snakes they they were bothered with. The peculiar thing about these snakes was their bite. If one of those snakes ever bit a mule it is a ten to one bet someone would shoot said mule for an elephant. Swell? You bet!

One day the boss sent me and a guy what had a game leg over by the way of Red Canon to rangle a few strays. This guy with the game leg thought he couldn't walk without a cane, and always carried one with him. He thought more of that cane than he did of his meals. Well, the cane and we hit for the strays and as luck would have it, they were scattered all over the valley. I went one way; he went the other. About ten minutes after we'd parted, I hears a big holler coming from my partner. I runs over to him and finds him in a nest of rattle-snakes. The snakes had him scared.



After clubbing a few of the reptiles on the bean with his loving cane, he throws it at them and beats it back to the ranch at a ten second clip, forgetting about his game leg.

It took me till sun-down to round up those cattle that I was telling you about. After I headed them toward the ranch I thought of the poor guy's cane, and, knowing how much he

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Complete course \$1.75 with each \$10.00 Ukulele
Complete course \$2.00 with each \$7.00 or \$7.50 Ukulele

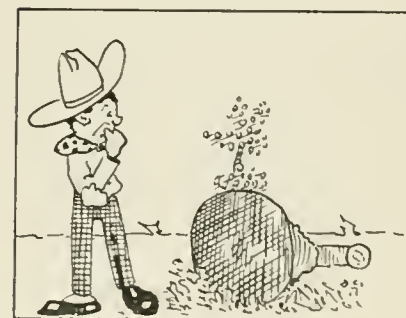
Transportation charges on Ukuleles prepaid to any part of the United States, also free covers with Ukuleles from \$12.50 upward

Sherman, Clay & Co.

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thought of that stick and how it would break his heart to lose it, I decided to do a work of charity and bring it back to him.



I went back to the place where he had thrown the cane in his get-away. I had no trouble in finding the thing because the snakes had been working on it all day. It had swelled up so darn much that it had to be cut up for fire wood. We got nearly four cords of wood out of that cane, at that.



1716 Heels on 1916 Feet

You wear a 1916 hat, a 1916 suit.

But you wear 1716 heels if you wear leather heels.

You drive a 1916 car, use 1916 office or shop equipment, live in a 1916 house.

But your leather heels are out of date.

Leather heels are as obsolete as mustache cups, celluloid dicyes and powdered periwigs. They aren't adaptable to modern conditions.

This is the day of the rubber heel. They are individual shock absorbers—spine savers—that make the hardest pavements as soft as a Brussels carpet.

They are made for 1916 pavements.

Bring your heels up-to-date. Wear O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber.

When you buy your new shoes, buy them O'Sullivanized. Up-to-date shoe dealers now sell latest style shoes with O'Sullivan's Heels already attached.

Insist on O'Sullivanized shoes; the *new live* rubber heels give the greatest wear with the greatest resiliency,

In black, white or tan; for men, women and children; 50c attached.

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keep good time?"

"The hands won't behave, sir;
there's a pretty girl in the case.

—Cornell Widow.

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KANDY'S UNIVERSITY SHOP

615 East Green Street.

College Towns as One-Night Stands

THE people of the theatre say that college towns are, with the exception of New York City, the most difficult in the country to play to.

It sounds plausible.

The explanation of this phenomenon might be interesting. Its cause, of course, is the rowdy attitude assumed by the audience. If this attitude were explained would it prove complimentary to the college student or otherwise? Would the basis of explanation rest on that attractive thing—the high spirit of youth, or would it prove that our university ideals are out of gear and that the college man is the subject of a stimulation unreal and undesirable?



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We wonder how Bart feels about the prospects of making the All-American. Walter Camp dropped \$1,000 on the Minnesota game.

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We extend a hearty welcome to all "old-timers", and assure you that the 1916 Homecoming will be the best yet. Bring us your cleaning, pressing and repairing and we will put your clothes in perfect shape for the occasion.

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The Gift Shop

A Gift for every one.
Dainty gift cards that please.

STRAUCH'S

Opposite
The President's Campus
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Captain—"That band looks seasick.
What are they playing?"

Mate—"The Return of the Swal-
lows,' sir."—Purple Cow.

Prof.—The boys were so entranced
this morning that they remained in my
lecture all through the dinner hour.

His Daughter—Why didn't you wake
them up?—Princeton Tiger.

"I'm running this!" asserted Mr.
Henpeck, starting the water for his
morning bath.—Harvard Lampoon.

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Appropriate Alma Mater Souvenirs at our store.

T. H. CRAIG

Jeweler

5 Main St.

Champaign, Ill.

"She gave me a kiss last night."

"Well?"

"Would it be good to ask for another tonight?"

"Unquestionably, my boy. If you don't, she may think you didn't like the sample."—Kansas City Journal.

Excited old lady (who has watched the office boy throw a cigarette butt into the waste basket) "Oh! See that paper burn!"

Fresh office boy (calmly) "Yes, didn't you know that paper would burn?"

Harney—"George Washington threw a stone across the river and established a record that has never been beaten."

Eldridge—"It was a dollar he threw"

Harney—"What difference does it make?"

Eldridge—"A dollar would go farther in those days."—Awgwan.

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Everything Sanitary

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KNIT WEAR

"Cum Laude" Sweaters

Funny how ubiquitous a sweater is. From matriculation to graduation its uses are multitudinous, its paths devious. And how nomadic, too. The athlete's luxurious shaker, proudly alphabetized, migrates from "stude" to co-ed, from frat house to girl's dorm. If it's a Bradley, it abides there. Ask for them at the best shops. Write for the Bradley Style Booklet.

BRADLEY KNITTING CO., Delavan, Wis.



Chicago Market Co.

Quality Meats

Lowest Prices

Full Weight

Auto Delivery to Any Part
of the Twin Cities

Special Rates to Fraternities, Sororities and
Clubs

Zom Urgeth
the boys to
dress up

HOME-COMING is soon here—
see the Maroons massacred in
appropriate garments—that is in
Zom's duds. Nothing would be bet-
ter fitted for the occasion than a new
Zom overcoat.

Roger Zombro
Green Street, of Course

Buy Your Winter
Supply of

Canned Goods

Now. Our prices are
below the market, and
the quality always guar-
anteed.

Metzler Schafer & Co.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

A Democrat

Ma sez wot I'm a demercreat
Wutiver that may be,
But ef it means wot I berleeve
I'm 'cratic as can be.

Ma ain't th' same by many miles
'Cause she's a 'ristercreat—
Ivry minute o' the day
She mus' know who's I 'm at.

Bill goes to th' corner
Fer to git his ol' man's beer
An' iv'ry time I wanna go
Ma's gotta interfere.

Willy fines the swellest things
In the bucket by our fence,
But ma makes me leev it alone
An' I can't see the sense.

She won't let me go ridin'
With our good ol' garbuge man—
She says wot he swears worsen
Than even my pa can.

These things are edeeccation
To a feller 'bout my size—
It's them wot is the answer
To all his wots an' whys.

Our Fall Display

INCLUDES

Electric Lamps
Japanese Prints
Van Briggles
Chinese and
Newcomb Pottery
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Artistic and Unique Articles
for Gifts

REASONABLE PRICES

Ray L. Bowman Jewelry Company

Hamilton Building
Champaign, - - Illinois

Vers Libre as it is Versed

How I wish,
Rita,
I were a microscopic organism,
Sitting
On your eye-lash
And laughing
At my brothers
Drowning in your
Tears!

—Yale Record.

University Pressing Shop

CLEANING, REPAIRING
PRESSING

4 Suits Pressed \$1.00

Both Telephones 621 S. Wright

A. B. JOHNSON Watchmaker

Expert Jeweler and Engraver
IN THE CO-OP.

PRECEDENT.

He had his arm around her—so."
(I paused to make my story graphic
By telling it in manner slow.)
"He had his arm around her—so,
I say, and then—". But here Miss Joe
Blushed deeply (was it telegraphic?)
"He had his arm around her—so."
I paused to make my story graphic.
—Purple Cow.

Leon: "I sat at Mabel's back at a
'Pair of Sixes' last night."
Xenophone: "Did you like it?"
Leon: "It was most enjoyable."

Make a Hobby of Billiards

A SIGHT DRAFT ON HEALTH and VIGOR

The game of Billiards provides real, scientific, interesting pleasure. It tones you up, and fills you with snap, pep, and dynamic energy; it steadies your nerves. You will find yourself doing far better work and more of it if you make a hobby of Billiards. Every man should play—and play HERE where tables and companions are always the best.

Arcade Billiard Parlors

DEWEY NEWMAN, Proprietor
Bradley Arcade

ATTENTION

Homecoming Illini

Your Homecoming to Old Illinois is Incomplete
without at least one visit to

The New Orpheum Theatre

Champaign's Parlor Home of Vaudeville

An Unusual Bill Has Been Arranged for Homecoming Week, Nov. 16, 17, 18

JANE CONNELLY & CO.

Late Stars of "Sweethearts,"

In their Latest Comedy Success, "A STRONG CUP OF TEA"

CHARLES OLCOTT

Offering His Original Travesty,
"A Comic Opera in Ten Minutes."

Skipper Kennedy & Reeves

Mirth and Melody

ROBBIE GORDONE

Classic Reproductions of Famous Porcelains,
Ivories and Oil Paintings

LAVINE & INMAN

In the Rural Skit, "SALLY'S VISIT."

The Philbrick Gift Shop

Hamilton Arcade



Gifts Out of the Ordinary

"Nine hundred degrees in the shade,"
said the Class Fool as he held a parasol
over the sheepskins.—Pelican.

Candyland

Stands for all that can be
said about good candy

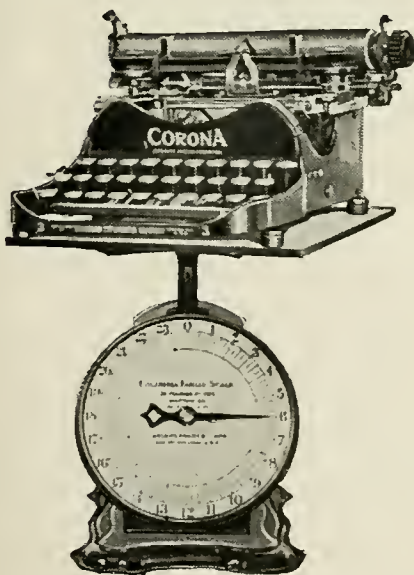
COME IN

"Where the Kettle Boils"

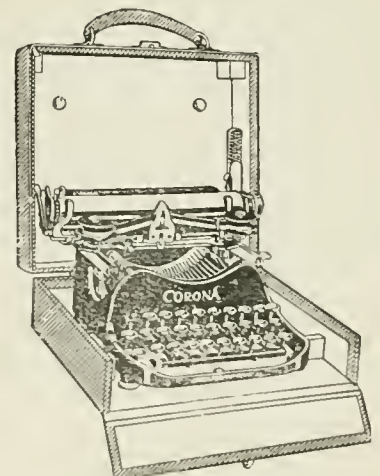
Belvoir Theatre Bldg. W. Church St

Dancing, dancing, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Prancing there upon the stage;
Ruxom youth or padded age?—Pelican

EVIDENCE



More Coronas have
been bought at
Illinois since registration than all
other makes of
Typewriters combined.



SAM'L ABRAMS

"The Typewriter Man"

612 E. Green St.

Champaign, Illinois

You Fellows
Drop
Around at

Howard Studio

And get next to the

Students'
Prize
Contest

We are giving
A DOZEN

of our

\$150.00
PORTRAITS

to

the student who names
the new building to be
erected on the corner
of 6th and John Streets

You don't have to buy any-
thing to enter the contest.

Howard Studios

E. L. Melton, Mgr.
Two Studios

Open Sundays.

602 E John St
University District
Bell 3015

112-114 N. Neil St.
Opposite Lewis' Store
Bell 322

ADVISE US, MISTER

OLD grad: we have with us the old but ever active problem of activities versus studies. You have been out in the world, you have had experiences which represent more or less the common experience of every man who has to earn his own living. The SIREN wants to get your opinion on what you would want your son, if you had one, to pursue in college, activities or studies, and why. Will you write a letter to the SIREN, 311 East Green street, setting forth what your opinion is? We should like to print about two such letters in every issue.

"The truth and nothing but the truth" may be a good motto for a bachelor, but

Just An Excerpt

(From the Daily Illini, Nov. 1, 1920.)



Rehearsal of the Homecoming show tonight, in the theatre of the Union building.

Homecoming decoration committee will meet tomorrow at 2, room 19, Union building.

Press Club smoker tonight in the club rooms, 411 Union building.

Twenty-two tickets remaining for the Union dance. Apply to secretary at the building.

All entries for the billiard tournament must be in tomorrow. Ask Dan, custodian of the Union pool hall.

Republican club meets tonight, room 11, U. B.

Siren staff meeting Wednesday evening at 7, Press Club rooms, U. B.

As a Little Remembrance
for the new or old
Acquaintance
of vacation days

Your Photograph

Make the Appointment
to-day

The Photo Art Shop

No Worry,
No Trouble,

if you
Have

The O'Byrne
Transfer
and
Storage
Company

For Your Baggage

We Want Your Business



Let's stroll out this frosty mornin' an' we'll
see the busy way
Old Mother Nature's fixin' for a big Thanks-
givin' day.
She's changed old Mister Turkey to a fussy,
fat balloon,
An' the punkin's big an' yellow as a risin'
harvest moon.
So save some room inside you for a bushel of
good things
As Nature spreads a table that is fit for forty
kings.
An' she's got some great tobacco that she's
gettin' good an' ripe
So that we can top our dinners with a real
Thanksgivin' pipe.

Velvet Joe



MOTHER Nature never hurries, but when she has
finished a job it is *right*.

To do a thing in a natural way is, after all, the best way
to do it.

VELVET is aged in wooden hogs-
heads for two years. This is Nature's
way. It is slow; it is expensive—but
if you will buy a tin of VELVET,
you can satisfy yourself, by compar-
ison and by all tests, that Nature's
way makes the best tobacco.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins

5c Metal-lined Bags

One Pound Glass Humidors
With New Ash Tray Top





This is the largest of the Klaxons. It is the one you see on all high-priced cars. The "right-angle" construction distinguishes it from all other signals. No other signal looks like it. No other signal sounds like it. Its loud, clear-cut, far-carrying note can come from it alone.

KLAXON *Type L* \$20

There are smaller Klaxons. The U. H. Klaxon at \$12; the U. H. Klaxet at \$6; and for cars that do not have electricity there is the Hand Klaxon at \$7.50, and the Hand Klaxonet at \$4.

A Klaxon on your automobile means permanent satisfaction. It will last. You can use it on this car and the next and the next.

Klaxons are made only by the Lovell-McConnell Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J. Like all standard articles they are widely imitated. To be sure—*find the Klaxon name-plate.*

700,000 are in use

Herrick Service



TELLMEH

*A Christmas Suggestion
The Mistletoe*



A
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year
is our greeting to all Illini

Williams Bros.

Successors to
WILLIAMS-BLACK, Inc.

412 N. Neil St.
345 N. Hickory St.

Champaign, Illinois

Decorators and Designers

Auto 1118 -:- Bell 278

Our Holiday Display

—INCLUDES—

Electric Lamps

Japanese Prints

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Chinese and

Newcomb Pottery

Hand Carved Wood

Artistic and Unique Articles
for Holiday Gifts

REASONABLE PRICES

RAY L. BOWMAN

HAMILTON BUILDING

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

The COLONIAL Theatre

PRESENTING

PHOTOPLAYS of QUALITY

Coming—Thursday, December 21

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

IN

“THE DEEP PURPLE”

Bracelet Watches

☞ The biggest assortment in the Twin-Cities.

SEE OUR

\$15.00 Gold-Filled, Full-Jeweled, 25-Year Case, and
Bracelet Watch

It is Neat and Small

-- Warranted a Perfect Time Piece

Leading Jeweler—**W U E S T E M A N** Champaign, Ill.

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C H A L K U P

Young men need a little recreation. For a lightmental exercise coupled with sociability, there is no game that equals BILLARDS or POCKET BILLIARDS.

Our rooms, tables, cues, and all equipment we strivecontinually to keep up to the highest standard.

Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos, both imported anddomestic, are here in abundance—you will find your special favorite. There are other supplies for thesmoker, too—pipes and clever odd glass ash-trays—even your Sunday paper awaits you.

Cultivate the habit of stopping here. You will meetyour friends.

ARCADE BILLIARD PARLOR

DEWEY NEWMAN, Proprietor

Bradley Arcade



Photo-Engravings
 USE THEM
 They Tell The Story Better Than Words
 Bell 411 Auto 2162
G.R. GRUBB & CO.
ENGRAVERS
 CHAMPAIGN ILLINOIS



Granite Footballs—

Stone mattresses, mahogany pillows, iron tires for autos —

Why not?

Some people still wear *leather heels*. Leather heels are not suitable for modern wear. They are too hard, too dead for city streets.

You need heels with life — with *jump*.

O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber are "up-to-the-minute" heels — made for city streets. They eliminate spine jars.

When you buy your new shoes, buy them O'Sullivanized. Up-to-date shoe dealers now sell latest style shoes with O'Sullivan's Heels already attached.

Insist on O'Sullivanized shoes; the *new live* rubber heels give the greatest wear with the greatest resiliency.

In black, white or tan; for men, women and children; 50c attached.

Copyright, 1916, O'S. R. Co.

"Where will we go after the show?"

"Let's get a cup of delicious hot chocolate, at the sanitary soda shop."

Mead's

For Christmas

*Give
Footwear*

Which includes

Shoes

Slippers

Indian Moccasins
and Hosiery

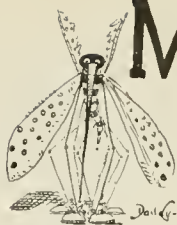
All appropriate for everybody
from grandfather to the
baby

*The Julian
Shoe House*

URBANA

Next to Masonic Temple.

Mosquitoes



MOSQUITOES. They were as bad as the snakes out in Wyoming last summer. The Wyoming insect is so big and so numerous that a flock of them flying around in the day time would cause the chickens to go to roost and the coyotes to howl. The best night scene ever invented would be set up before your eyes. If there was a moon you'd think it was night in Alaska.

If the little pests were flying close to the ground it was impossible to see what was on the other side of them. More than one herd of long horns have been rangled by cattle thieves on account of the protection the mosquitoes furnished.

The one redeeming feature of these living movable clouds was that they would allow sound to get through them. So we tied a big bell around the neck of the biggest heifer we had and mixed her up with the herd. We always heard that bell but we could not see a sign of beef. One day the mosquitoes shifted. Instead of nice fat stock we saw a nice fat mosquito standing on a rock ringing the bell!

The boys were scared by this time, so we sent the bravest of the bunch down to Fort Sammy after a regiment of soldiers to help us battle the invaders. The mosquitoes were right on that man from the start. The brave man beat them to the nearest town and crawled into the boiler of an engine that was standing at the depot. The mosquitoes bored all the way through the boiler plate. It's a fact! Our brave friend used his head and turned the stringers over as fast as they bored through and detained the boring individuals on the outside of the engine. The captured mosquitoes did not seem to like the climate so they decided to travel. Not even a compound mikado locomotive could stop them. It was a pretty sight watch that big black spot soar over the mountains into the next state, but we sure hated to lose our brave little rescuer.

"Are you married?" asked the landlord of his latest applicant for porter.

"No," replied the dusky one, "Ah euhns mah own livin."



Catering to those who
appreciate

The Best

in

Photography

Bell Phone 35

Auto Phone 2168

208 N. Neil Street

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

*Xmas
Greetings*



Good Coffee

We Serve BUTTER

Good Food



ONE TASTE INVITES
ANOTHER

*Student
Crumb Shelf*

Laundry

Try

"THE MODEL WAY"

Call the White Wagon
On Tuesdays & Fridays

**Model Laundry
Company**

J. P. Smallwood, Agent

Bell 3033

1203 S. Busey



Arrow *form fit* Collars

Have bands and
tops curve cut to
fit the anatomy of
the shoulders.

15c each 6 for 90c

CLUETT PEABODY & CO., Inc.

See "Marshall"

for

Xmas Furnishings

"Always Something New"

Many Things to Suggest

BRADLEY ARCADE

On Wright Street

GIFTS!

GIFTS!

GIFTS!

Nunan Trunk & Leather Co.

At 320 North Hickory Street

CHAMPAIGN, - - ILLINOIS

is just the place to find a solution to the gift problem

We can not enumerate our big line of leather goods,
but will say that we have in our store more leather goods,
and luggage than

**all the stores in Champaign
county combined.**

A visit will cost you nothing, and we will feel that
we have won the approbation of our citizens by having
one of the best stocked, best equipped leather and lug-
gage stores in the state.

We are giving away a \$10.00 Indestructo Leather
case free on January 1. Call at store for particulars—
NO LOTTERY.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Such men want comfort
AFTER smoking

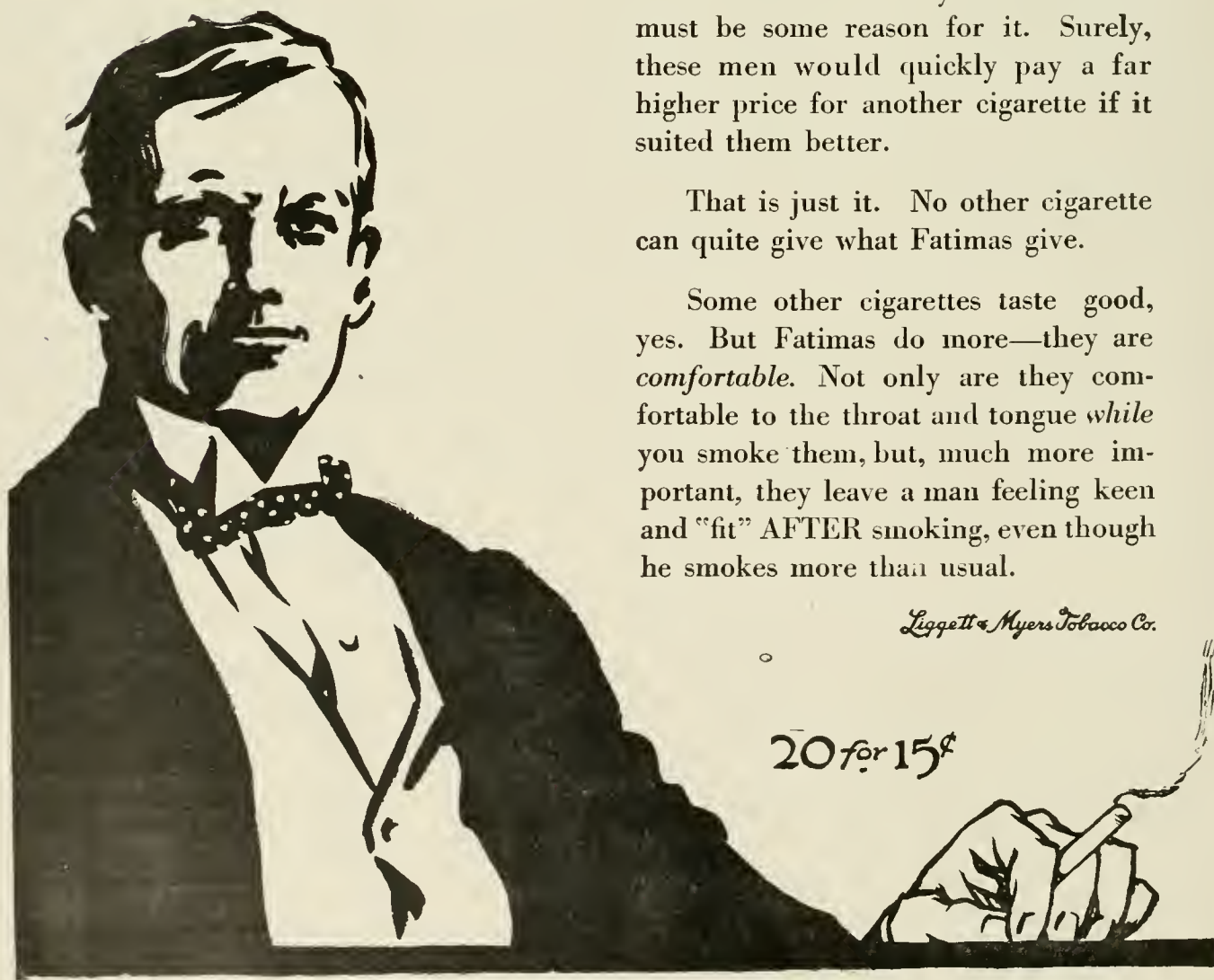
IT'S NOTICEABLE that more and more substantial men are choosing Fatimas for their steady smoke. There must be some reason for it. Surely, these men would quickly pay a far higher price for another cigarette if it suited them better.

That is just it. No other cigarette can quite give what Fatimas give.

Some other cigarettes taste good, yes. But Fatimas do more—they are *comfortable*. Not only are they comfortable to the throat and tongue while you smoke them, but, much more important, they leave a man feeling keen and “fit” AFTER smoking, even though he smokes more than usual.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 15¢



I'D rather write sweet things some other time,
For just remember —
The hardest time to please with verse or rhyme
Is in December.

For then kind wishes all come pouring in,
And gifts and things;
And all the world's alive with joyous din,
And each mail brings

A host of pleasant thoughts which other times
When we feel blue
We'd think were just the cheeriest of rhymes,
And take as true.

But when holidays are here, we criticize
Or put aside
What normally we'd read with misty eyes
Or write with pride.

And it's all because we get too much of joy
In this season.
We soon get tired of sweets with no alloy;
And that's the reason—

It's hard to write good wishes at this time,
So please remember—
That if you doubt good wishes sung in rhyme
Why— it's December!



Our Champaign Newspapers

CHAMPAIGN has two newspapers with large circulations and plentiful advertising. These papers are the organs of public opinion in one of the richest agricultural localities in the world. The voice of such a locality is bound to be important, bound to command respect from the nation—politically and economically. Yet this voice, as vibrated from the horns of the Champaign dailies, is weak, almost inaudible.

Why? Because the owners of the papers are apparently out primarily for the money. This would not be so bad if the owners pursued the coin intelligently. But one of the papers is run by an individual who believes there is money in political power, and who believes that political power and petty political manipulations are synonymous. And the other is run by a successful circulation solicitor who fell into a good thing; he believes the editor is of as little importance as the office boy.

And the result is this: two newspapers filling up space with "personals" where they ought to print news and information of instructive and entertaining and inspiring value to the farmer. One newspaper occupied by long-winded, purposeless, rambling editorials where it should be constructively building up a solid middle-western agricultural interest. The other editorializing with loose arguments, frequent fallacious assumptions, and pointless paragraphs.

It is a wonder the wealthy and influential men of the Twin Cities do not get together and back a newspaper enterprise run by a capable, intelligent editor and run for the mutual benefit of the people of the Twin Cities and the farmers who support them, and the owners of the newspaper. It ought to pay better dividends all around.

Editor-in-Chief	
SAMPSON M. RAPHAELSON	
Business Manager	Art Editor
M. B. WARE	JAMES H. TICKNOR
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ZELOMIA AINSWORTH	CARLETON HEALY
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HELEN BUCHEN	H. T. MEEK
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A. A. DAILEY	HAROLD TURNER
C. L. DAY	A. S. VAN DEUSEN
T. R. GIBSON	HYMAN ZOLOTKOFF
Business Staff	
E. R. BRIGHAM	F. C. KALTHOFF
R. A. BRYANT	

—And Sentiment

Oh, gosh. . . she's been an impudent *Siren* so long that she is rather tired and now—and now she feels just sorry and soft and sympathetic and simply sentimental.

Little she is, little and big-eyed and dreamy this Yuletide, and dangerously close to wishing very much that she could place her pretty head in the lap of the big Community she has been shrilling at and hide her pert nose in the big Community's bosom and just apologize like *anything* for her cantankerousness this year.

Oh, how she would like to bundle up in her big white furs and trip out to the Military Department and cuddle it and say, "Oh, I'm so sorry, mister. Maybe you didn't even hear my bawling out, and maybe I'll bawl you out again next month, but it's Christmas and—let's be friends!"

And she is simply aching to have the Y. M. C. A. call her up so that she may say, her sweet voice vibrant with sincerity, "*Dearest Y. M., please don't hate me. I know I've been awfully fresh, but if you'll come over this evening, we can sit by the hearth fire and have such a cozy, happy Christmas. Won't you come over?*"

And nothing could make her gladder than to buy a huge box of toys and drive over in her limousine with them to the Law Club. What joy she would have watching the Law Club going into ecstasies of delight and how her laughter would ripple as she would sing, "Oh, goody! Honest, ain't you mad no more? . . . I ain't mad at you!" . . .

To everyone and everything she has taken liberties with, the *Siren* extends her love and best wishes for a merry Christmas.

Fools Step In

FEARLESSNESS in criticism, as in other things, is desirable. But fearlessness should be limited. A good border line, to our way of thinking, is that set by angels. There is only one type of human who will go beyond that border. That is the fool. An intrepid fool is a terrible creature, more reckless than a cyclone, more terrible than cholera, more destructive than war.

The criticism in the *Illini* of "A Pair of Sixes", Mask and Bauble's Homecoming play, was fearless. Gloriously, riotously, irresponsibly fearless it was. We cannot help but admire a person who can say that Miss Wieboldt was inherently inept for her role. The least we can do is kow-tow to the critic who rampages to the effect that Mene-free did not produce the wealth of emotion one was led to expect.

Of course, in our state of reverence and worship, we may feel vague wonderings as to just what a wealth of emotion would do in the role of an irascible business part-

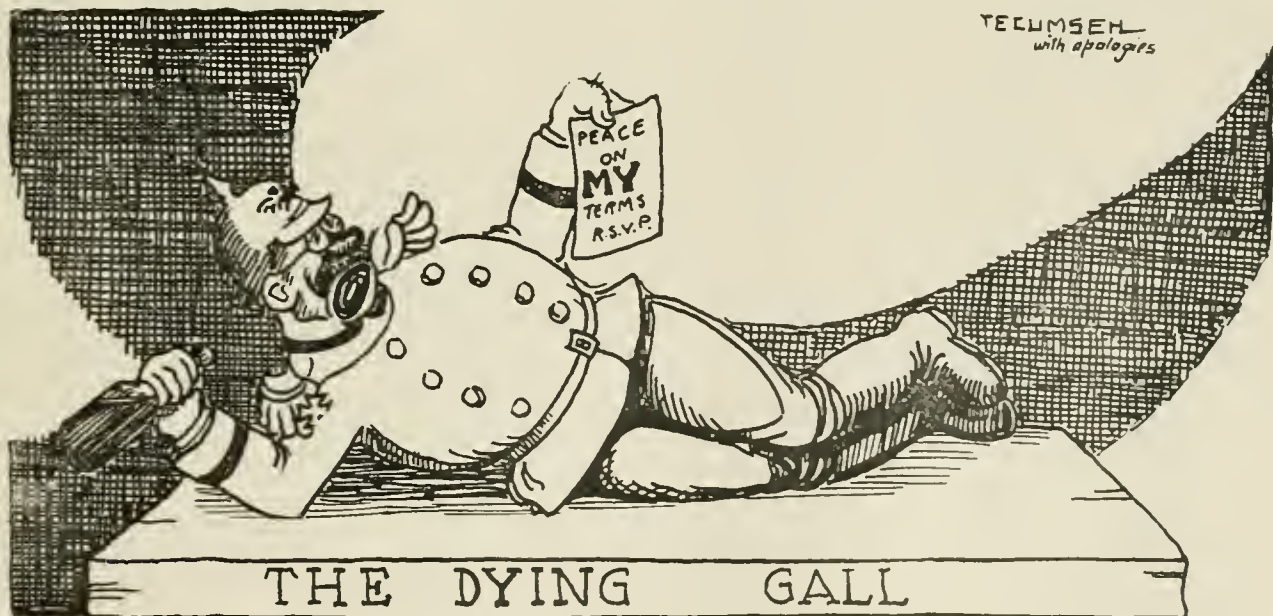
ner in a farce comedy. And, the blindness of our idolatry may be intruded upon here and there by a ray which asks what our omniscient critic might mean by inherent *aptitude*, if Miss Wieboldt's performance was inept. So far as our benumbed intelligence could perceive, Miss Wieboldt took the colorless part of a wife—just a wife. So far as our bedimmed eyes could discern, Miss Wieboldt is a complete person, having a full set of limbs and features, and in possession of a fairly pleasing voice and average grace. So far as our feeble brain might mull over these things, inherent inaptitude for this role would intimate at least a hunch back or a hacked-off arm or a blind eye or two.

So far as our impaired general perceptions can grasp this matter, the criticism only acted as a dampener upon Mask and Bauble's efforts, as an insult to the characters mentioned, and was of no earthly use to anyone who might wish to learn those defects of the play which could be eliminated. However—

Oh, well, what's the use?

THE CO-ED is in an atmosphere which does not tend to develop real histrionic ability. She is spending the four years of her life during which impressions come with the most effective combination of vividness and staying power, in a community where human nature is restrained and refined. Her associations are restricted. She has little or no opportunity to feel real emotion or to see the extremes of feeling displayed.

IT is with pleasure that the *Siren* announces the election to its editorial staff of Zelomia Ainsworth, Hillis Barber, Helen Buchen, Curtis Day, Martin Straus and Hyman Zolotkoff.







The Spirit of Christmas

A rustle of silks on the stairway,
A snatch of a waltz at the door,
A ripple of laughter that followed
The best Christmas jest of a score.

The sob and the moan of the 'cello
Grow mute, and the embers burn low;
Night winds of December blow gently,
Sweep light o'er December's deep snow.

That fan—was it Grace's the fair-haired,
That glove the one Catherine wore?
But her prince had forgotten his token—
It lay with the rest on the floor.

Ah, yes! And her prince had forgotten;
But through all the years, who can tell
Through passing of time, through its vista,
What sorrows at eighteen befell?

The embers burned low:—hush,
those shadows
Like ghosts, and that creak in the hall!
Or was it the spirit of Christmas come
To answer the last Christmas call?



Fresh: "What's an abbreviation for military training?"
"Put your hand on your head and guess."

Beatrice Fairfax's Advice to the Lovelorn

As Bernard Shaw Would Give It

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a stenographer in a broker's office and my employer is a young married man. My friends tell me that I am good looking, but I have no steady beau as yet. Now, Miss Fairfax, my employer insists upon putting his arms around me and, every so often, on a kiss. Is this right? I don't feel that he should do this, as he is married to a very nice young woman and she knows nothing of his relations to me except that I am his stenographer.

PERPLEXED.

My Dear Perplexed:

What a silly slave of convention you are! Why, you poor child, it is the most natural thing in the world for that man to wish to caress you. Do you enjoy the caress? That is the only thing for you to consider. If you do, go ahead, both of you, and be happy. Think of that poor fellow, tied up to one woman all his life by a silly civilization, when he has a nature capable of encompassing half a dozen different kinds of females. And, also, think of yourself after you are married. Perhaps *you* will want some other man to caress *you*. Then wouldn't you be resentful if that man wouldn't because of some silly, shallow scruples caused by the fact that you are married? Go to it. Life is short.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am in a dilemma. There are two suitors for my hand. One is poor, but I love him. The other is rich and my parents favor him strongly, but I am indifferent to him. I am nineteen years old. Please advise me.

BROWN EYES.

Brown Eyes:

You are either a simpleton or a hypocrite. Probably a little of both. Any thinking individual in your place could only do one thing: marry the rich man and carry on as

many love affairs with as many men as you fancy, poor, rich, or capable.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am married to a fascinating but tantalizing girl. She irritates me into a rage which leaves me utterly helpless. Then she teases me almost into insanity. This sort of thing she varies with tenderness and coaxing. The whole business is destroying my peace of mind. What shall I do? Please remember that I cannot consider divorce for two reasons—I love her, and I am a gentleman.

DISTRESSED HUSBAND

Distressed Husband:

You are a fool. Of course not divorce; a gentleman always allows his wife to get the divorce. In your case, however, I hardly think a divorce is necessary. Beat your wife, my dear boy. All gentlemen do it—gentlemen and brutes. There is only one class that refrains from this perfectly natural luxury, the bourgeoisie middle class. Wallop her until she is black and blue. Then she will either love you or divorce you, and at least you will have had the pleasure of expressing your individuality.

"And your boy Will is at the University? What is he taking?"

"Oh, about five hundred a semester."

Home—the place you sleep during vacations.

My Christmas Wish

A FEW new suits,
Two pairs of boots—
A cane I'd even use;
A good canoe.
A club or two—
A bag I won't refuse.

I'll do without
A runabout—
And Christmas time I know
Will be complete
If I can meet
You 'neath the mistletoe.



She—"It takes the tailor to make the man."

The Brute—"And the milliner and dressmaker to break him."

THE spirit of the successful entertainer is not: "I'm afraid", or "Lord, but this is hard work!"

It is not the spirit of self-consciousness.

Rather is it the spirit of: "These people came to be entertained—thrilled, delighted, softened, moved; and I'm not going to disappoint them. I'm going to give them all they expect. If they do not expect much, I'm going to surprise them!"

"I bought a hat for my wife and I had to run home all the way."

"What for?"

"I was afraid the style would change before I got there."

The optimist—the man who loans you money.

The pessimist—the man who won't.

Real Letters From a Girl to a Student

IV.

Hello—"Maddie"—Aren't you ashamed to scold your Eve until she cried and didn't eat any dinner. It was a good dinner too and oh!! I wish I had you by the ear. Boom!

Now, I haven't said a word, blue bird to make you feel so blue. You know that I want you to go to school so you'll be as smart as I am. I guess that'll hold you there for a while. But you write you're so undecided, and selfishly I want you here to feed me ice cream and be nice to me of course.

Well anyway sweetness I wish you were here. I feel like making up and kissing my Dickie. All I have is the cat to love but I don't want you to come home. Ha! Ha!

Oh, sweetheart, here's some wonderful news. I've talked it over with the family and they tell me I can come to Chicago. Then I go to Normal, and to Champaign in March maybe. While I'm in Normal I can arrange either to see you or you might be able to come over and visit me over the week end. We'll fix it up, but I'm so happy, I could just scream. I'm coming, coming, coming. Aren't you glad?

Your best girl,

EVE.

X X X X X

On the Quiet

(An editorial from Puck for November 18, 1916.)

HYPOCRISY for one thing plays too big a role in college life. If you enter the campus of almost any one of our American universities on a Sunday afternoon, you will not fail to comment upon the almost monastery-like peace and quiet that prevails. The effect of a monastery will be rather heightened than decreased when you look at the dormitories and notice that the blinds in most of them are drawn. You will, perhaps, if you are a stranger, marvel at the religious spirit displayed by these college students, many of them coming from communities where, perhaps, a less puritanical standard obtains. However, if you express some of these sentiments to your guide, and your guide is a college man, or a man that has lived long in the vicinity of the college, he will laugh and tell you that the blinds are drawn because behind those blinds the boys are playing poker, which they must do in secret, as it is only under these circumstances tolerated by the college authorities. Your guides will also tell you that the impressive quiet is not due to any studious atmosphere or earnest thinking going on behind those blinds, but to the character of the tops of the tables on which the poker or roulette is being played. Any man who has been at college more than a few months will, he tells you, understand how to cover the top of the table with blankets so that neither the clink of the chips and coins, nor the merry click of the beer steins and whiskey bottles will disturb that impressive Sabbath campus peace.

Firelight

MOONLIGHT is for memories.
For thoughts of long ago:
Of some pleasure or some sorrow,
Or some girl you used to know.

Starlight is for visions,
For loves you may have known;
Tears you've shed and joys you've
had
And bittersweet that's flown.

Firelight is for fancies,
The flickering light that plays
About the log, paints pictures
Of shadowy dream days.

And sometimes in the firelight
You see a star face glow,
With eyes like the moonlight mem-
ories
Of the girl of long ago!

"THE only indestructible toys,"
remarked the pessimist the night
before Christmas, "are those that
make an infernal racket."

She—"That poor beggar was deaf,
dumb and blind."

He—"Yes, but he had a sense of
touch."



The Barber Shop

IF I were asked to name the great moral and educational influences of the country, I should, of course, begin with the home, the church, and the public schools, but I should add to these the barber shop. What bridge whist or a tea party is to a woman, the barber shop is to a man.

It is, of course, first of all a center of recreation and rejuvenation. One man enters all raveled and ragged around the edges and makes his exit looking like a hundred thousand dollars; another comes in a rough neck, and goes out with a hair cut and a twenty-five cent face massage and smelling of bay rum and sweet herbs. For fifty cents a tramp can easily be metamorphosed into a Beau Brummel. One gets more for his money in a barber shop than at any Woolworth five and ten cent store.

If the shop is on a front street, as it usually is, one may sit or lie in the chair while the barber gives him a shampoo—"Will you have oil or eggs, sir?"—or soften up his beard preparatory to a shave and see the world pass by—young and old, rich and poor, society favorites and street Arabs all playing their parts upon the little stage that lies in front of the barber shop window.

And within there is constant comment and criticism—frank comment and franker criticism. I always have a self conscious feeling when I pass the window; I wonder what they are saying about me,

though I am usually sure that I should not feel flattered if I knew.

There is nothing too sacred or too private to be discussed in a barber shop; there is no problem of society or athletics or politics or religion or education too difficult or too complicated for immediate and final settlement by any tonsorial tyro. There is no individual so dignified as to escape having his character and his principles analyzed and valued if he dares to pass across the barber's stage.

If the barber is ethically of a liberal mind, sometimes in his shop, one can pick up the latest scandal or the last snappy story or discover the best chance to place a bet on the coming game or the safest back door entrance to a thirst parlor—it all depends on the barber.

Any way of looking at him the barber is a great character moulder, he is a purveyor of useful and character moulder, he is a purveyor of useful and useless information; his shop is a clearing house for all community interests; he can make men or ruin them. The man who invented the barber shop is entitled to a Carnegie medal. If I were establishing a hall of fame I should give him a prominent niche in preference to the man who thought out the grain reaper. Some day he'll discover a cure for baldness and then he will be great.

If I had to make a choice between being a missionary or being a barber, I should reach for the razor.



When I Dance

ALL around me I can see
People gliding gracefully
Pictures of simplicity.

Always thought I did my part
In appreciating Art
But I seem to lose my heart
When I dance.

Old lady (watching the birdman
prepare to ascend)—“Are you a care-
ful aviator?”

The Birdman—“Yes, I get my mon-
ey in advance.”

The Junior Prom

A Memory

I LIE back, and, drowsing thru
the haze of tobacco smoke, live
my Prom again.

Women everywhere, filmed in
colors, enmeshing the Annex in a
glistening cobweb, palpitant, glam-
orous, constantly stirring. Men,
easy, elegant, give tone to the scene
with their festive black and white.

Cozy bower-booths enclose the
dancing space—cozy, comfortably
furnished, softly lighted booths
filled with murmuring, smiling,
laughing groups. Holly—maybe it
is pine—hugs the vast interior.

Music strains from a bower and
lilts into the heart of the scene. The
cloying sweetness of the violin, the
poignant wail of the cello, the syn-
copated yearning of the saxophone,
the happy beat of the banjo—these
blend and shimmer their rhythm
into the life of the groups. We
dance.

The fairy music exalts me and
makes my partner radiant. She
says melodious things.

On a balcony, across a pink-
shaded table, we sup, tete-a-tete,
and look into the ornate, swishing
melee below. My mood is one of
keenness, excitement, easiness, de-
light. We descend to dance
again.

And it looks so easy, too,
That I'm sure that I can do
Fox trots just as well as you.

How I'd like to do a glide
With a graceful swooping slide
But I dare not lose my stride
When I dance.

Now she wants to squirm away
In an angle worm display
Of fantastic rhythm gay.

Yet I hold her close to me
And we stalk methodic'ly
In the same monotony
When I dance.



WAR PAINT



COSTS MORE, WORTH IT
 For Instance, A Wife
 15



THE SIREN WISHES YOU A MERRY



SEH + SMP

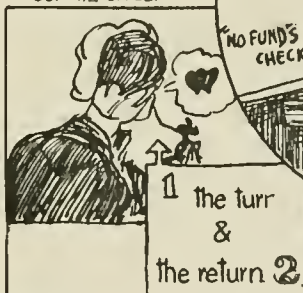


YOU KNOW ITS A HAPPY RETURN



NOT THE ORIGINAL COST
BUT THE UPKEEP

Many
happy
returns



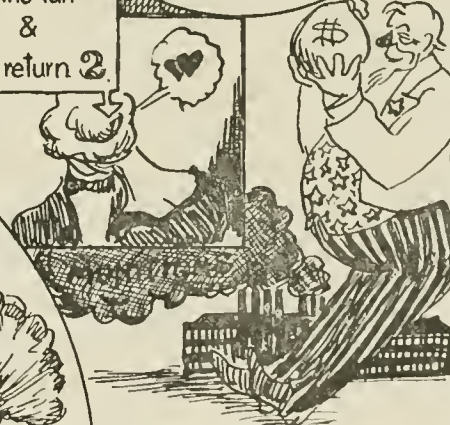
1 the turr
&
the return 2



Happy(?) returns
at the bank



T. Gobbler makes a happy
return



Uncle Sam's returns, - happy?

CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR



These Pages Devoted Exclusively To The Chicago Daily Maroon

(Oh, haughty Maroon, we have taken deeply to heart your severe arraignment of Illinois Spirit. In our dejection we have cast about to find companions for our misery. And, lo, we have found two other universities,—minor universities, of course, compared to yours, oh, mighty Maroon,—the universities of Harvard and Yale. We realize it was very wrong and unsportsman-like for us to prophecy a victory for Illinois in the Chicago-Illinois game. It is not as a justification that we print below the extracts from the Yale Game Number of the Harvard Lampoon and extracts from the Harvard Game Number of the Yale Record. It is merely to prove that we are but human, and that other humans are equally fallible. We thank you.)

The Tell-Tale Wink

ONCE in every two years the jaded editor prostrates himself at the shrine of the Owl, pleading for inspiration for a Harvard Game editorial. Usually the Owl, who is the most obliging of birds, flutters from the mantle-piece, perches on the drop-light, and preens his feathers preparatory to hooting the familiar assortment of Harvard jests. He speaks with a rawther vulgar English accent, smacking unpleasantly of London 'bus drivers. He tells the editor to write something about the Harvard costume—red crocheted tie, dirty collar, derby hat, and all that city stuff, you know.

Then this monarch of ornithological wisdom flies madly about the room, screaming paeans of victory, only to come home by an unfrequented route later in the evening, with bedraggled feathers and deep-sunk eyes. He realizes that his quips about the Great Harvard Bluff have fallen flat, and it piques him. He is forced to mutter hoarsely, "Wait till next year."

This year, however, the bird has behaved differently. Upon his face there rests a look of genuine, rather than campaign, confidence. An occasional chuckle makes him rock on his perch. Surely, says the editor to himself, he will give me a new idea this year. He sits down at his typewriter and smiles. Imagine, if you can, the editor of a supposedly humorous paper smiling!

"Owly," asks the editor, "are we going to win today?"

There is no audible response, but the bird's left eyelid droops in a long, meaning wink. Having given the high sign, he chuckles again, and flies away in jig-time. —Lampoon.

A NEW Victim record, a medley of Yale football songs, has been put on sale. It starts off with, "I didn't raise my boy to play that game of football." From here the key jumps to Z minor in which is sung, "Oh, it's nice to go to the Harvard game, but it's nicer to lie in bed." Next they "undertake," "Show the same old spirits, boys, as after the game a year ago." A funeral dirge solo by a tenor, "Forty-one to nothing," follows. Here a few plaintive barks of a sick bulldog are inserted for effect. The Yale quartette sings the songs song is accompanied by a slow beating on a pom-pom; the voices grow feebler and feebler and finally do die. The Yale quartette sings the songs and is accompanied by their fadette orchestra. —Lampoon.

Shakespeare Covers the Game

Yale Coliseum at New Haven. Decorated with wreaths and standards. Wagering stands, etc. Mob.

First Bookmaker:

Come all of you that wish to spend your gold
In betting with the fickle gods of chance.
I wager giving odds of twelve to one
That Harvard beats thee thirty-five or more.

Second Bookmaker:

And I do better yonder worthy bet.
I say that Eli's sons will never score,
And I will give as odds six bucks to one.
(They are rushed by mobs of Yale men who wager their all.)

First Bookmaker at Game:

Ye gods, can yonder man that crossed the goal
Be one of those that wear the Eli blue?

That makes the second touchdown they have gained,
While Harvard's men have not so much as scored.

Second Bookmaker:

There goes another forward; soon the score
Will far surpass the longed-for hundred mark.

(After the game, mobs besiege the bookies. Being paid, they leave.)

First Bookmaker:

This day has wiped out all my former gains,
And I will heed that saying often told
Unto the classes of the best of schools,
"Tips are of such stuff as dreams are made on."

Second Bookmaker:

Unto that speech, my friend, I say Amen.

(Fanfares, trumpets.

Curtain.)

—Record.

"The Crimson Curse"

(A Thriller in Four Reels)

REEL I

K EWPIE SLACK is discovered sitting on the old Yale fence, whistling a melodic strain. The strain proves too great and the fence breaks, Kewpie falling heavily. He is sore at heart, and seems to say:

"Curses, this is foul business. Looks to me very much like the work of Desperate Haughton. We shall see!"

(Exits limpingly. Close-up of the limp.)

REEL II

The Yale coaching staff is holding a conference. (Note: This scene will be difficult to film, owing to the lim-



ited confines of the screen. It would be advisable to use one of the mob scenes from "The Birth of a Nation", or possibly pictures of an overflow meeting at Bill Sunday's tabernacle.)

First Coach—The sky is blue, a good omen.

Second Coach—But ah! I dread the crimson sunset.

First Coach—Hush, here comes the mighty Freezer.

(Alarums and excursions without. Enter Sad Groans, the head coach.)

Sad Groans—All the world's a gridiron,

And all the—

First Coach (interrupting him)—Enough of this.

What of the Harvard team?

Second Coach — And what of Haughton?

Sad Groans (looks puzzled)—Haughton? Haughton? Haughton? Who is this fellow, that people should climb to towers and windows, aye to chimney-tops to see great Haughton pass the streets of New Haven? Many a time and oft—

First Coach—I would fain agree with you, were it not that I had lived to see the day when the noble Hinky battered against that wall of iron and lateral-passed himself into eternity.

Sad Groans—Fear not, my comrades, we will soon cull out a holiday in triumph over Harvard's blood.

The Mystic Voice — Beware the ides of November.

Chorus of Coaches—"T is the Crimson Curse. (They flee in terror.)

The Mystic Voice—Habeas Corpus.

REEL III

At Morey's—The Yale team is discovered securing spiritual encouragement before the big game. They are grouped about, carving their initials on the table tops. Kewpie Slack arises to speak.

Kewpie—Fellows! (thunderous applause)—We are gathered here today in an effort to dispel the Crimson Curse. (Affirmative cries of "Hear! Hear!") I propose a toast. (They solemnly raise their seidels of Creme Yvette) For God, for Country, and so forth.

(Quick Curtain.)

REEL IV —(After the Game)

An interior in the Bones Tomb (the scenery for this is, of course, purely a matter of conjecture). Captain Slack staggers in.

Kewpie(gasping for breath and choking)—I have a strange, strangled sensation,—I am waning fast. Give me air. AIR! Someone open the windows. (There are unfortunately no windows to open, so Kewpie collapses.)

Kewpie—I have might known. The Crimson Curse, the Crimson Curse has got me. (He succumbs.)

(Fade-out.)

—Lampoon.

Why Not a Football Pageant?

Prelude: Oct., 1701. Invention of the football by Michael Angelo, 1704 S.

First Incident: Plantation of Ball upon Yale's 40-yard line with forcible removal of same to Harvard's 0-yard line.

First Interlude, First Panel: Arrival of General Haughton at Cambridge, before prostrate populace.

Second Incident: Mike Donnelly demands keys of Locker Room from the Dean that men on pro. may play.

Second Interlude, First Panel: Placing of the first Bets in Sheff.

Second Panel: Collection of said Bets from Cambridge.

Third Incident: A man not living on Beacon Street is allowed to play on the Harvard team.

Finale: Solemn and Allegorical procession of Undergraduates of Yale under Goal Posts in Snake Dance.

— J. F. C., J. R.

—Record.

Big Mass Meeting at Yale

Undergraduates Addressed by Speakers

(By special live wire to the Lampoon)

THE big blue team filed into the auditorium at exactly 8:30 last night. The centre filed his finger nails in preparation for the game. Captain Black, having sat down on the spur of the moment, arose. He commenced speaking:—

"Fellows, the big blue team—

(cheers as big blue team stands up to prove it) fellows. The game comes tomorrow. (Cries of "Good for you, Cupid;—we knew you knew it.") Now Shad Bones and I have been up against it till this year, but now we're all right. We've pulled all the bones in Skull and Bones, so there won't be any left for us to pull tomorrow."

At this point the glee club struck up the New Haven national ballad:—

"Cupid, Cupid,

You ain't stupid."

"Gentlemen, I thank you. Mr. Bones will talk."

"Fellers, I'm here. This here team is so big and strong that you may rest easy about your bank roll. Those Harvards will know how to spend it. Take my advice and bet your last dollar on Yale, but bet all the other ones on—(whispers to a bunch of nobbily clad young students). Since our lateral pass has passed out I have worked out a new system. Our signals are to be given in Roman numerals, a stratagem so mystifying that I feel that the Harvard team's fate will—ahem (smiles at the captain) will—er—be black. I thank you." (Sits down amidst the muffled laughter of New Haven Boy Scouts.)

President Badley arises.

"Men of Yay-ul. Remember when the team gets out there it needs support. In this we are lucky for the country is behind us, for are we not fighting for country as well as for Yale. 'The College Steps' will be sung as our college steps across the goal line. Er—pardon my seeming levity, but as Dorothy Dix once remarked 'Arma virumque cano.' Remember the marginal utility of five yards depends on how badly it's needed. See my Ec, second cover from the end in purple ink, for further knowledge." (Groan from one of Taussig's spies disguised as a bottle of Yale spirit.) (Sits down.)

"Now, Fellows, all together—Shake him a bronx—a bronx,—a bronx."

The meeting broke up at this point in a hurry to get the cheer over with, while the undergraduate body set out to look for odds of 41 to 0.

—Lampoon.

Well, Now—

*Shall we let Michigan return?
Can't say that we especially yearn
To have them on our lists again
And make the Big Nine the Big
Ten.*

*Guess it was in nineteen three
That they decided not to be
Among the middle western schools
Who cared to stick to certain rules
The Board of Regents took (or
stole)*

*Athletics from the profs' control;
A training table seems to be
An absolute necessity.*

*Now why invite another fuss,
If Michigan can't live like us?*

*W'ant an idea? We gotta peach:
Eggs are now worth four cents
each—*

*If each stude, who in years gone by
Was registered in U. of I.,
Should give an egg to charity
To swell the Union treasury,
We'd then have fourteen hundred
beans*

*A jingle-ing in someone's jeans;
Or this would buy a thousand pairs
Of sox like every Theta wears;—
But after all what do you s'pose
Pauline would do with all those
hose?*

So Darby'd rather, possibly,

Pay his press agent's salary.

*Oh, yes—the seniors' question-
naires*

About their undergrad affairs:

Part Cucumber, Delta Hand,

Y. M. C. A., Mission Band,

(2) looked over full dress suits,

And also spent some coin at Boots',

Began to wear silk hose in (3),

Phlegmatic Lit Society.

A sergeant's uniform he wore,

Was on the senior stag in (4),

The Hort Society in (3),

Forgot to mention T. N. E.

Such modest men are very rare—

This is a faked-up questionnaire.



A PEN PICTURE

The Might of Labor is Right

An Editorial by

HER BERTKA UFMAN

THE weak man is the meek man; the bright man is the right man.

This world is moving; and you are grooving.

Do you want to be a master? Then be a slave. To achieve you must make men believe.

Don't bewail your sad fate; assail your bad pate!

You are a huntsman. Shoot your game. Thousands may hoot your name, but you will have hit the mark. Anybody can shoot off his mouth; it's easy—it is the lowest mobile part of your face. But how many can hit with their heads?

A hog has no brains; that is a tragedy. But a man with neither brains nor appetite is a catastrophe.

The great man is the straight man; the tight man is the slight man.

You can do it if you want to. We all can—every one of us. But how many have the courage, the ambition, to want to do it?

The inferior man has courted mediocrity; the great man has wooed distinction; the failure has spooned with disaster. Nobody is born married. Along what line is your romance running?

Blow, Bugle, Blow!!

I AM sitting here and thinking of the things I left behind,
And writing down the little things as they run thru my mind.
We've dug five hundred trenches and cleared square miles of ground.
If there's a meaner place this side of hell, it sure is still unfound.
But there's still one consolation, gather closely while I tell,
When we die we'll go to Heaven, for we've done our hitch in Hell.

We've built a thousand kitchens for our cooks to burn our beans,
We've stood a thousand guard mounts, and cleaned the camp latrines;
We've washed a million dishes and peeled as many spuds,
We've made a thousand blanket rolls and washed as many duds.
The number of parades we've made would be most hard to tell,
But we'll next parade in Heaven, for we've done our hitch in Hell.

We've killed a thousand rattle snakes that tried to steal our cots,
And shook a million scorpions out of our army sox.
We've marched a thousand weary miles and made as many camps,
And pulled ten thousand cactus thorns out of our army pants,
But when our missions here are done our friends will surely tell,
That we've died and gone to Heaven, for we've done our hitch in Hell.

When the final taps are sounded we'll parade the golden stairs,
And the Angels there will welcome us, and play the Heavenly airs;
Then we'll hear St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell—
"Take a front seat in Heaven, boys, for you've done your hitch in Hell."

Written by one of the Fourth Illinois Infantry at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Dedicated to those who were on Border Service "last vacation".

The man who is a good loser should always take a chance on marriage.

The city girl saw the dish of honey on the housewife's table. "Ah," she gushed, "I see you folks keep a bee."

Please pass the staff of life, I want a splinter."



"I hear Jones died from a single blow."
"Who hit him?"
"No one. He blew out the gas."

How Our Profs Sound To Us

4. Dr. H. G. Paul in *American Literature*.

"WE should all be oh so happy today for today, children, we take up two truly delicious little bits of poetry,—'El Dorado' and 'The Bells', by Edgar Allen Poe."

"Now Poe was not exactly a nice man. When I say he was not nice I think I am justified, for all of us have been taught in Sabbath school not to look on wine when it bubbles, have we not?"

"I am going to ask you to read this little bit in unison. Sit straight up in your seats, take a deep breath,—one, two, three. Oh, no! Mercy, no! Put some feeling into it. Start again. Now make your voices tinkle like the bells. Hold on, that will never do. 'Iron bells', put some iron in your lungs. Ah, that is much better. In time now. Now, read it again. Don't slouch in your seats."

"These finer morsels of American literature I want you all to make a part of your very being. I don't want you ever to forget them."

"Now read the next one. This is in the realm of pure music. One, two, three. Oh, come, come! Cuddle it a little just like you loved it. Oh, isn't that splendid? Read it once more, will you?"

"Oh, so fine! Now I am going to read you a delicious little morsel from Kipling. I want it distinctly understood that when any profanity enters, I am reading it because Kipling wrote it that way. I wouldn't shock any members of the class for anything, but Kipling's 'raw and bleeding' language is, at times, I think, partially justifiable. Now, apologizing for the three 'damns' in this poem, I shall proceed."



Gadski

WHEN a grand opera singer can make the average person, who, we strongly suspect, is the person who says "I can't see much in this deep, classic stuff," sit up and take notice, she is more than a grand opera star. She is a personality. Gadski, who appeared here last month under the auspices of the Star Course, accomplished this. She sang pretty little songs the words and melodies of which were intelligible to the layman, and she received all the appreciation due a pleasing personality and a great singer.

It is a pity that more of the "best" performers do not come closer to the people in their concert programs. What do Tom or Dick care about "colorature" and "allegretto"? And, if the truth be told, Harriet down in her heart is bored stiff by lengthy and complicated technical performances and raves about them only because it is "the thing."

Christmas

IT may not bring you Persian rugs
Or initialed shaving mugs
Or a sailor boy that climbs along a string;
It may not bring you purple hose
Or a watch that really goes
Or a double carat solitary ring.
It may not bring you sewing sets
Or imported cigarets
Or a baby's nursing bottle for a joke;
It may not bring a four-in-hand
That would drown a bagpipe band
Or a carton of cigars you couldn't smoke.
It may not bring embroidered socks
In a fancy holly box—
There are several gifts it may not bring or send—
But the best of anything
Is the gift it's sure to bring—
The Christmas greeting from the distant friend.

A Prom Innovation

THE SIREN hereby, in exchange for a free ticket to the Prom, goes on record to the effect that the new way of serving supper, introduced by the 1918 Prom Committee, was very pleasing, was pretty, and a large improvement over the supper service of any previous Prom.

In fact, so enthusiastic are we over this innovation and the decorations and the music that if it weren't for the free ticket (and it was a free ticket, not a comp—there is as much difference between the two as there is between a free lunch and a dinner where one is an invited guest) we should wax much more voluble and complimentary. The gift has, in a way, boomeranged. It makes us fearful of approving thoroughly and unqualifiedly of the Prom for fear that people might think we are advertising it or its committee.

And we are.

Gosh, this is a mixed up article!

Four Proms

A FRESHMAN entered diffident
So anxious and wide-eyed,
So shrinking, timid, expectant,
Her breath came fast; she sighed,
"The biggest dance of all the year!
How wonderful to think I'm here!"

A blase, knowing sophomore,
So confident, clear-eyed,
Seemed versed in all the social lore
Of college as she cried,
"The biggest dance again is here!
But oh! the dance we'll have next year!"

A poised and haughty junior lass,
Self-possessed, proud-eyed,
This night her's is the ruling class.
Her every gesture plainly cried,
"The biggest dance of any year!—
The best Prom ever given here!"

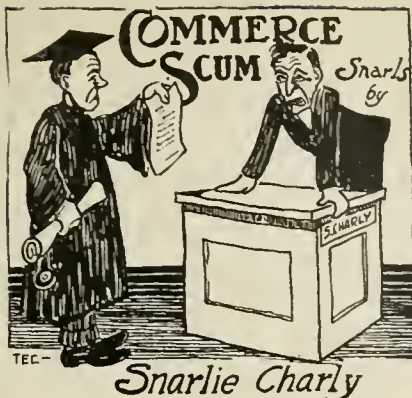
But the thoughtful, smiling senior girl
With drooping, pensive lips, sad-eyed,
Watched the hours speed by. In a daze she whirled.
Her face was wistful as she sighed,
"The biggest dance of all the year!
And the fourth and last that I'll be here!"

¶No use talking, Joe Bowman's Varsity Jewelry things will raise more than one pay check this Christmas—cause why? Listen:—
Making a hit with the keeper of the Exchequer will always pad the pay envelope.
Selah! I have spoken!

Jos. C. Bowman

"Your Dependable Jeweler"

First door north of City Bldg., on Neil.



"I want you to sign this recommendation for a job," demanded the brisk, businesslike commerce senior. His narrow eyes knew what they wanted. "I've got all the commerce school can give me and now I'm out for myself. Sign here."

"Quite an up-to-date hustler, aren't you," I responded with some admiration of the perfection with which he represented his type. "So you've skinned the university all you can and are now preparing to turn your trained talent against the public. Before I sign let's see what the commerce school has given you."

"You've learned how to become a predatory business man, pushing every advantage, fair and unfair, over your competitors and customers. You've cribbed at the expense of your honest classmates in every course you could. You hoodwinked the instructors who trusted you and put it over those who thought you needed some watching. You have sucked the full exploiting value out of courses like advertising and investments and corporation finance. You are in short an accomplished business bloodsucker, an antisocial leech."

"The social gospel of cooperative business and industry for the common good, which the school was ready to give you, you have spurned lest it turn the sharp edge of the knife with which you want to flay the community. The public has paid taxes to train its own destroyer. The public's only consolation for its expenditure on you is that it will now be skinned more neatly and thoroughly than without your expensive training."

"You regard business as a wide open fight where you must hit hard and below the belt to win. You might have learned that it can be an associated effort to supply hum-

an needs at nobody's expense and to everybody's advantage. Go back to the commerce school and when you've learned that, I'll sign."

"Hand over that recommendation," the senior commanded. "I thought I was talking with a sane human being, not with a moonstruck socialist crank."

"You've been talking with Snarlie Charlie," I replied, "and you can depend on him not to let any live snakes loose on the community."

1st He—"And what did the janitor say when your wife dropped the bag of eggs on his head?"

2nd He—"Ay tank the yolk's on Me."—Minnehaha.

EASY

"I am troubled," remarked the dean, "by the growing popularity of the 'Star Theatre.' How can I make the students cut it out?"

"Put it on the curriculum as a two-hour lecture course," suggested the wise guy.—Widow.



"When I left college I didn't owe anyone a cent."

"Dear me, what an unfortunate time to leave!"

For Distinctiveness in your Flower Service

Whether for
Made-up Corsages

Baskets
Bouquets or
Decorations

Boxes to be Shipped
or Loose Flowers

In Large or Small
Quantities

Call on

E. S. BOERNER

Bell
3288

625 South Wright
Street, at
Strauch's

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Flowers Shipped Everywhere. Delivered Anywhere

Clothing Expertly Repaired

When you bring your cleaning, pressing and repairing to us you are assured of only the best work, done by experts. Each and every man employed at this establishment has had years of experience and KNOWS HOW.

Think This Over

Isn't it better for both yourself and your clothing to have your work done right? It may cost a trifle more but you will find it is cheaper in the end.

PITSENBARGER & FLYNN

612 E. Green St. BH 1967
We call for and deliver.

*Last month there was a barbecue.
About a thousand folks or two
Stood in line a week almost
To get their taste of Dad June's
roast.*

*There seemed to be enough to eat,
With milk and bread and pie and
meat,*

*But we were tempted to resign
When we had spent an hour in
line.*

*We'd like to see it tried again
And try some new improvements
then.*

*The next time that it's staged per-
haps*

*They'll rent a thousand street-car
straps.*

Yep! I'm the lad who tells the kid-
dies there ain't no Easter Rabbit,
Stork, Santa Claus, etc., etc.

She—"It takes the tailor to make
the man."

The Brute—"And the milliner and
dressmaker to break him."

The Arcade Confectionery



**J. A
Thornhill**

The SIREN

Published monthly by the students of the University of Illinois during the College year. Entered as second class matter at postoffice at Urbana, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75 cents per year in advance. Single copies 15 cents. All business communications should be sent to M. B. Ware, Siren Office, 608 East Green Street, Champaign. Contributions either art or literary should be sent to S. M. Raphaelson, 311 E. Green St., Champaign, Ill.,



**You
Can't
Miss It
by
Making**

Hoover's Sanitary Barber Shop

Your Shop.

The new feature is our TRIAL SERVICE.
Ask about it.

NOTICE TO

National Advertising Agents

We handle our national advertising direct instead of as before, to Publishers' Representative Co., of New York City.



The Beardsley

A Reliable Hotel for Meals and Banquets

C. B. HATCH, President

BAKER'S

Successor to
CUSTER

The best buttered pop corn and roasted peanuts
in the Twin Cities

Tonsorial Work
DONE BY

Brown's Arcade Barbers

is unexcelled in the Twin Cities

BRADLEY ARCADE

The Feeble Santa Claus

F AIRY tales are now taboo—
Teachers hate 'em; they aren't true—
Darwin's theories are taught instead.
Sixth grade scholar ne'er agrees
With George Bernard Shaw's ideas—

Schopenhauer and Maeterlinck he's read.
Education now, it seems,

Glowers at all childish dreams—

They must fathom Nature's dearest laws;

Seventh grade eugenists scorn

The stork idea of being born—

Why should a kid believe in Santa Claus?

How About Your Ledgers?

SPECIAL business conditions may require special
Ledgers for your office. Ordinary "stock" (already
printed) Ledgers will not take care of your need.

¶ Here is where Louden & Flaningam can be of service
to you. For years they have specialized on Ledgers and
other printed blank books. Special rulings are a hobby
with them. Why not discuss your needs with men who
can advise you expertly?

LOUDEN & FLANINGAM

Printers and Binders

114-116 Walnut St., Champaign, Ill.

A Zom Dialogue . .

Stude—"Wish I could afford one of those
delectable neckties." (Sighs.)

Zom—"You can. Just slip me fifty cents."

Stude—"Gimme it quick."

Zom—"I admit I have some line of fifty
cent neckwear."



Buy Your Holiday Confectioneries AT THE The White and Gold

The Leading Confectionery
in Urbana

Some Rare Christmas Gifts

*Suggested by the H. C. of L. and
The War.*

A few small hunks of anthracite—
A real imported cheese—
A modern henhouse nugget might
Some wealthy fancier please—
Some black silk hose that won't
turn green—
A glass of Moselle wine—
A little flask of gasoline
Would make some faces shine—
Tell where ten dollars would decoy
A common pair of shoes—
You're sure to spread eternal joy
If from this list you choose.

Dear Siren Reader:

We are now ready to show you our
selection of Christmas Gifts. We
have:

Beautiful hand tooled leather gifts.
Vase Craft Pottery.
Chase, dainty boxed gifts
Bronze and Art Metal gifts.

We are also showing dainty and original
gift cards from a dozen makers.

Strauch's Art and Gift Shop.

B. A. Strauch

112 N. Neil St. -- 625 S. Wright St.

For the last 25 years we have served the public with quality
Service. We have never failed to get out your order.


GEHRKE'S ILLINOIS BAKERY

207 EAST CLARK STREET

CHRISTMAS CANDY!

There is no finer gift than our
famous

La Noy 60c per lb.
Chocolates

 Packed in any sized box for safe shipment
to any address.

D. E. Harris

LYRIC THEATRE

Home of Quality Feature Plays

Coming—Two Days
Thursday *and* Friday,
December 21-22

BARNEY BERNARD

—in—

Creator of "ABE POTASH" in Montague Glass' Play
"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

"A PRINCE IN A PAWN SHOP"

COMING CHARLIE CHAPLIN
In "THE RINK"

William Fox features Every Wednesday. Vitagraph De-
luxe features every Thursday and Friday. Wm. A. Brady
picture plays every Saturday.



We'll Take Your Trunk

to the station or bring it from there to your home. If
you are going away let us know and we'll call for your
trunk in plenty of time for your train, check it for you
and attend to its proper shipment. If it's transfer service
of any kind we are ready to render it.

The Chester Transfer Co.

Your Christmas Vacation

Will Probably be

Spent at Home

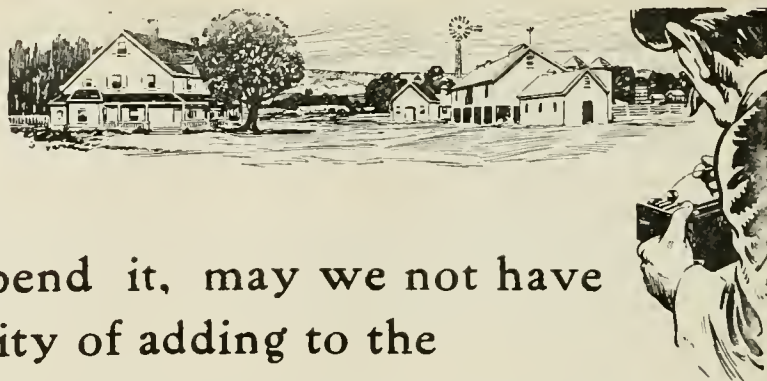
But wherever you spend it, may we not have
the opportunity of adding to the

Pleasure of your HOME VISIT by supplying your
needs in the CHRISTMAS GIFT line?

A Book or Kodak, a bit of Souvenir Jewelry, your Xmas
Cards and other Novelties in great profusion

At

LOYDE'S
TWO STORES.



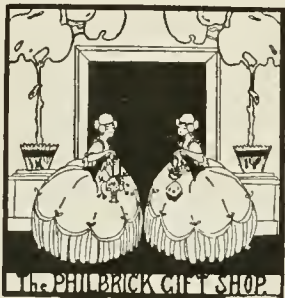
Critic—"Your words don't seem to have enough weight."

Young Playwright—"My manuscript is paid for by a royalty and not by the pound."

Contractor—"I'm employing all the men I need right now."

The Ragged Applicant—"Seems to me you could take on me, the little work I'd do."

The Philbrick Gift Shop



Gifts Out of the Ordinary

If you wish to be treated
white patronize

KANDY'S

All White Barbers

KANDY'S UNIVERSITY SHOP

615 East Green Street

HOWARD ROSS', Meat Market
—CHOICE—

Fresh, Smoked and Salt Meats

106 South Neil St.

Bell 16. Auto 1116

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THEATRE BELVOIR

High Class Photo Plays and Road Attractions

COMING

January 6.—"FAIR AND WARMER"

January 20—Blanche Ring in "BROADWAY *and* BUTTERMILK"

February 27—"THE BLUE PARADISE"

Week of March 5th—Annette Kellerman in "THE DAUGHTER OF THE GODS."

THIS LIST IS SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Don't forget, this Theatre is always open showing Metro, Blue Bird, Esseday, Edison, Selig and Kleine Photo Plays. . . .

FORM



Shoe form without Foot Comfort won't get a man far on the way to peace for his body and ease for his mind.

Shoes that set the pace in the season's close race for form and fit invite early attention here.

CORDO CALF BALS, ALL WIDTHS\$6.00
MAHOGANY CALF BALS5.00
VELOUR CALF BALS\$4.00 to \$5.00

CURRY & TAYLOR SHOE CO.

133 West Main Street Urbana, Illinois
Out of the Twin Cities' High Rent District

A. B. JOHNSON Watchmaker

Expert Jeweler and Engraver
IN THE CO-OP.

Pertinent Paragraphs

A cigaret is the bridge that spans the gap between achievements, a pipe is the plow through a maze of thought, a cigar the aroma of romance, but as a smoke the stogie is a dam failure.

Says the	{ Individualist	} "I would believe in
	{ Socialism	
{ Individualism	{ if I thought it would work out in prac-	tice."
{ Socialism		

GASTON'S HAIR CUTTING PARLOR

Merry
Christmas

If you wish to look at your best during the
YULETIDE—
pay us a visit before you depart.

Happy
New Year

Y. M. C. A. Building :-

E. P. Gaston, Proprietor

See the
world's cham-
pion athletes in
action every
Friday and Sat.



The
Park Theatre
was built
for people who
know the
difference

Roberts & Grant

Wholesale
and
Retail

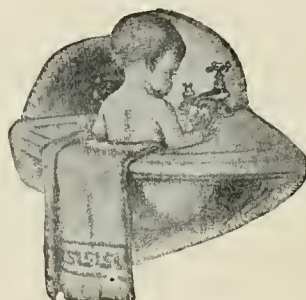
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We Maintain Our Own De-
livery Service

ASK FOR PRICES

111 S. Neil St. Champaign, Ill

All the Details



That make a job thor-
ough and satisfactory
are never overlooked
by . . .

Wozencraft & Finder

the Practical Plumb-
ers who cater to Par-
ticular People.

Champaign Ice Cream Co.

Sanitary
Ice Cream
Sherbets
and
Ices

115 East
University Avenue

Bell 175

Auto 2107

Age has its compensations, after all. Think of the
unborn babes who are going to have to pass examinations
on this war some day.—Puck.

“When was the loose leaf system first used?”

“Eve used it to keep track of her party gowns.”—Cor-
nell Widow.

Samuel—Do you think your father would object to
my marrying you?

Sally—I couldn't say, Sammy. If he's anything like
me he would.—Puck.

Shopper—Where are the opera glasses?

Floor Walker—Rubber goods two aisles to the left.
—Froth.

Bradley

KNIT WEAR

"Cum Laude" Sweaters

Funny how ubiquitous a sweater is. From matriculation to graduation its uses are multitudinous, its paths devious. And how nomadic, too. The athlete's luxurious shaker, proudly alphabeted, migrates from "stude" to co-ed, from frat house to girl's dorm. If it's a Bradley, it abides there. Ask for them at the best shops. Write for the Bradley Style Booklet.

BRADLEY KNITTING CO., Delavan, Wis.



Dear Stude:

There's a whole
lot of
difference
between a
PHOTOGRAPH
and a
PORTRAIT

HOWARD
Studios

can demonstrate
that
difference.

Come and see
for
yourself.

HOWARD STUDIOS

623 E. John Street
112 and 114 Neil St.
Bell 3015 -:- Bell 322

Gossip

THEY tell me he's a regular Blue-beard and you should hear the way he talks to his wife."

"He's as cold as an icicle, Clarice."

"You really should see how his neckties clash with his shirts."

"Personally, I don't think an instructor should wear a frat pin. It looks so aristocratic and superior, and besides——"

"Oh yes, I like him but——"

These are fair samples of the remarks some students make of the men who occupy the high platforms in college classrooms. They lend their tongues to gossip, criticism, and ungracious jests without thought of whether they speak the truth or not. I suppose college students are the most cruel in their estimates of other people, particularly members of the faculty who happen to teach them. I know a man whom student gossip associates with poker-chips and midnight revels who is as fine as a gold nugget; a commandant of a student regiment has the reputation of being an old bear with the sore head and yet when placed without the circle of strict discipline is as friendly as a pal by the fire; another professor I sized up in college as an agnostic and a freak, I have since discovered as an inspiring, broad-gauged thinker and philosopher that makes me ashamed of my petty criticisms.

I'm an old grad—and maybe the editor of the Siren won't like this plain talk—but if Gossip is the mother of Scandal, and Scandal the destroyer of Faith and Love and Simple Goodness, then he'll print it with his biggest type and say Amen at the end.

WILD BUT TAME

Father—See here, son, I don't want to hear of you being around with that girl any more. She has the reputation of being rather wild.

Son—She's not wild at all father, in fact I can get up quite close to her.—Squib.

"Who's that old pedler over there?"

"Oh, that's an Economic-prof., who took a flyer in Wall Street."—Yale Record.

"Does your husband go out to smoke between the acts?"

"No, he comes in to watch the play between drinks."—Froth.

Genuine Hawaiian

UKULELES

Gold Medal 1915 Exposition

The finest toned, best constructed instruments of their kind. Strictly hand made of the choicest selected, thoroughly seasoned native Koa. Don't buy an imitation of the real thing but get one of these genuine Hawaiian made instruments

PRICED FROM **\$7 to \$20**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

The Ukulele is the one musical instrument that anybody can play and you will quickly become proficient through the

Bailey Correspondence Course for the Ukulele. Price \$5.00

Special offers on Ukuleles for a limited period

Complete course Free with each \$20.00 Ukulele

Complete course \$1.00 with each \$15.00 Ukulele

Complete course \$1.50 with each \$12.50 Ukulele

Complete course \$1.75 with each \$10.00 Ukulele

Complete course \$2.00 with each \$7.00 or \$7.50 Ukulele

Transportation charges on Ukuleles prepaid to any part of the United States, also free covers with Ukuleles from \$12.50 upward

Sherman,  Clay & Co.

SAN FRANCISCO

Largest Distributors of Hawaiian Instruments and Music in the World

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

J. H. DOYLE

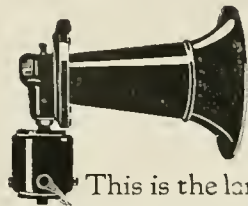
28 Main St.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Buy your hardware where
you can rely on it.

SKATES—We sell them.

SKATES—We sharpen them.



This is the largest of the Klaxons. It is the one you see on all high-priced cars. The "right-angle" construction distinguishes it from all other signals. No other signal looks like it. No other signal sounds like it. Its loud, clear-cut, far-carrying note can come from it alone.

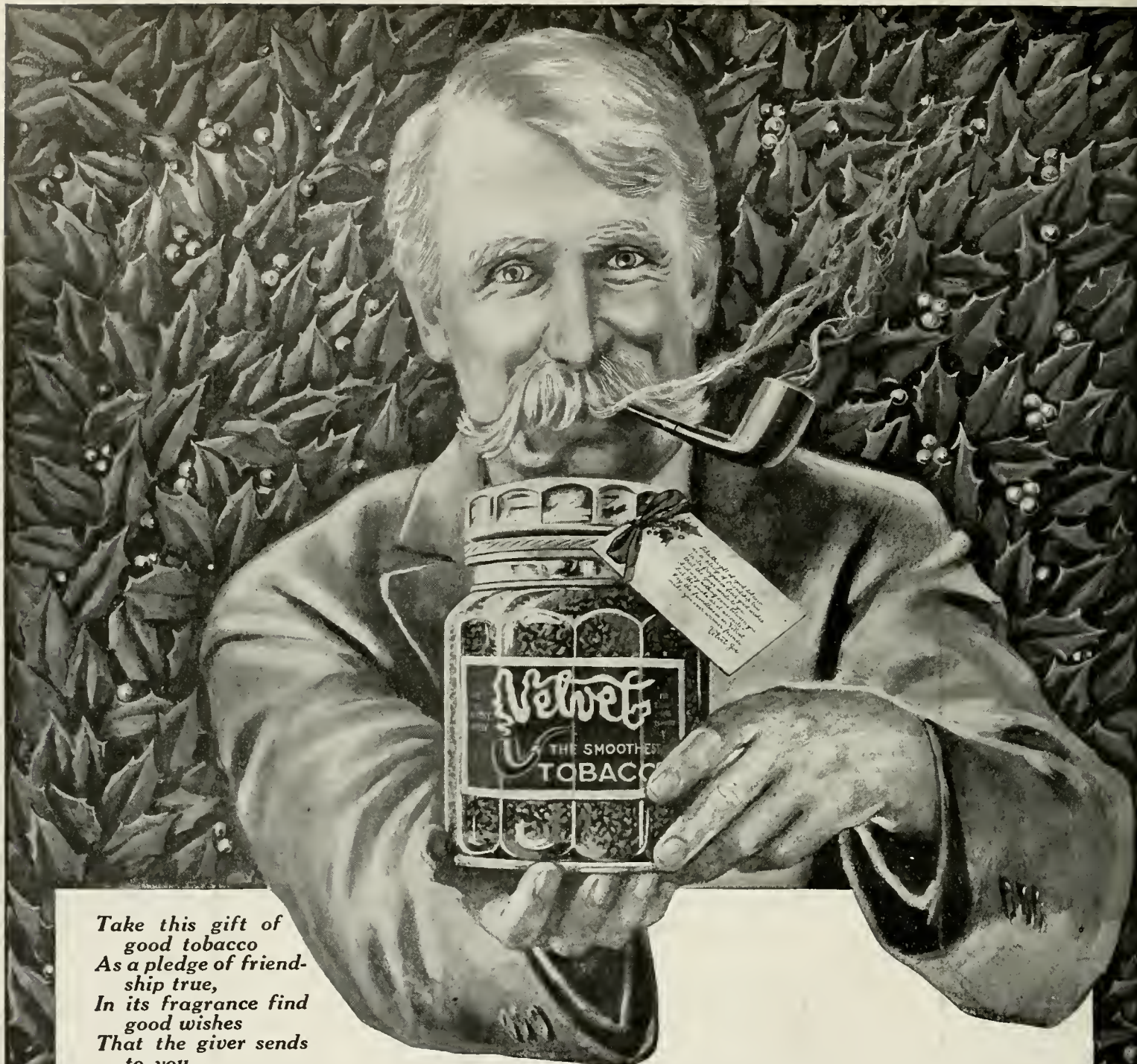
KLAXON *Type L* \$20

There are smaller Klaxons. The U. H. Klaxon at \$12; the U. H. Klaxet at \$6; and for cars that do not have electricity there is the Hand Klaxon at \$7.50, and the Hand Klaxonet at \$4.

A Klaxon on your automobile means permanent satisfaction. It will last. You can use it on this car and the next and the next.

Klaxons are made only by the Lovell-McConnell Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J. Like all standard articles they are widely imitated. To be sure—*find the Klaxon name-plate.*

700,000 are in use
HERRICK SERVICE



*Take this gift of
 good tobacco
 As a pledge of friend-
 ship true,
 In its fragrance find
 good wishes
 That the giver sends
 to you.
 And may nothing
 come between us
 But the smoke as it
 ascends—
 May the friendliness
 in VELVET
 Make us ever warmer
 friends.*

Velvet Joe.

VELVET Holiday Humidors
 have the new convenient
 ash tray top.

Only Nature Can Make Tobacco Friendly

VELVET is the best Kentucky Burley tobacco, mellowed and improved by two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads — Nature's own method, the patient method, the most expensive method, but the best method known to man.

Pipe smokers tell us that by comparison and every test VELVET is superior tobacco, and the International Jury of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition awarded the GRAND PRIX to VELVET, the highest award ever given to any smoking tobacco.

A Holiday Humidor of VELVET expresses your Christmas greetings in the very symbol of good-will—the best of good tobacco.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



The

Aeolian Vocalion

*The Phonograph That Calls Forth
New Beauties From Your Records*

Advertising Number
WHEN buying a phonograph, why not buy the best; it costs no more than the ordinary so-called phonograph. The Aeolian-Vocalion is the logical product of scientific and artistic capability, like most products which are a higher evolution and expression of generally recognized basic principles.

Come In And Hear It

The Co-Op

On The Square

Green and Wright Streets



Should know that the *if* in *life* makes insurance necessary.

Need insurance protection now.

Should know that Northwestern Mutual is best.

Should learn about Northwestern policies.

Should not delay a day.

Should talk with

PHIL ARMOUR, District Agent.

509 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg.

Both Phones

University Branch

602 E. Green St.

NORTHWESTERN—The dividend paying Company of America

PROLOGUE
To The Busmgr
Dedication

THIS number,
The Advertising Number,

(Continued on page 4)



J. H. STRONG, Student Agent
Bell Phone 897 Auto Phone 1115

Also,
Dry Ceaning by L. B. Souders

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What Is, Is Write

AND grateful we should be to the *Illini* that things are thus and that it isn't necessary to head this, "What Is, Is Right" or "What Is, Is!"

What is, can never be more than "write". While people are human, there will always be something wrong. If people can be made intelligent, *tendencies* may become right, but conditions never will be.

The best agent in the creation of thinking, which leads to intelli-

gence, which leads to right tendencies, is writing (a modern term for large scale talking).

The *Illini* is more or less applying this philosophy in its activities with regard to what it considers local problems. Whether the *Illini* is right or not, Heaven, in a manner of speaking, alone knows, much less any university faculty man or group of faculty men. That the *Illini* is "write" is the belief of the *Siren*, and we hereby pledge the *Illini* all the comfort of our unmoral support.

Do You Desire a Thorough Knowledge Of And Proficiency In

SOCIAL DANCING?

MR. ROMEISER'S LAST CLASSES THIS YEAR

A COMPLETE COURSE For \$3

BEGIN M. J. W. & T. February 19, 20, 21, 22 at 7:15 p. m. COLLEGE HALL

LIFE SAVERS

The Candy Mints
on Everybodys
Tongue

5¢

After Your Favorite Smoke

LIFE SAVERS cool the throat and
tongue, sweeten the breath and tone the
stomach.

A nickle will buy your favorite flavor—
Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cl-O-Ve or Lic-
O-Rice.

But look for the name LIFE SAVERS
and don't get fooled with inferior imitations.

Mint Products Co., New York





PROLOGUE
(Continued from page 1.)

Is hereby dedicated
To you
Oh, money-grabber.
Free verse is being used—
Free verse,
Because verse is the only thing we,
The literary guys on this magazine,
Can have free,
Oh, clutcher of the purse strings.
We hope,
Yes, we truly hope,
That the commercial degradation
Which the issuance of this number inflicts
On the erstwhile spotless
Reputation of this "so-called humorous"
Monthly (according to our advertising
Managers, the Law Club)
Will suffice and that you
Will let us put out
A high-class,
Ree-fined
Book next month
On the twenty-second of
February when the
"Home Town" Number,
Price fifteen cents in the U. S. A.,
Will be on sale
Everywhere.

An Argument

You sing a little song or two,
You have a little chat,
You eat a little walnut fudge,
And then you take your hat.

You hold her hand and say goodbye
As sweetly as you can.
Ain't that a h--- of an evening
For a great big healthy man?
—*Wisconsin Cardinal.*

You play for his reedy tenor,
Spill fudge on your second-best
frock,
You hide a yawn behind your hand,
You try not to look at the clock.

You listen to baseball dope and
slang
Till your head is in a whirl.
Ain't that a h--- of an evening
For a nice, intelligent girl?
—*Purdue Exponent.*

You hear the story from two sides,
But more there must be to it.
If neither one has any fun,
You wonder why they do it.

First, you hear his mournful tale,
And then her cry of "slander."
Seems like a h--- of an argument
To an innocent By-stander.
—*Puppet.*

I'm just a little *Siren*,
And maybe I am stupid,
But it seems to me this couple
Never met my friend, Dan
Cupid.

He holds her hand and says goodbye
She bravely hides a yawn—
Ain't that a h--- of a couple
To waste this good space on?

Another Argument for the Germans.
Friend—How was the circus?
Englishman—Beastly, beastly.
—*Princeton Tiger.*

Life: Youth's Advertisement

"**D**ID you ever sit and wonder,
sit and ponder, sit and
think," lyricized Mr. George M.
Cohan about ten years ago, "why
we're here and what this world is
all about?"

Omar, the second-rate Persian
poet whom the cigaret people and
the calendar manufacturers have
been advertising, said some things
to the same effect in his Rubaiyat.

Several thousand other persons
seem to have been puzzled by this
little problem, including Billy Sun-
day and Prof. B. H. Bode of our
own philosophy department.

Yet—how stupid they all are!
Georgie Cohan's answer was that
"Life's a very funny proposition,
after all". Omar said, "I don't
know and I don't givadam; let's
have another drink", or something
to that effect. Billy Sunday is still
talking about it, but he hasn't said
anything yet. Professor Bode—
well, the *Siren* isn't majoring in
philosophy.

However, *we* know the answer.
It's so simple and obvious that it
seems odd that no one has ever
thought of it before. You may
herewith have it, *gratis*. We were
born to be young, and we die be-
cause we are young no more. The
greatest joy in life is the joy of
youth. It is, *it is*—no matter how
old you are.

The most potent fascinations are
the fascinations of youth. All in-
spiration is the inspiration of
youth. Laughter is youth's prero-
gative. Courage is youth's right.

The mightiest labor is the labor
of youth—ask any gray-haired his-
torian and he will tell you.

There is no romance except in
youth. Romance is a thrilling ex-
pectation of the unknown—and
that's exactly what youth is.

And as for love, youth is its es-
sence. Love lives only in a heart
that is young. At last, Messrs.
Cohan, Khayam, Bode, *et al*, at
last you know why life is. We are
here to be young and Life is
Youth's Greatest Advertisement!

Recumseh



"Doctor, there is something preying on my mind."
"Don't worry, my boy, it will soon starve to death."

What He Wanted To Write

Dearest Ann—

How I wish I could say—"Dearest Ann"—and *mean* it, heart and soul. How I wish that my first idyllic love for you still existed. But it is gone. Instead I have a nervous sort of temperamental regard for you which pleases me not at all. This feeling of mine is wrong. It is discordant. It does me no good, and would prove annoying to you were I to reveal it. However,—in a few days, or a few weeks at the most, I shall conquer it. I will lose it as the result of a healthy interest in something, or someone, else.

But why has my first sympathetic, almost dispassionate, but surely harmonious and sincere regard for you disappeared? Why has my belief in your goodness and your clearness of understanding been shaken? I used to think that you were different from the rest of femininity—broader, more human. Perhaps the fault is mine. Maybe you are neither the one nor the other creature of my imagination. Maybe you are just you: an ordinary girl with nice eyes—very nice eyes—and a catchy laugh. Maybe you first saw in me somebody different from myself—a person, even, that I could not imagine myself to be. Or maybe you interpret my laughter as lightness, and my silences as stupidity. Maybe you credit me with wisdom when I am only funning with a grave face. Maybe—God, make this a lie!—maybe you are dense, and your con-

versation and laughter and ways have been prescribed by environment, or even by an individual, a parent, or a teacher.

And still my heart is such a vacillating one, if you smiled once at the right time and looked at me with your kind eyes, I would forget. Maybe I am even now, in my confused analysis of us, worshipping you, with the belief behind it all that I am writing vaporings, and that you really are *the Ann—dearest Ann*. I don't know.

You once told me that you cared not for a man's looks, or his occupation, or his means,—that these considerations you would not weigh in a question of love and marriage. You said that only he must be kind and patient and gentle. I wonder. I wonder if you have been reading a book, or if you truly meant what you said. And I wonder if eventually you will not marry a moneyed man who will have ridden roughshod over your finer sensibilities. I sit back and wonder all of this. I do not act. How can I? I am but nineteen; I have no money; I am unsettled. Luxury is second nature to you.

I have confidence in myself. But I cannot impart it to you. There is a magic something about the concreteness represented by the dollar sign. Romance cannot overcome it. It has the silent imperceptible strength of all civilization behind it. You would rather lie in bed with a broken heart, than freeze and hunger with the one you love. Cold and hunger can be felt, but the broken heart . . . you could get up the next morning to a delicious breakfast, read a diverting novel, see a comedian at the matinee that afternoon, and come home full of bon-bons and funny memories.

Yours, Henry.

What He Wrote

Dear Ann—

I guess I'm going to flunk some of my courses this semester. Too much fooling around. No, smarty, not with girls, with fellows at the house here. They're a dandy bunch. But I'm going to get together with myself and bone my head off this week and see if I can't cram enough to get by.

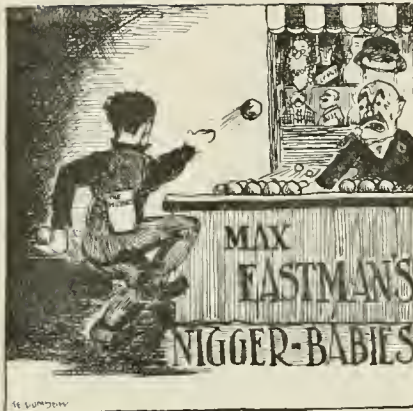
How's every little thing with you? Popular as ever? I don't suppose you ever think of a poor college guy who believes you're just about "it", what with all the classier fellows who are hanging around you all the time. Well, such is life.

Although I have no right to say it, I have plenty of time, time enough to write you a big long letter, and I have plenty to say. But somehow I can't write it down. It is all buzzing around in my head but somehow I can't get it into words. Don't you ever get that way? Or do you think I am a nut?

Please write me soon, won't you. I'll appreciate even a few lines, knowing how busy you are with dates and everything. Of course, I'd be tickled to death to get a real long letter.

Yours sincerely,

Henry.



WE unanimously give Max Eastman first prize in the Post-Exam Jubilee. And we cheerfully yield all the swag to the Y. M. C. A. Max pulled off his stunt a bit ahead of exams, but it was the most effective stunt we've seen staged in the university for seventy-seven years. Somehow, people felt something good was on the bill of fare and came early. Three or four hundred who didn't come too early, found they had come too late.

Max rigged up a niggerbaby show with live dolls and gave an exhibition of knocking them down by throwing words at them. He's the star pitcher of the Radical League. He knocked down a professor-niggerbaby first shot. Then he took five or six shots at the church and Sundayschool-dolls and he laid them out everytime. One exquisite richly dressed upper leisure-class doll went down, came up again, and then got swatted for good. The dolls that got it worst, after the ministerial puppets, were the benevolent reformer-niggerbabies that seemed to say, "Hit us again. We love you. We love everybody."

Back of his expert play, however, Max had a serious purpose which nobody there failed to see. He didn't employ his, tall lithe body and marvelous mind just to amuse a campus Orpheum audience. He made even the Y. M. C. A. members present see that enjoying unearned income is human

bloodsucking and slave driving, and that you can't have someone else at work earning your living and still pose yourself as a decent, socially-minded individual.

And say! Didn't his handling of the volunteer niggerbabies after the regular performance beat the most exciting Sunday-school picnic you ever had the good luck to attend?

He—"Make a noise like a bird."
She—"Moo-Moo."
He—"What bird does that?"
She—"A cowbird."

A SHORT-COUPLED old fellow, who can blow his nose only after taking off his spectacles, stopped the editor on the campus the other day and made the observation that—

The old-time women, shaped like water pitchers, seem to have perished from this campus;

That profs don't talk politics to learn anything—they want to tell what they know;

That he never could understand how his sister-in-law's husband was his brother-in-law;

That the College of Agriculture is foolish to send men out around the state to organize canning clubs.

That the students ought to go back to slates, paper being so scarce and all;

That somebody'll make a fortune yet out of a neck-tie veil;

That the Society for Promoting the Visibility of the Cold Tibia should set a definite age limit and prosecute all trespassers;

That street car conductors should be prohibited from saying, as the car rounds a curve, 'Be careful lad—wait till we get straightened out."

Joe's Barber Shop

FIRST-CLASS SERVICE

621 South Wright Street

Three Doors North of Co op

J. M. Foley
PROPRIETOR

Champaign, . . . Illinois

Laundry

Try

"THE MODEL WAY"

Call the White Wagon
On Tuesdays & Fridays

Model Laundry
Company

J. P. Smallwood, Agent
Bell 3033
1203 S. Busey



"I didn't know you had a ticket to the hop."
 "I haven't. I'm going to slip in on my face."
 "Look out, or you will come sliding out on your face, too."

Miss Gossip—"Ethel brags about making her husband all that he is."

Mrs. Knox—"She oughtn't to brag; she should apologize."

It is a wise pitcher who knows his batter.

WINSOME WILLIE

Willie—"Mother, Mr. Smithers, across the street, is very fond of me."

Mother—"What makes you think so, my son?"

Willie—"Why, I heard him say to Mrs. Smithers, 'I just wish I had that little Willie Brown for about ten minutes.'—Puck.

THE SCOUT'S BEST THIS MONTH

COACH JONES: "I ain't bothered, even if they do knock the 'L' out of Halas. Even if they do it, I've still got Ha as."

IF you agree with an instructor immediately, he thinks you stupid, if you agree with him after a discussion he thinks you ordinarily intelligent, but if you disagree and stay disagreed there's no hope for you, drop the course at once.

MAY we rise to remark that these so-called classic dancers might be termed "dancing bares?"

APROPOS of the alliterative Freshman Frolic, why not alter the old line functions and call them variously the Sophomore Soiree, the Junior Jig, and the Senior Saunter?

How Our Profs Sound to Us

Hillebrand In Modern Drah-ma

IN Strindberg we find a conflict between individuality and, on the other hand, Shaw is a vegetarian.

In Man and Superman, the character of Tanner is drawn with a fidelity of ventilation which makes Shaw's brilliant analysis of modern sociological and divorce problems, so to speak, subtle, if one would think of the ensemble, the Patte fois de graw.

However, although the French Libayralye Teeya-trruh developed a romanticism and illicit love, we find a certain ruggedness and crude charm in the handling by Hervieu of Anatole's missalliances.

Schnitzler presents life as it is or perhaps as it might be if it were in accordance with the idealistic misconceptions of maldevelopment when spoken of by the character who enters in the third act of The Second Miss Fauntleroy just after the weeping maid has shown the departing butler her new duster with these words:

"Arf a pence, James, han the marster sez it were morn 'e ever paid prevous."

James

"Yes, han I wouldn't sye an it weren't the tears of the missus led them to do it all!"

Maid

"Oh, we shouldn't say it as bought!"

It is obvious how, from these words, the day-noomawn prevails in its climactic emotion. This may be traced to the fact that Pinero was born in Australia.

Chaplain—"Look at all the saloons we're passing. Isn't it a shame?"

College Brother—"It sure is."

—Yale Record.

He (returning from the puch bowl) "Shall we sit this out?"

She (sniffing) "No. Let's walk it off."

—Cornell Widow.



Do You Know Me?

1.

I'M not so terribly good looking, but on all around ability for handling the men there are few of them that can beat me on this campus.

I can't hand the women anything. Most of them are dowds. The rest are cats. I'm not a dowd, not by a long distance. And as for being a cat, why I don't have to be. I really am pretty, and in certain lightings and certain moods I am almost a tearing beauty, and I know just how to lead the men on. Also I know just how far to let them go to keep them feeling that if they came again they might get more. Outside of marrying them, there's no other way to keep them.

I'm not bad at heart, or even unlikable. I'm simply pleasure-loving, and would sacrifice anything (being governed by discretion, of course) to have what I want. I like to be better dressed than other girls, to dance better, to be better liked by men; then I like to snub everybody except those whose friendship is absolutely necessary to my getting what I want. I love prestige.

2.

I have more "stuff" than any other literary man on this campus. I have all the makings of a great man, and I'm sure I'm going to be a great man some day. I love the company of women; I have such a sympathetic nature and can understand them so well. Most fellows are too crude to comprehend a woman's finer nature. I would like to hug 'em and kiss 'em, just like most fellows would, but I know, as most fellows don't, that if you weep with 'em a little and salve 'em a lot you can hug 'em more and kiss 'em longer.

I believe that my ever-increasing knowledge of the fair sex will be my great asset in life. Through women I shall become a big man. So what's the use of wasting time or serious effort with so immature a proposition as a college publication, when life is so much bigger and more important in its human aspects, especially those concerned with women.

I am not lazy, as some people might think. I am simply saving myself for the bigger things in life, which will just naturally drift my way later.

3.

Hell, nobody around here can put anything over on me. I'm a member of a big fraternity and have a prominent campus political job and I'm wise. I've got pretty good connections and enough sense to know whose advice to take. I'm getting by, see? Most of the fellows around here don't count. But there's nothing like getting a reputation for democracy by telling lots of them that I like all of them, and that I don't believe in boosting my friends when they don't deserve a boost.

Sure, I booze. I've got guts enough to have a good time, I have.

4.

I EAT like a pig, which proves that I am virile and masculine. I hold art and ideals in contempt, which proves that I am wholesomely sensible. I dress untidily, which indicates that I am not a fop and that I despise fops.

I gamble and drink and crib and believe that a little, dried-up professor is an unnecessary annoyance on the face of the globe—he is a purveyor of bunk, and nothing more.

Whenever I see a big, healthy man who chooses to use his brains more than his body, I think, "There's something wrong with him." Of course, I don't tell it to him, if he is bigger than I am.

I think all respectable girls are vampires who are tantalizingly posing as angels, and I therefore evade their company and always despise them. Another reason, which I will not admit, however, is that they never pay attention to me.

I admire nobody and in a hazy sort of way believe that I myself represent just what a real man ought to be.

Leave it to Joseph C.


IF the ol' time meter slips a cog now and then and leaves you stranded on a class—if some of the Christmas stuff needs fixing, trot over to Jos. C. Bowman's and get some honest-to-goodness repair service. You can leave it with Joseph C. with the comforting knowledge that it will be fixed up—and without Fifth avenue prices tacked on!

Jos. C. Bowman

Your Dependable Jeweler

First Door North of City Bldg., on Neil




The Greatest Advertiser



"HELLO, you vicious lowbrow, what do you think of this?" chortled the highbrow fledgling as he strutted with his hands in his pockets so that the golden key with its PBK hanging from his watch chain gleamed in full view.

"Of course I am not in your class", I replied. "I object to being a sandwich man, even for a supposedly learned and cultured society. But the cost of living is going up for the pundits as well as for the populace, and I imagine that strutting undergrads are cheaper than billboards to advertise real genyouwine culcha. The society needs to be advertised. Without public and conspicuous flaunting of its symbol the members might have misgivings at times as to whether they were actually so unadulteratedly highbrow as they pretend to be. And the consciousness of being among the Illuminati yourself thrives on the consciousness of others that they are not. Hence the bigger your key the more the others will be chagrined. It's worth something to prove you are of the best quality, especially when it would not be suspected otherwise. Vulgar advertising? Oh no, only a gentle putting your inferiors where they belong. Conspicuous intellectual snobbishness? Certainly not, just real merit coming out on top, law of nature, you know. But pardon me, I didn't want to spoil your childish fun in your new plaything. Go run off to your fratres in facul-

tate and play a nice quiet game of Pharisee with them. But don't act the self-conscious highbrow when you hang out with Snarlle Charlie. Show me your frat grip when you come back."

Absent

THE crescent moon shines dimly
On the misty sea of my
dreams;
The southern wind calls gently
For the face it nevermore sees.

The southern lands are lonely
For a love that's long since
away;
Their lilies pale, droop sadly
In remembered joys of past
days.

And sailors say at sunset
When the white-sailed ships
drift toward home,
That wind and sea moan louder
For the love that left them alone.

THE man with the red nose entered the doctor's office.

"Doctor," he said in a thick voice, "I'm a hopeless boozier; I drink all day and all night and I can't get enough. Nothing stops me; I drink a gallon without even breathing and keep it up all day and get thirstier as night comes on. My unquenchable thirst is terrible. What can you give me for it?"

"I'm not very well fixed now," said the doctor, "but I'll give you five hundred dollars."

"I say who was here to see you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, father?"

"Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano."

—Nebraska Awgwan.

She: But, dear, you really shouldn't buy such an expensive gift.

He: Oh, that's all right, Don't mind the expense. I have lots of it.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

The Wrong Atmosphere

AT this university shady politics are looked upon by the students in general as a legitimate part of college life. Loafing is accepted as a wholly desirable failing and something which will disappear from the loafer's makeup as soon as he has entered the real world. Drinking is in general regarded in the light of an amusing escapade. Smoking is something akin to drinking lemonade and eating candy—a man who abstains from it is more or less "peculiar". By a "man" is meant one who is a good physical fighter—personified in the athlete, of course; and in such a one immorality and loose habits are looked upon as the prerogative of the "man." "Ideals" is a word associated with the realm of the inefficient and the abstract, wherein also may be found all mental activities which are not conducive to popular entertainment. Sincerity is classed with unsophistication, and is therefore to be avoided.

What's wrong? Are all universities like this? Is human nature as represented by the young person like this in all environments? Is humanity in general like this?

These questions must be answered. We do not pretend to be wise enough or experienced enough to be able to offer a solution. We do not know that our ideals and our ideas are opposite to those expressed above. We do not know why the majority of the students go along the easy path of inefficiency. We want to know why. If we succeed in finding out, a method for attempting a change may be devised.

To some of the older men in this community we appeal. This publication invites an article which will purport to enlighten us as to whether the students here are doing what they ought to be doing, and if not why not, and how the situation can be changed.

First Fool: What are you getting all dolled up for?

Second Ditto: I gotta telephone my girl.

—Yale Record.

Ray L. Bowman Jewelry Co.

Hamilton Building
Champaign

We Give Expert Attention to Repairing
Watches and Jewelry

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Miss Ray L. Bowman, Mgr.

VOOMANKIND

To voomankind I lift mein stein
Und drink away de bubbles,
She iss de cause of all our woes,
Ach Himmel! vat a trubbles.
If wimen were not liffig here,
Joost men residing only,
We would have quietness and ease
Ach Got! it would be lonely.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

HOW cross the ways of life lie! while we think
We travel on direct in one high road,
A thousand thwarting paths break in upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wandering steps;
Love, friendship, hatred, in their turns, mislead us,
And every passion has its separate intent:
Where is that piercing foresight can unfold
Where all the mazy error will have end?
—By an old poet.



Down the stairs with leather heels!
Every thump shocks your spine!
And,—

Down the stairs with O'Sullivan's
Heels of New Live Rubber! No
shocks, no jolts, no jars.

When you buy your new shoes,
buy them O'Sullivanized. Up-to-date
shoe dealers now sell latest style
shoes with O'Sullivan's Heels already
attached.

Insist on O'Sullivanized shoes; the
new live rubber heels give the great-
est wear with the greatest resiliency.

In black, white or
tan; for men, women
and children; 50c at-
tached.



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Diary of a Drunkard

By the author of "WHY I QUIT OPIUM"

A sensational revelation of the terrific struggle of one man—just one—against the ravaging effects of the demon, yes, the demon rum. Wife, ambition, digestion, shape—everything left this anonymous man when he fell into the clutches of li-quer, yes, li-quer. Or, is it liqu-or? Read this startling uncovering of a man's very insides and see. It may save you from a similar fate, yes, fate. Or, if you wish,—yes, you.

TEN years ago I was twenty-one years old. For obvious reasons, I cannot reveal my age today. But ten years ago I was happy, married, and managed on my modest salary of thirty-five thousand a year to support my wife and two little girls in the comfort which they had accustomed themselves to. Oh, how happy we were in those days! The many hours we would spend in ecstatic dressing before going out, and the many hours, the many, many hours we slept!

And then, one day I came face to face with booze. It was at a banquet where no liquors were served. One of the guests, a chum of mine, after the banquet was over, said, "Good Lord, wasn't it a beastly, dull affair. For goodness sake, where is a saloon?"

And then for the first time I entered the fatal swinging doors of a barroom. I drank a Bourbon highball—just to be sociable, to be one of the boys . . . Ah, what a dread temptation it is, into what degra-

dation does it not lead—this desire to be one of the boys, yes, boys.

I became exhilarated. I stood on a table and danced and sang. The table was unstable and suddenly I fell. When I arose I discovered, by the fact that I could not arise and by feeling an agony of pain, that my left leg was broken.

Ah, to any young men about to start in life on thirty-five thousand a year with one wife and two little girls, I say, Do not drink a Bourbon highball and dance in a barroom on an unstable table. You may fall and break your leg as I did. Either dance on the floor or on the bar—they are firmer foundations.

To continue—When I awoke just two weeks later, in the hospital where my

friends had taken me with the broken leg, I suddenly became aware that I was a confirmed alcoholic.

I became a famous "good fellow". Ah, the price you pay for being a "good fellow"! To any young

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AUTHORS OF "HIGH JINKS" AND "THE FIREFLY"

ONE YEAR AT THE LYRIC AND 44TH ST. THEATRES, NEW YORK

MUSICAL GEMS OF HAUNTING SWEETNESS

"Racketty Coo," "In Vienna," "In a Hurry," "One Who Will Understand,"
"Katinka," "Your Photo," "I Can Tell by the Way You Dance Dear,"
"I Want All the World to Know," "The Weekly Wedding,"
"Skidiskiscatch," "I Want to Marry a Male Quartette"

Special Orchestra of 15 Pieces

Prices: \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c., 50c., Seat Sale Tuesday, Jan. 23.

men who wants to be a good fellow, I say, Don't be a good fellow!

I was well-known to every bar-keeper on Broadway. I had a man whom I paid \$40 a week and he did nothing but carry me home at 4 a. m. every day. His instructions were, never to carry me home before 4 a. m. For five years I never saw my little girls or my wife. Excepting once. That was in the seventh year, when, one day I came into the house at about 4 p. m. and, what do you think I saw? Why, my wife, (a gray-haired matron now with sad eyes) and my two little girls (two big girls now, tall and slim, and tragic-eyed).

I reeled out of the room and then and there made up my mind. I would quit drinking! I bought a revolver, cartridges, a shaving stick, four postage stamps, a box of candy, two collars and a cigar that evening. And then, and then——

(To be discontinued.)

She—"What were you doing after the accident?"

He—"Scraping up an acquaintance."

—Cornell Widow.

Little Tommy—"Mother, will you and father go to Heaven?"

Patient Mother—"I hope so dear."

Tommy—"Will 'Charlie' Chaplin go to Heaven?"

Mother—"Yes, if he is good."

Tommy—"Won't God laugh when He sees him?"

—Burr

The Boy—"Naw, I don't go t' school! I can't read ner write, ner figger, wot use'd I be in school?"—Puck.

"Lots of people are like the letter 'p'."

"How's that?"

"First in pity, last in help."

"Won't you kiss me?"

"Is that an invitation, or are you merely gathering statistics?"

Kant "C"

Bring your eyes to "WUESTEMAN" the Optometrist—it isn't as if it would cost you anything—a little of your time is all we ask. Glasses only if you need them—and then too—prices for glasses reasonable—not fancy.

Up -to-date Optical Parlor under personal supervision.

Wuesteman

Optometrist
Champaign

Make

The Daylight

Confectionery

"Your Meeting Place"

Meads

CHALK UP

Young men need a little recreation. For a light mental exercise coupled with sociability, there is no game that equals BILLIARDS or POCKET BILLIARDS.

Our rooms, tables, cues, and all equipment we strive continually to keep up to the highest standard.

Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos, both imported and domestic, are here in abundance—you will find your special favorite. There are other supplies for the smoker, too—pipes and clever odd glass ash-trays—even your Sunday paper awaits you.

Cultivate the habit of stopping here. You will meet your friends.

Arcade Billiard Parlor

DEWEY NEWMAN,
Proprietor

Bradley Arcade

Announcement

THE business men of the Twin Cities announce an automobile show to be held in the Gym Annex at the University some time during the early spring.

Boneheads I Have Met

I
YOU know him.
Don't be foolish. Don't argue about it: you know him.

He's your roommate, or, surely, the fellow in the next room.

He's the fellow who is seriously interested in his work, and it is just your luck that you're taking the same course he is.

You never study—just lay around until the night before an exam. Then you seize upon him and take away half a night that he may pound into your head the stuff he knows so well.

When the exam papers are returned you find a grade of 90 and he gets about 82.

RONALD: What was that fellow doing with his arms around you last night?

Julia: Oh, nothing.

Joe: I always said he was slow.

—Columbia Jester.

MAX EASTMAN says that a cultured person is one who is too refined to think.

Most Popular of all Candy

**La Noy
Chocolates**

60c pound

Made Only by the Originator

608 East Green Street.

D. E. HARRIS.

Spring Woolens

are arriving daily and we are pleased to announce that there has never been an assortment of goods shown in the Twin Cities to surpass these in quality. Our line is composed of the very cream of the mills and is hand-tailored by makers of master clothes—at a reasonable price.

Come in and look them over. We will take your order for delivery at any future date.

Pitsenbarger & Flynn

612 E. Green St.

CLEANING— —PRESSING
—REPAIRING—

"Football has ceased to be recreation; it has become labor."

—Dr. Anderson of Yale.

In which event it were best to keep the fact quiet. It would never do to confuse a football player with a student who was working his way through college.—Puck.

Prof. Fudge—"What do you mean, Mr. Jones, by speaking of Dick Wagner, Ludie Beethoven, Charlie Gounod, and Fred Handel?"

Jones—"Well, you told me to get familiar with the great composers."

—Musical America.

Those Wedding Bells.

Abe—Did you get the Opera Score?

Pandora—Yeah; they were tied in the last minute of the play.—Chaparral.

Treat Your Feet
Like a Friend
and
they will serve
you well.

Comfort Begins With a
Proper Fitting Shoe

Ask to be fit at

The Julian Shoe House

111 W. Main, Urbana

Next to Masonic Temple.

A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS DRAMATIC, MUSICAL and MOVIE, COMING TO

THE BELVOIR

Dramatic and Musical Comedy

(These bookings subject to change and additions)

January 27th (Saturday) Matinee and Night

The Great Shubert Production

"JUST A WOMAN"

February 22 (Thursday)

Comstock and Gest whirlwind Musical Show

"GO TO IT"

with an all-star cast

February 27 (Tuesday)

"THE BLUE PARADISE"

the phenomenal New York and Chicago Musical Musical Success with Robert Pitkin, Helen Eley, John Young and Cecilia Huffman

Feature Pictures

March 5th (One Solid Week)

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

in the marvellous Beauty Spectacle

"THE DAUGHTER OF THE GODS"

With special Augmented Orchestra, effects and operators. The picture that has created a furore from New York to San Francisco and Minneapolis to San Antonio.

January 24th and 25th (Wed. and Thurs.)

MADAM PETROVA

in "Extravagance"

January 26th, (Friday)

MABEL TALIAFERO

in "THE SUNBEAM"

January 29th to 30th. (Mon. and Tues.)

CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "Easy Street"

and an All-comedy Bill.

February 1 and 2. (Friday and Saturday.)

MADAM PETROVA

in "The Black Butterfly."

February 9 and 10. (Friday and Saturday)

ETHEL BARRYMORE

in "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE."

February 13th and 14th. Tuesday and Wednesday.)

MABEL TALIAFERO

in "THE DAWN OF LOVE"

February 16 and 17. (Friday and Saturday)

HAROLD LOCKWOOD and MAY ALLISON in

"PIDGIN ISLAND"

February 20 and 21. (Tuesday and Wednesday.)

"THE WHIRL OF LIFE"

with MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE.

The Typical College Man

THE vaudeville manager will tell you that he is a sleek-haired individual, dressed in an 8-cylinder suit, wearing under his coat a big sweater with a huge letter emblazoned on it, talking a racy, involved slang when he is not smoking a silver-numeraled pipe, stopping every five minutes or so to screech his college yell, walking with an exaggerated swagger.

The city editor of a large newspaper will tell you that he is a damn fool in most cases.

The professor of English will tell you that he is a careless barbarian with neglected intellectual possibilities.

The average writer of fiction will tell you that he is a keen, courageous, modern individual with a love of sport, with a broad streak of humorous appreciation and initiation, possessing an irresistible "way" with the ladies, capable of "getting away" with anything in reason and much that is more or less preposterous.

The man who makes alterations in ready-made suits for the clothing department of the big store in a

A. B. JOHNSON Watchmaker

EXPERT JEWELER AND ENGRAVER
In The Co-Op

college town will tell you that there is no such thing as a typical college man. He presents the most surprising variations in leg, waist, shoulder, hip and arm measurements.

Your cousin, who has been married to one for ten years, will tell you that he is a homely, didactical, good-looking, congenial, capable, awkward, money-making, improvident, lovable sort of a person.

A TINY TALE

"I'm all in," said the burglar, as he wiggled through the window."

"There's something in that," he cried, as he spied the safe.

"It's a hard blow," he remarked, as he reached for his nitroglycerine.

"I feel blue," he exclaimed, as a policeman caught him in his arms.

"I couldn't stay here in a pinch," he said, as they took him to a cell.

"That lets me out," he said, when he found a file in his mince pie.—Harvard Lampoon.

LYRIC THEATRE

Representing Quality Feature Plays

TWO DAYS COMMENCING **THURSDAY, FEB. 1**

AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTOR

E. H. SOUTHERN

AND THE SPLENDID VITAGRAPH ACTRESS

EDITH STOREY

IN MR. SOUTHERN'S GREATEST STAGE SUCCESS

"An Enemy to the King"

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS ON MONDAYS & TUESDAYS

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Features Supreme Every
WEDNESDAY

VITAGRAPH
Deluxe Features
THURSDAYS
and FRIDAYS

WORLD PICTURES
Brady Made Every
SATURDAY

OLD ZOM is selling 'em like hot cakes—his annual Cap Sale always draws—if you hurry you can get one of his best caps, priced as high as \$2, for

75 Cents

ROGER ZOMBRO
Green Street, of course.



Good-By, Dean

WE herewith take the plunge into disfavor. Yes, we are going to be unwise and undiplomatic. We're going to rake up the question of the disposal of the Post-Exam Jubilee money again. The word "Dean" in the title is, in a way, figurative. It is supposed to represent the powers that be.

We'll admit that there seems scarcely any hope, at the present writing, for transferring the receipts of the Jubilee toward a fund for an Illinois Union building. But we feel that our original arguments still hold, and are going to do all that lies in our humble power to advertise the facts and our interpretation of them.

There was an error in our information as to the destination of the money. The money doesn't go to Buenos Aires. It goes somewhere else, for mission work. But that makes no difference. The point is, it does not go for a Union building. The point is, our students need a Union building and they need it right away. The point is, that money is earned by our students here. The point is, charity—if you want to call it that—begins at home.

Two contentions defend the Y. M. C. A.'s stand. One is that the Y. M. saw the money first; it originated the Jubilee, and, as a prominent faculty executive said to the *Siren* over the telephone, our "impertinence in this matter is unheard of". In other words, findings is keepings. Students' welfare be hanged; devil take the idea of an earlier solution of the problem of democracy at this university. The Y. M. C. A. saw the money first; therefore the money is the Y. M. C. A.'s.

The other contention is that the Union's history has been one of inefficiency in the handling of money or one of graft, or of both. Therefore if the Union is entrusted with the Jubilee money there will be little left each year for a building. This is a more serious contention. It is a practical matter.

However, we know of no federal or state law which insists that the Union or any other undergraduate body handle the money. Why not let Supervising Architect White's office handle the money? Why not let the Pan-Hellenic Council or Dean Clark or Harry Darby or a popular election select the committee to handle the details of the job? Why not provide a strict auditing of accounts which will see to it that the money goes intact to Mr. White's office?

Then there is another angle of objection. This is the angle of popular appeal, and it is very effective. Thus: All that our students do is selfish; here is one opportunity to exercise the art of giving, to do something for others without expectation of return; Dartmouth does it, Yale does it, Harvard does it, therefore we should do it.

But listen: Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth have Union Buildings, beautiful ones. They have practically everything along this line—architecturally, anyway—that money can buy. The *Siren* will bet her new pink stockings that these universities send their money to missions because they have nothing else to do with it. In any case, our stand is unaffected. The fact that Yale and Harvard do something does not make it right. Let's not use the precedent system (as the Law Club might say) in thinking about this matter; let's use the actual-fact system.

It really is not selfish for us to want to help ourselves. It is very hard—one might say impossible—for a community to be selfish. Especially in the matter of a necessity, which a Union building surely is. We are not asking for frescoes for the top floor of University Hall or flower pots for the Commerce building. We are asking for something that we must have, that we should have had a long time ago. And, although "I" may well be ashamed of being selfish "We",—and surely in this case,—may well be proud of it.

Another thing: Some of this money goes to the local Y. M. C. A. We believe that even this money should go for a Union building. As another prominent faculty executive, who made an investigation of conditions at the Y. M. C. A. said, "The Y. M. seems to be soliciting money with which to purchase stationary with which to solicit more money." (These are not the exact words, but he put it in that way and that was the meaning he intended.)

So far as we can discover after a serious discussion with a man much involved in Y. M. C. A. affairs, the local branch is only accomplishing one thing. Listen to this, it's funny: The Y. M. has succeeded in creating a cooperation among ministers of various denominations, where before there was bitterness and dissension!

As for its other functions, Snarly Charlie has brought out that the cafeteria pays for itself and the employment bureau is financed by the university. The employment bureau is a good thing, but it would be as good a thing in a Union building.

We do not expect any immediate results from this editorial. The Jubilee money will probably go where it has been going. But if the question we are raising will impress even a few persons so that in several years or even several decades, when the outlook is better, someone does accomplish the mission which we so regretfully relinquish, any sacrifice we now make will have been distinctly worth while.

"We have a big knight ahead of us," said King Arthur to Guinevere as they rode behind Sir Lancelot.

—Columbia Jester.

Remember
Your New Year's
Resolution to look neat in school
and out

For Sale By
National Aniline & Chemical Co.
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The one best way is to send
your clothes where
Hoffman Sanitary Garment Presses
are in use.

LAWYERS ATTACK SIREN EDITORIAL

Criticism Of Dean Ballantine In 'We
Hanker On' Is Object Of Un-
qualified Rebuke.

LAW CLUB DRAWS RESOLUTIONS

Denounces Editorial as "False, Malicious and Scurrilous"—Says Writer Is Ignorant—Pronouncement is Full of Bitter Sarcasm.

That the Siren has made a malicious and unjust criticism of the new law dean, H. W. Ballantine, was the decision reached by the Law Club yesterday afternoon in its special meeting called to discuss the attitude of the Siren on this matter. An article entitled "We Hanker On," published in the last edition of the publication, lamenting the coming of Dean Ballantine, was the source of the club's attacks.

E. H. Poole, president of the club, acting at the instigation of other members, introduced the issue by reading the article which he declared was malicious. After his talk members of the organization voted to draw up a series of resolutions, denouncing the Siren and its editor.

Here Are the Resolutions.

Whereas, the Siren, a self-confessed, humorous magazine of the campus, in its so-called Shocking Number has seen fit to publish an article entitled "We Hanker On," which is utterly false, malicious, and scurrilous; and

Whereas, the Law Club of the University feels deeply this unjust criticism of our college by one who, from his manner of expression, shows very little knowledge of the subject he presumes to attack, and resents the sarcastic language used in this attempt to belittle the worth of the new dean of the College of Law. Therefore, be it

Siren Out of Class.

Resolved, that the Siren should refrain from such pathetic efforts to be serious and should in the future, as it has in the past, confine itself to the perpetration of near naughty stories and articles like the one on "Efficiency" lately published in collaboration with the Saturday Evening Post. And be it further

Resolved, that the writer of the article, who seems to be "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," would do better to smother his brazen, asinine effrontery until he acquires something more than a pen and a smattering of legal terms. And be it further

Resolved, that we hereby consign the Siren and the writer of the aforesaid article to the "Puritan's hell"—the place where everyone must mind his own business.

The Siren's Policy.

Editor Illini:

In past years the issue of another number of the Siren was awaited with eagerness and anticipation. Three or four numbers this year have sufficed to put such a damper on its reception that despite the extravagant claims of its free publicity, each number causes a greater disgust than the preceding. The magazine is no longer funny, it no longer furnishes enjoyment, it has become merely a medium for a radical to express his often misguided views to the public.

"Fools Step In" is the title of a few lines on the editorial page of the last issue. Evidently the writer invites other fools to step in with him—at any rate he attempts a discussion of dramatic criticism, particularly directed at a recent critique of "A Pair of Sixes." He continues in a disgusting manner, to discuss the portrayal by one of the cast of a character in the play. He says he fails to understand the "inaptitude" of the player for the part and proceeds to observe that she is neither hump-backed nor otherwise deformed. Perhaps if he would condescend to use a recognized authority's definition he would find that Webster and others interpret that word as "unsuitable" or "natural unadaptability" for the part, which gives no hint of deformity.

When we remember that scarcely two years ago, this writer was the laughing stock of the campus for his ridiculous assertions about drama, we can scarce consider seriously any comment from him on expressions of criticism in which real, sincere and capable students of the drama concur. The Siren claims that it is impudent, but sensible people recognize behind the outward sham only ignorant insult. The "Fools Step In" article is typical of this year's policy. May we be delivered from any more such policies that must stoop to mauling in an attempt to entertain.

Law Club vs. The Siren.

Editor Illini:

In the October issue of the Siren there appeared an article entitled "Hanker On." This article was of doubtful parentage, but was voted for by the editor of the publication. The Law Club answered with a series of resolutions which were purely childish and flippant, in order they might meet the Siren article on its own footing. But the defense of that article, appearing in the last issue of the Siren, is of such a nature as to deserve more particular consideration.

First, the editorial states that law students are children without normal minds. We admit that we are childish in that we respect those who are superior to us in intellect and despise those who attempt to belittle superiors.

The editorial further states that lawyers were unable to perceive the writer's point. The point was obvious and so plainly was it seen by lawyers and laymen that nobody who reads the article could possibly attribute the meaning that the Siren now attempts to inject into it. The editorial claims to have said nothing against our dean, either as a student, a teacher or a dean—and yet that article was a prayer for information as to whether someone was not chosen who was qualified enough for the position.

The writer says that the article is merely a plea for a so-called scientific method of study as opposed to the study of principles deduced from precedents. What this new method of study may be is a mystery. He further states that his object in publishing the article was to start a discussion as to the relative merits of the case method of instruction and the strange new "scientific" method. He must confess that the purpose was successfully concealed. It looked like an attempt to be humorous, which generated into an outlet for personal spite or envy. It will be pretty hard to palm this sort of stuff off as serious discussion.

The moral the editor drew from this is a gem: "First, know something, then think about it, then talk—and be it like gentlemen." This is a nice statement from a self-confessed adult who claims to crave a serious discussion of educational methods. "Moral" might, if taken apart from its surrounding language, be open to consideration. Coming as it



much the same effect as would
hooting of a forty-two centimeter
from an air rifle.
The whole affair boils down to this:
Siren editor made a mistake in
choice of words and his choice of
Being an intelligent man, as
himself admits, he might admit his
at least to himself, and adopt
revision of his own moral: "Think
if you have knowledge, impart
it to a gentleman; if you have none,
still."

LAW CLUB.

An Inquiry.

Editor Illini.

I am a mature student, old enough
to be immune presumably to the banef-
ful influence of printed vulgarity, but
there are doubtless many younger stu-
dents who, when they see the current
Siren cover and your Scout's com-
ment on it today, are in danger of
taking such vulgarity as the accepted
standard.

I wish to ask your attitude on this
question. Do the Illini and the Siren
assume that such vulgarity and lack
of refinement meet a popular demand
for such stuff, or are your columns
making a co-operative effort to create
such a demand?

If a writer cannot be witty or amus-
ing without being vulgar, he had bet-
ter be just common.

P. G.



The Daily Maroon

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1916.

ILLINOIS SPIRIT.

Under the title of "What We're
Going to Do to You, Illinois," by S.
T. Oil, the University of Illinois "Si-
ren" publishes the following:

("The above is the title which the
Siren suggested to the Daily Maroon
as indicative of an article which some
capable U. of C. journalist could han-
dle for this number. The gentlemen
of the Maroon being too lazy to an-
swer the Siren's letter and too much
afraid of the outcome of the game to
write the article, we take the liberty
of writing it for them.)

"We're going to, enter your city
several thousand strong, U of I.
We're going to arrive cocky and with
a wide slathering of yellow-backs
which we will expect to insure by de-
manding 10 to 1 odds. You, how-
ever, will call our bluff and take up
every Maroon yellow-back within a
radius of 118 1/2 miles.

"Then we will stream into your
west stands and make an awful lot of
noise. The sections will be bloody
with our banners. Our team will
trip gracefully out on the field and
shoot through a lot of picture puzzle
plays

"Your team will then lumber out
in a ludicrous attempt to look like
combinations of gazelles and bulls.
They will fumble the ball every time
in passing it around. We will become
all excited, and every one of us will
take out a note book and make plans
for spending the coin we shall win.

"Then the whistle will blow and
the game will start. Probably you
will kick off, and we shall send one of
our speedy backfield men, full of the
glorious old hate for Illinois, through
half your team up to about your
thirty-yard line. Then we will wake
up.

"We will suddenly discover that
we had not been seeing right, for our
speedy backfield man will have been
thrown with the ball after an ad-
vance of half a yard. And then will
progress a beautiful game, in which
all of the thrills of the last two years'
battles will be re-enacted, plus a
score somewhat similar to what
Minnesota did to Iowa.

"We will leave Illinois field in
daze, borrow two dollars and fifty
cents to go home on, and wake up a
few days later with a dark brown,
zero-ish kind of taste

("The Siren accepts your apology,
Mr. Lardner.")

Perhaps no comment is needed on
this thing. (A good word that—
thing!) But we will say that per-
haps the reason why The Maroon did
not send the article as proposed was
that Chicago is not given to penning
advance notices of the sort herewith

shown: that Chicago spirit is a
spirit above such outbursts; that in
view of the above article and others
of like tone that we have seen, Chi-
cago more than ever realizes that the
wrong sort of spirit tends to produce
such stuff as this; that words like
these only tend to lower the writers
in the estimation of whoever reads
them. We are profoundly sorry for
a crowd of journalists whose rivalry
descends to such a depth as to occa-
sion the above article. It shows a
sorry lack of the right sort of spirit;
a lack of the good-fellowship that we
have always thought pervaded the
University of Illinois. Henceforth
we shall remember—as will others—
that in their supreme egotism and
love of gloating, the "Siren" of Il-
linois has stooped to the unspeakable.

We know our University, we know
its men and women, and are proud to
say that such an outburst as this has
been and will be unknown to Chicago.
It has remained for the proud "Si-
ren" of Illinois to illustrate what is
meant by the "sneering egotist."
And if the score of the game had
been reversed it could have made no
difference. The article remains, in-
dicative of what can happen when a
crowd uses lemon juice in its veins in
preference to good red blood.

THE COLONIAL THEATRE

Presenting

Photoplays of Quality

Music by Miss Myrtle Strickland

COMING:

Wednesday, January 31

"THE LASH OF DESTINY"

Featuring
GERTRUDE McCOY

COMING:

Thursday, February 8

"PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK"

Featuring
BRYANT WASHBURN

Honesty is NOT the Best Policy

PEOPLE who talk about frankness and its virtues give me a pain. I don't believe in being frank unless I have to be. I believe in saying anything I please about a man behind his back and never repeating it to his face unless it gets me something.

Frankness is a branch of honesty, and if there is anything in this world that's been done to death it's honesty. Why, I know of hundreds of men who have been consistently and cleverly dishonest during their lives and who have lived to ripe old ages and who have died happily and in bed. Of course, school teachers and university professors and probation officers are always citing instances of men who, they say, "sooner or later were found out."

Those fellows must have been second rate crooks. They deserved, all of them, to have been found out sooner, not later. Don't be anything—an honest policeman or a crooked men's-furnishing salesman—unless you are good at it. The good crook—ah! He is a fine animal, something for women to adore and men to worship.

German Cop—"You're arrested for saying the emperor is a damn fool."

German Kopf—"Yes, but I mean the Emperor of Russia."

German Cop—"Oh, no, you didn't. There's only one emperor that's a damn fool."—Lampoon.



The Philbrick Gift Shop



Gifts Out of the Ordinary



A Sensible Cigarette delivers COMFORT

If you think of Fatimas as being in a class by themselves, it must be due to one and only one reason—

Fatimas actually deliver a service that no other cigarette can give.

If you are smoking Fatimas you have discovered this. You have found that their delicately balanced Turkish blend is *comfortable*. That is why Fatimas leave you feeling fine and fit even after an unusually long-

smoking day. Surely—a *comfortable* smoke must be a sensible smoke.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



20 for
15¢

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

"Civilization"

the \$1,000,000
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We Maintain Our Own De-
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All the Details



That makes a job thor-
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CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

You

THE man who wins is an average
man—

Not built on any particular plan
Nor blessed with any particular
luck,—

Just steady, and earnest, and full
of pluck.

YOU?

The man who fails is the sort of
chap

Who is always looking around
for a snap—

Who neglects his work to regard
the clock

And who never misses a chance
to knock.

YOU?

Which of these is the kind of
man,—

(The one who says 'can't'; or the
one who says 'Can')

Of whom we'll re-hear in years to
come?—

Surely not he, whose life's aim
is to "BUM!"

There are ways upon ways in which
to succeed—

There are hours which spell

22

"Plenty"—Still more which
bring "Need"—

"Success" or "Failure", will re-
scribe what you've done

On this earth—when you're
dead and life's sands are run.

Marty and Pat have rolled dice most
all day

Though evil for someone foreboded.
Now Pat and his bank-roll are pretty
well shot,

'Cause Pat "didn't know they were
loaded."

—Harvard Lampoon.

If you wish to be treated
white patronize

KANDY'S

All White Barbers

KANDY'S UNIVERSITY SHOP

615 East Green Street

The Failings of the Short Story

THE short story, taken in the aggregate, is a collection of 6,000 words that tell how the hero happened to marry the girl. It seldom mentions the enormous number of girls that the hero kissed prior to the affair in hand, nor does it bear heavily on the overwhelming number of summer evenings during which the girl has sat on the porch and allowed other young men to strain her passionately to their bosoms.

The short story would have us believe that the heroine is having her first fling at love. This state of affairs, however, is manifestly impossible, since Juliet was the last successful heroine to be wooed during her thirteenth year. The chief trouble with the short story is that it fills the reading public with the idea that to be happy, one needs only to be married. This idea is erroneous; for the success of a courtship depends not on the marriage, but on the manner in which the contracting parties readjust their ideas and peculiarities, in order that

—: ATTEND :—

CURRY & TAYLOR'S

Gigantic Removal Sale

Entire Stock of Shoes to be Sacrificed to
the Public.

Main Street, Urbana

SEE SIGNS IN WINDOW

there may not be a wholesale interference of ideas and peculiarities, and a consequent stripping of mental gears and wrecking of hopes.

Every short story should have foot-notes attached, explaining the status quo of the hero and heroine at the end of five years, together with the condensed but honest reason for the unsatisfactory (or satisfactory) results.

—Puck.

Spring—"Why do you look so pained?"

Fever—"I'm lazy."

Spring—"What's that got to do with it?"

Fever—"I'm sitting on my cigarette."—Yale Record.

Richguy—"What's your idea of a Prom. girl?"

Hardup—"Well, she must dislike flowers; be afraid to sleep at all; have a return railroad ticket; and be just too excited to eat."—Record.



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USE THEM
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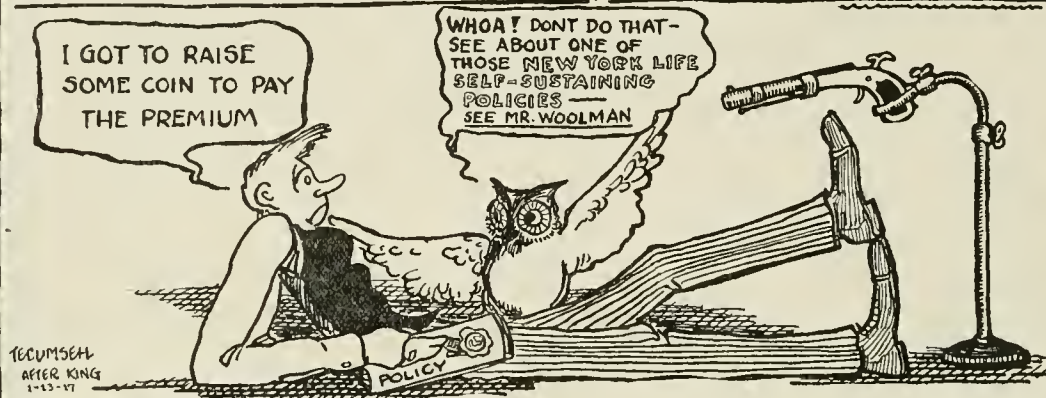
Has the Best Service in the City

1st National Bank

--:

Champaign, Ill.

IT ISN'T THE ORIGINAL COST, -IT'S THE **UPKEEP!**



SEE →

MR. WOOLMAN
612 E. Green St. - Champaign

THE ANIMAL

I TOOK a walk over the fields
It was just before Christmas. . .
It was cold as the last ten minutes of a misspent life!
Suddenly a wasp lit on my hand. . .
I lifted my hand to hit it, when. . .
I remembered it was almost Christmas. . .
I held back my hand, spoke to it in this wise—
“Do you know, little wasp, that since the glad Yule-
Tide is at hand
I feel bursting with the spirit of Christian charity,
and love, and mercy
And all that sort of thing.
And so when I thought I would swat you
I thought of all the glorious coloring of your wings,
and. . .
Spared you.
I remembered all the lithesome lines of your exqui-
site limbs, and
The glosy, iridescent glow of your back, and let you
Live, live, live!!!”. . .
And just then . . .
And just then . . .
THE DAMMED THING BIT ME!!!!

—Princeton Tiger.

Burglar: “What’cha got in dat package?”

Woman Passerby: “A box of cigars for my husband.”

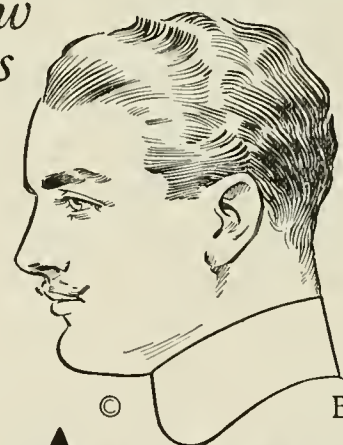
“Keep on walking, lady, sorry I bothered you!”

—Puck.

Lawyer (to witness at a hooze trial)—“Did you take cognizance of the man who sold him the liquor?”

Witness—“I took the same as the rest.”—Awgwan.

*The New
Arrows*



Arrow
form fit
(PAT)
Collars

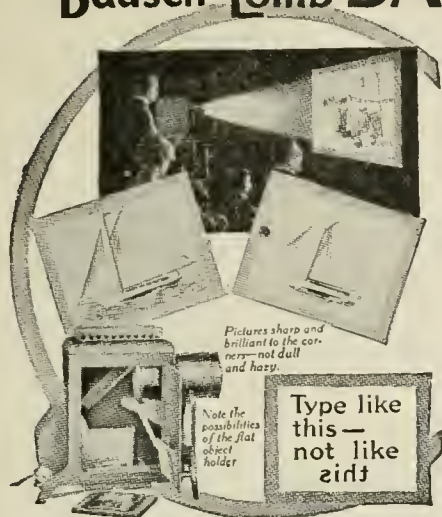
Are cut to fit the neck and shoulders perfectly—
They sit and fit remarkably well and comfortably.

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The BALOPTICON is to the EYE what the Talking Machine is to the EAR.

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For illustrating talks, lectures or sermons.

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Because:—It projects brilliant pictures upon a screen nine feet square from either lantern slides, post cards, photographs, opaque objects, printed matter, etc., in correct position from left to right. Uses special Mazda lamps and can be attached to any lamp socket. Every fraternity and Sorority should own one.

Ask Us for the Booklet "FUN and BETTER"

LOYDE'S
TWO STORES.

VISIT

Gaston's Hair Cutting Parlors FOR YOUR 1917 MODEL

Corner Wright and John Streets.

Y. M. C. A. Building

Well, Now—

NEXT month there'll be the Jubilee
For which we'll spend some coin to see

The talent which the frats and such
Can scrape together. It ain't much
But how we hate to dig down deep,
Although the tickets are quite cheap.

To send that pot to Buenos Aires,
When our folks need it more than theirs.

At last the business men have won;
The thing they asked for has been done.

The profs agreed that it was right
To run the reading room at night.
The studes petitioned for a year

And all the profs refused to hear.
Of course it's open now we know,
But, gosh, those profs were surely slow!

No Freshman Frolic!
Scarcely had it graced the printed page.

No chance to rolick
When the powers of administration rage.

The Council of Administration's rough;

Avoid its scorn.

How pitiful this Freshman Frolic stuff;

It was still-born.

Salesmen, salesmen, ev'rywhere
Selling dope to raise the hair.
Ev'ry single Arcade sport

Buys those tonics by the quart.
According to the salesman's tip
You rub it on the upper lip.
And after you've used up a case
You'll have three eyebrows on your face.

Fond Mother—"Dorothy, if you are
bad you won't go to heaven. Don't
you know that?"

Little Dorothy—"Well, I've been to
the circus and the Chautauqua already.
I can't expect to go everywhere."
—Orange Peel.

"Sam was all to the gasoline the
other night."

"Wha'd'y mean?"

"Tanked."

—Puppet.

HOWARD ROSS, Meat Market

CHOICE

Fresh, Smoked and Salt Meats

106 South Neil Street.

Bell 16. Auto 1116.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

ASK MELTON

HOWARD

STUDIO

THAT'S ALL

Ralston's Purina

Whole Wheat

Kaiser - Wilhelm Rye

Gehrke's Holsum

Always Quality and Service

Gehrke's
Illinois Bakery

The Wisdom of Jim

(As any movie magazine might do it.)

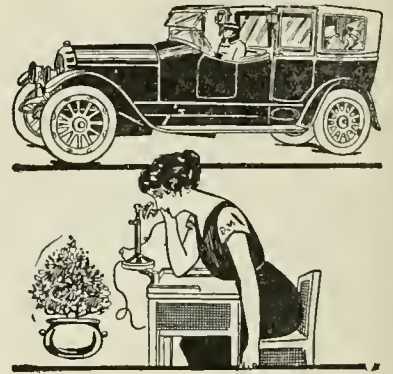
WHEN Jim first met the girl he wed,
Some other chaps were there before him.
But Jimmy's blood was colored red—
A thing like that could never floor him.

Those chaps were richer, far, than Jim,
And to the opera they'd take Dolly.
They'd try to humor every whim—
But Jimmy knew that game was folly.

He'd take her to the movie show—
Than opera she thought 'twas better.
So Jim became her only beau,
(That was the only way to get her).

And since they "movied" every night,
Our hero found it easy sledding.
"The end"—this time you've guessed it right—
Shows Jim and Dolly at their wedding.
—Morrie in Columbia Jester.

Your
Phone
Order



for an auto will be promptly attended to. At the very minute you appoint an up-to-date car will be at your door to be at your service as long as you desire. The cost of our auto livery service is very moderate considering the amount of ground it will enable you to cover in quick time. Our phone number is Bell 39; Auto 1211.

The Chester Transfer Co.

Nothing Else

But Quality

and perfect satisfaction have
given our modern Confectionery a wide distribution
in the Twin Cities

**The White and Gold
Confectionery**

Where students' patronage is appreciated

FOR THE BEST

Malted Milks

IN THE TWIN CITIES

Call at

Vriner's

"Cleanliness and Quick Service"

Our Motto

WORDS WRITTEN IN DESPAIR

Certain saws there seem to be,
That each novelist supposes;
And one of them I cannot see—
That man is mute when he proposes.

Just read a book of any age,
Whatever subject it encloses,
You'll always see that saying sage,
That man is mute when he proposes.

I wish I could an author find,
Who openly this gag opposes;
Someone without this on his mind:
That man is mute when he proposes.

I trust that ye have heard enow;
For man proposes, God disposes;
Woman, too,—hut tell me now,
If man is mute when he proposes

—Yale Record.

Courtesy :- Home Atmosphere :- Service

"Our Motto"

Ostrand's 3d Street Delicatessen

Midnight Lunches a Specialty

Right Off Green Street

"What time is it, Roomy? I'm invited to a swell party tonight and my watch ain't going."

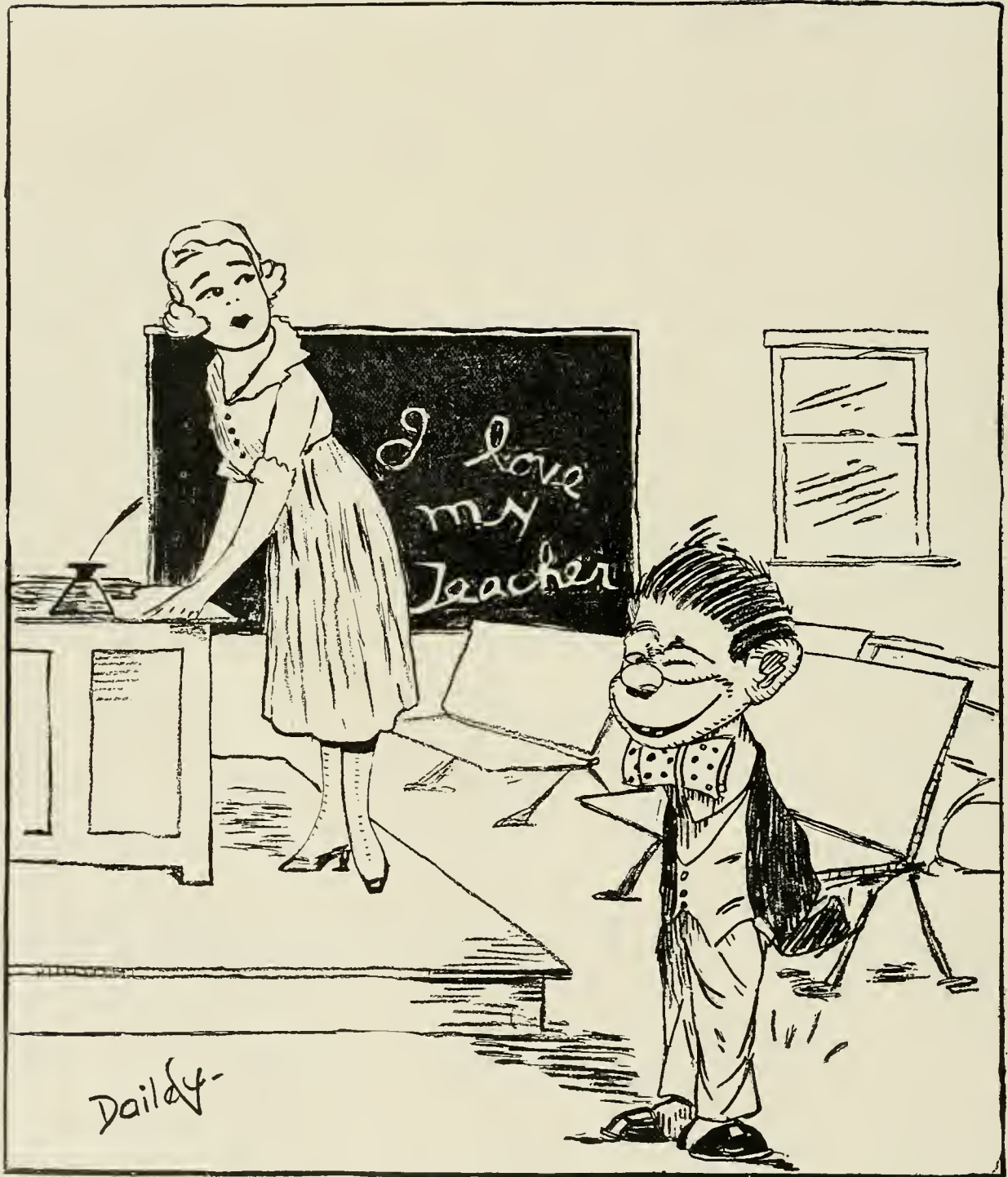
"Wasn't your watch invited?"

"Yeh, but it hasn't the time."—Longhorn.

"What is an echo?"

"An echo? I can't define it."

"An echo is the only thing that cheats a woman out of the last word."



It Pays To Advertise

Teacher—"Did you write that on the board, Danny?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Stay after school."

Judges at the Jubilee

MR. EARL CAVETTE, chairman of the Y. M. C. A. Post-Exam Jubilee Committee, has introduced a new philosophy into under-graduate activities.

He has apparently decided that the "masses" are unfit to decide which of the Jubilee "stunts" are most entertaining.

Therefore, representing the higher taste, the more accurate intelligence, the more judicious sense of humor, he has decided to select judges.

These judges, of course, have a more distinct idea of what is funny, what is interesting, what is magnetic, than fifteen hundred college students.

Hail, Cavette, representative of the classes, aristocrat of culture, oligarch of taste! Hail!

"WHEN a man begins to think intelligently", said Max Eastman in his recent lecture here, "and has the courage to act in accordance with his ideas, he immediately leaves the vast company of the middle class emotionalists and finds himself lonesome in the disreputable group of the hard-headed idealists."

"Also", said Max Eastman: "There are certain bright persons who say of Socialism: 'Even if you do effect an equitable distribution of wealth, in a very short time the strong persons and the clever ones will be on top'. . . . But *that will be a change!*'"

"And", he added, "if then the present political and social system is preserved, you will find that soon the weak and inefficient sons of many of these strong and clever men who have married silly wives will have the power by inheritance."

They must have had some motor cars
In the good old days gone by;
The Bible says Isaiah
Went up to Heaven on high.

—Cornell Widow.



KID HERCULES

Interviews With Great Men

Lafe Whitney

"YOU," buttonholed the *Siren* pest to Lafe. "are said to be growing a mustache!"

"I am", said Lafe, pulling his IM cap over his face with a Bradley Arcade motion. "I am."

"How long has this been going on?" inquired the *Siren* leech.

"Longer than a week", said Lafe, drawing a shoe horn from his back pocket and putting on his overcoat. "Longer than a week!"

"Aw, go on!" shoved the *Siren* affliction with asperity.

There was a pause.

* * * *

"You got to show me!" asserted

the *Siren* disease. There was a silence.

"Nice day?" ventured the *Siren* snooper.

"A perfectly lovely day," replied Lafe promptly. Or, if you wish, replied Lafe Whitney. La, La, we don't care!

"It sure is," repeated the *Siren* . . . (fill in with your own favorite appellation.)

"A wonderful day," repeated Lafe. "Why, you know, I have seen lots of days in my time. In fact, I have had quite a unique experience with days, but a day like this—"

"Have you any evidence to offer on this—er—mustache proposition?" interrupted—well, you know who.



New York Correspondence

BROADWAY theatres are not presenting the usual musical hits to the tired business men this season, either in quantity or quality. There are very few musical plays in New York this season in comparison to other seasons and these few are probably due for short runs and an early death on account of the lack of catchy music. The problem plays are drawing the audience. The movie theatres are turning away eager patrons at every performance. The play writers and stage managers must conceive some new ideas for songs, scenes, steps and specialties before the supposedly tired business man again presents himself at the ticket office of the "girl" theatres.

Nothing new this season. The same faces, same stunts, same girls. The music is not the same—it is not as good. Plots are more absent than usual in

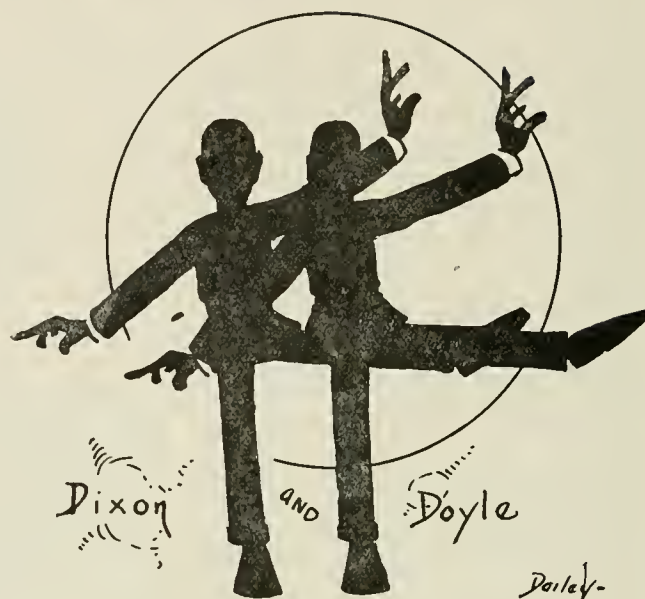


the musical shows. The only difference between vaudeville and the present musical comedies is that the comedies have not as yet found a place for the trained animals.

Miss Springtime at the New Amsterdam theatre is probably the best musical play on Broadway. It has a plot and some real music—but it is the "good" brand of music and not the catchy kind.

The *Show of Wonders* playing at the Winter Garden is poor considering the class of Winter Garden shows we have been accustomed to see. The music, with the exception of "Naughty, Naughty, Naughty", is forgotten the moment you leave the theatre. The cast, with the exception of the Howard Brothers and Kelly, the Virginia judge, ought to be in a stock company. The chorus however pleases the audience, as it lingers on the well-known Winter Garden runway and chats with the occupants of the main floor.

Anna Held has again jumped into the spot light in *Follow Me* at the Casino. The star again, or rather, is still singing a song about her eyes. Anna Held would not be Anna Held unless she sang a song



about her eyes for the same reason that Bert Williams wouldn't be Bert Williams unless he had something about poker in his act.

Shaw's *Getting Married* at the Booth theatre is played by William Faversham and Henrietta Crossman. The way in which they get it over is worth a trip to New York to see.

The Century Girl at the Century theatre is the talk of the east. It is played in one of the biggest theatres in the country. The company is big. The collection of stars is big. The music—there is a lot of it—is not very good. In fact, there isn't a catchy piece in the whole thing.

(Continued on page 32.)





412 North Neil St
345 North Hickory St



"Just my luck—clear out of bird shot!"

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 30.)

Elsie Janis, Sam Bernard, Hazel Dawn, Frank Tinney, Harry Kelly, Leon Errol, Dixon and Doyle, Van and Shenck, and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice are some of the cast. All of them have something to do in this big affair but they don't do anything new, excepting Leon Errol. All the bits are pleasing, however.

Miss Janis forgets her ambition and imitates to her heart's content. Even Will Rogers, the rope king, is imitated by her. Sam Bernard talks and talks and kisses one of the chorus girls very daintily. Frank Tinney is the same as ever with an addition—he tries to play his bag-pipe. Hazel Dawn sings and plays the violin. Dixon and Doyle maintain their reputation as the best dancers in the world. Van and Shenck play and sing. Kelly is just as foolish as ever. Mrs. Maurice and her husband dance—modern dances, of course. Leon Errol is not the same. He doesn't play the part of a drunk any more, much to the sorrow of the audience. He plays the part of an effeminate male lover. He is a better drunk than a lover.

The Big Show at the Hippodrome is all that the

name signifies—it is a big show. The usual pantomime sets are being shown with the addition of Anna Pavlova. Pavlova is the big card and deserves to be. The ice ballet led by Charlotte, the champion woman ice skater of the world, is still a feature.

The Ethics Of Spooning

IS'NT it a peach?

As soon as it hit our mind, we wrote it down. We hereby challenge any and all college publications to produce a more interesting title for an article.

But what are we going to do with it?

Enchanting it surely is—fraught with startling possibilities.

"The Ethics of Spooning"! Every one of us surely has an opinion, a theory, more or less definitely formed, on this topic.

The writer daren't put his own theory down—it's too brazen, almost atrocious.

Here's an idea: a prize for the best answer and—we'll promise to name no names.

The editorial staff (also the business staff) consents, so here goes:

For the best five hundred word article on "The Ethics of Spooning", the *Siren* will give \$5 in cash. All copy in by February 12.

Speaking of Research—

ONCE, not very long ago, there was an instructor in the English department of this University named Thatcher Howland Guild.

Here are a few facts, in outline form, about him:

Author of "Illinois Loyalty".

Capable and distinctly promising playwright.

Frequently referred to as "most brilliant man on the campus".

Coach of Mask and Bauble plays and directly responsible for development of campus dramatics.

T. A. Clark wrote an "8 o'clock" eulogizing him.

Had only a master's degree and had no funds to enable him to study for further "honors".

Was interrupted in a desperate quest for his Ph. D. degree by the illness of his wife.

Was the most inspiring teacher on our campus.

Loved by all.

At the time of his death, he had been on this University's faculty five years.

His salary was \$1,600 a year.

A six weeks' old calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and was viewed in silence for some minutes by the city girl.

"Tell me," said she, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay you to keep a cow as small as that?"

—Harper's.



Library Dates

SHE enters, nods and titters
Then she spies one of the sisters
And she waves.

But to sit with her, 't were tame
She is out for other game,
So she waits.

She finds a prominent place
Puts some powder on her face
She prepares.

Her dips she pulls down flat
She adjusts her purple hat.
Oh! Such snares!

She holds a book up high.
But does it hold her eye?
No indeed!

She sees the man come in.
A flutter; then they grin.
She knew she would succeed.
A feed.
Exuent.

A Frolic and a Book Exchange

THE Student Council is stepping to the front this year. First it was the elimination of shacks, then it was a Thanksgiving barbecue; now it is a book exchange and a freshman frolic.

The shack movement was in the right direction and reflects credit on its progenitors, the Council, the *Illini* and the Union. The barbecue was more pleasant in expectation than in realization, but when one considers what a gigantic task it was and that we had never attempted that sort of thing here before, the somewhat awkward handling of the large crowd can easily be forgiven; we may safely anticipate an enjoyable barbecue next year.

The book exchange idea, which is scarcely past the throes of birth, is, as one might say, a peach. While our campus stores do this sort of thing on a small scale, the requirements of the community are such that a big handling of the situation will fill what you could call, without fear of successful contradiction, a long-felt want.

As to the Freshman Frolic, with our freshmen ruled out from the Prom and the Senior Ball and with the uniforms required at the Military Ball, how can a freshman have a big time without the humiliation of attending the big function of his rival class, the Soph Cotillion? Also the innovation will make freshman class offices sought-after jobs instead of wished-on, as it were, unpleasantnesses.—adv't.

—adv't.

The Coed's Way

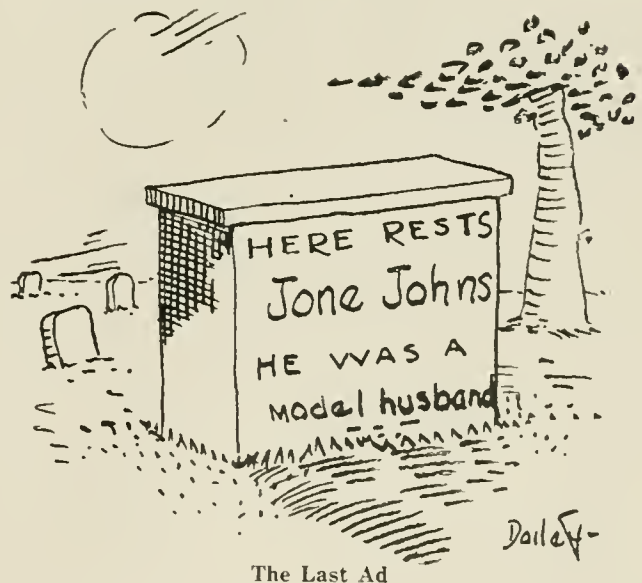
THEY have a way down here at school.
I notice every day at ten
How the girls all rush to sort the stacks
Of mail they get from home-town men.
And the greater the number and the size,
The more it serves to advertise.

They have men friends phone them at lunch
So we can hear, "Yes, you may call."
They stack their desks with photographs,
They tack men's pictures on the wall.
And the greater the number and the size,
The more it serves to advertise.

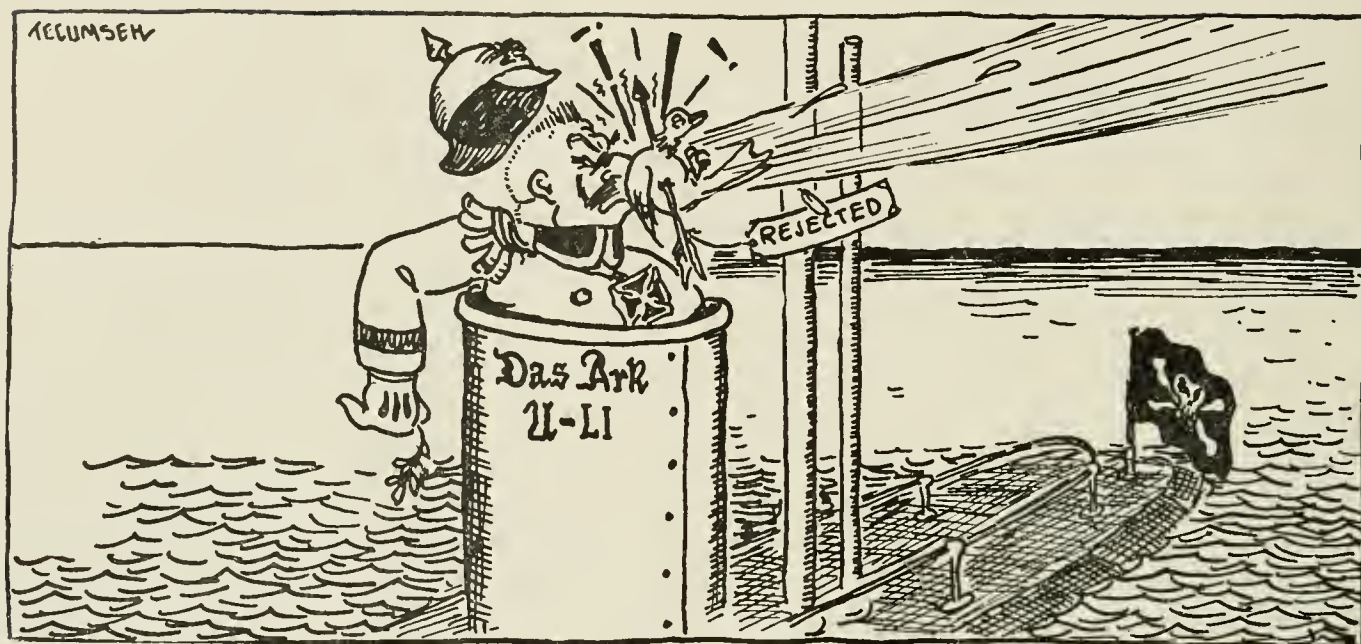
And dance programs they save with care
To paste them in an open book,
Or tack them up with careless art
Upon the wall where all may look.
And the greater the number and the size,
The more it serves to advertise.

When after Christmas, they return,
We all stand 'round to see their things.
They bring out ivory dresser sets,
And books and necklaces and rings.
And the greater the number and the size,
The more it serves to advertise.

And last but not the least of all
Is to know to "what" each man belongs,
To know the pins on every vest,
To know the handshakes and the songs.
For "She's so popular!" is the prize.
And this is the way they advertise.



The Last Ad



THE DOVE'S RETURN

A Ballade of Kings and Princesses

IF you had been a princess three thousand years ago
 As fair as Cleopatra, with the world to tell you so,
 With slaves to play you music and with kings to do you grace:
 The world today could only know the picture of your face.

If you had been a princess, and I had been a king,
 And we had loved each other more than man loves anything,
 Our nights a chain of roses and our days a flight of doves:
 The world today could only know the story of our loves.

For Time hides all princesses in one serene retreat,
 And makes their paramours a dust around his flying feet,
 So that of all their passion and their splendid days of pride
 The world today can only know they lived and loved and died.

ENVOY

*Sweet, take this ballade to your heart and keep it while you live,
 For song has better gifts of life than life itself can give,
 Remembering to spend your store of beauty while you may:
 The world today can only know how fair you are, today.*

C. B. B.



"It Pays To Advertise"

BILL JENKINS started out as an ambitious artist
guy;
He starved, and didn't shave, and wore a flowing
ribbon tie.
The years went by, and then old Bill got so that he
could sling
The paint so well that rich men gave him dough and
everything.
He saved up more; and in an Institute they hung
his junk;
When critics passed around the praise he got the
biggest hunk.
Today he's great: he's famous and he has a million
dollars,
For he's the man who draws the heads above the
_____ * collars.

Sam Brown, a dreamy-eyed and high-browed poet of
a child,
When he was two years old wrote stuff that drove
professors wild.
When he was five they had his works in German,
Spanish, Dutch—
'Twas said that the next to him Lord Byron didn't
count for much.
And then as a reward to the creations from his pate,
The Kink of England slipped to him the Poet
Laureate—
But now for glory or for kale he need not give two
whoops,
For he has got the job of writing verse for _____ *
soups.

When Emil Buffnik first observed his cradle's mas-
sive heights,
It took him just one minute to secure the copy- rights
On improvements which would make that cradle
wondrous to behold—
He wrote nine engineering works when he was ten
years old.
When he was twenty-seven he invented a machine
Which did perpetual motion—he sure had a nifty
bean.
Today the greatest limelight of all science on him
shines
For he's the gook who made the _____ * beer
electric signs.

*So freshman, just forget the yearning genius in your
soul.
You see, there's only one way Fortune's favor to
cajole:
Read all the publications—to all displays get wise—
Then you will be immortal, for it pays to advertise!*

*Advertising rates upon application to business manager.



Joke to Come

HALF a dozen girls like this,
Half a dozen men,
Come into our offices
Every month, and then
We rack our brains to find a joke
That they may illustrate,—
But with exams so near we ask,
That 'till next month you wait.

Peace

SING me a song of peace,
Weary am I;
Tired my soul wings cease
Trying to fly.

Glory and lust for fame
Fade with the day;
Sorrow that comes of pain
Dies as youth's May.

Dreams, what I meant to do,
Ghostlike depart;
All that I want is you,
Heart of my heart.

Voice I have loved so long
Cheering me on,
Sing me an even song—
Twilight is gone.

Brightly the evening star
Gleams from God's deep;
Church bells chime faint afar—
Sing me to sleep.

How About Your Ledgers?

SPECIAL business conditions may require special Ledgers for your office. Ordinary "stock" (already printed) Ledgers will not take care of your need.

¶ Here is where Louden & Flaningam can be of service to you. For years they have specialized on Ledgers and other printed blank books. Special rulings are a hobby with them. Why not discuss your needs with men who can advise you expertly?

LOUDEN & FLANINGAM

Printers and Binders

114-116 Walnut St., Champaign, Ill.

Real Letters from a Girl to a Student

V.

Hon:—

It is lonesome home without you, but I *must not* be selfish. I say it with tears in my eyes, "I want you to go to school" but instead my heart is craving for you to come home so we can be everything in the world to each other again. I know I shouldn't feel this way as I want you to do what you have planned and I would do anything to help you but its only natural to want you.

John calls me up every night but I've broken so many dates with him. I feel sorry for him and for that girl you have also got a little hankering for, Myrtle. I wonder if we couldn't fix it up for them as—

you love me
John loves me
Myrtle loves you
I love you

Therefore, if you and I are one, Things = to the same thing, etc. Myrtle loves John. Could such

a proposition be figured out. Yes? No?

Here I am telling you all my troubles but mother is really quite serious. She has had three bad hemorrhidges from her head. Doctor Rupert said today that she must do nothing to exert herself unduly. He said she was liable to go quick with apoplexy as her blood pressure is way up above normal. She doesn't think anything about it, but yet I don't know.

Today she said I wish that you would settle down and be married and I would know you were happy and cared for if anything should take me away. I tried to keep in but I cried and cried. Oh! I can't write anymore about it.

Well, I must get dressed for the club party tonight. Write me dear all you can for I'm just *way* down-hearted and I need you to comfort me and care.

Be a good boy.

Lots of Love,
EVE.

P. S.—It seems as if I love you more now than I ever did before but I just want you to love me so much I can hardly stand it. Do you ever want Eve that way? *Ans.*

The Beardsley

A Reliable Hotel for Meals and Banquets

C. B. HATCH, President

Bradley

KNIT WEAR

"Cum Laude" Sweaters

Funny how ubiquitous a sweater is. From matriculation to graduation its uses are multitudinous. its paths devious. And how nomadic, too. The athlete's luxurious shaker, proudly alphabeted, migrates from "stude" to co-ed, from frat house to girl's dorm. If it's a Bradley, it abides there. Ask for them at the best shops. Write for the Bradley Style Booklet.

BRADLEY KNITTING CO., Delavan, Wis.



ad. Bldg.
reborn

*It's gettin' old my easy chair—it shorely has seen better days—
But, like some old time boyhood chum, it's sorter learned to know my ways;
No other chair seems half so soft—to hold such welcome arms widespread,
An' use has hollowed out a place just whar a fellow rests his head.*

*Old things, old friends are ever best—a pipe that's reached its seasoned prime—
Tobacco that has mellowed out beneath the golden touch of time.
I hope, Friend Reader, that you, too, have three such trusty pals somewhere—
Age-mellowed Velvet close to hand, a seasoned pipe, an easy chair.*

Velvet Joe.

Nature-Ageing of Tobacco Should Need Little Recommendation.

Experienced pipe smokers know that ageing alone can bring out a pipe tobacco's last bit of taste, flavor, fragrance, mildness and mellowness. Smokers of less experience need only try Velvet to convince themselves of that fact.

The very basis of Velvet's manufacture is two years' natural ageing of the choicest Kentucky Burley tobacco that experience can select or that money can buy.

Open your first tin of Velvet today, and today will mark the realization of all the enjoyment your pipe *can* give

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins

5c Metal-lined Bags

One Pound Glass Humidors
With New Ash Tray Top





SOMEBODY'S HOME TOWN!

Our Mr. Raymond Zollo

will stop at the Hotel Beardsley, Champaign,

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday

March 7-8-9-10;

fully equipped to exhibit to you the exceptional

merits of this store's new spring suits and

overcoats for young men—including raincoats,

"Trench coats", full dress

and tuxedo suits, fancy and full dress

vests, and neckwear. The styles are

novel, with distinctive lines;

the values excellent.

You will find it greatly to your advantage

to inspect this up-to-date apparel.

Mandel Brothers, Chicago.



Doesn't every man enjoy the dance more when his suit fits him and the occasion; when his shoes are stylish and comfortable?



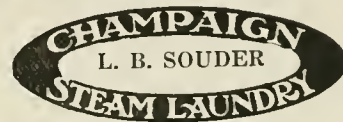
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CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

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THAT MEANS THE BREAD IS GOOD!

5000 LOAVES
Made Every Day

Must Be Good
ILLINOIS BAKERY

Both Phones

"CHORUS CHOIR OF 500 VOICES AT THE TABERNACLE."

JUST NOW! WATCH SALE of 20-year,
gold filled, open face, thin model, 12
size, with full jeweled Nickle "Elgins" **\$12.75**
that are warranted perfect time-keepers—a regular \$18 value for . .

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CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

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**THEATRE
BEAUTIFUL**

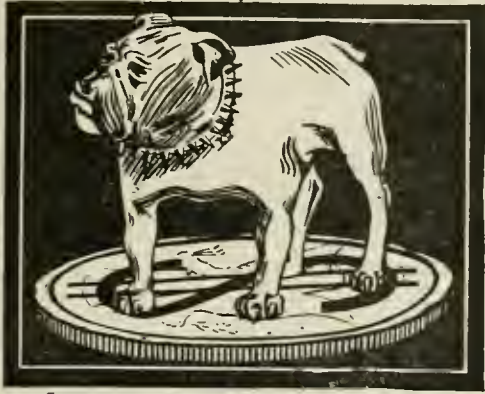
House of Class



The
Park Theatre
was built
for people who
know
the difference.

Use Our SAVINGS Department!

P
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S
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DEPOSIT WITH

First University Bank

Watch that *Real* University Check
USE IT!



She: "What d'ye know?"

He: "Everything. What do you want to know?"

She: "Oh, nothing."

He: "Well, I know more about that than anything else."

No Shock Absorber!



You wouldn't ride in a motor car without shock absorbers.

You wouldn't sleep in a bed without springs.

You wouldn't play football with a hard stone for a ball.

Then why do you wear *leather heels*?

O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber are *individual shock absorbers*.



They put springs in your walk. They eliminate the jar your spine suffers when you bring your hard leather heels down on hard pavements. Get a pair of these little absorbers *now*.



When you buy your new shoes, buy them O'Sullivanized. Up-to-date shoe dealers now sell latest style shoes with O'Sullivan's Heels already attached.

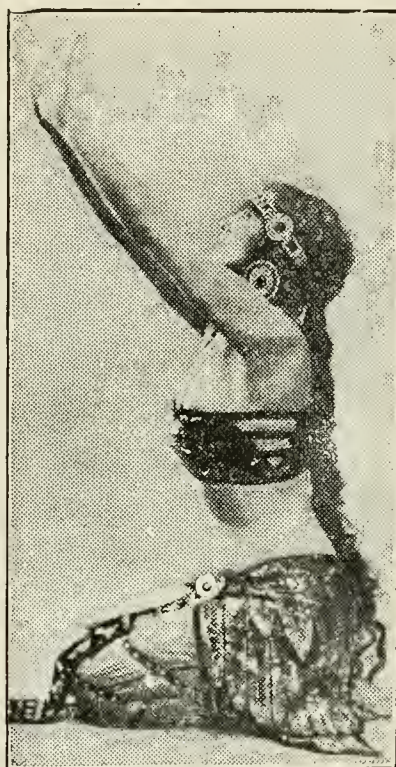
Insist on O'Sullivanized shoes; the *new live* rubber heels give the greatest wear with the greatest resiliency.

In black, white or tan; for men, women and children; 50c attached.



Copyright, 1916, O'S. R. Co.

"SOME PEOPLE READ ALL ABOUT JESUS AND WRITE LONG ARTICLES CONCERNING HIM, AND THEN GO OUT AND LIVE LIKE THE DEVIL. THEY NEVER HAVE KNOWN HIM."—RADER.



Annette Kellermann's Invocation to the Sun In William Fox's Million Dollar Picture Beautiful, "A Daughter of the Gods."

Theatre Belvoir

WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS

"A Daughter of the Gods"

WITH

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

"The Picture Beautiful"

March 5, 6 and 7 Twice Daily
2:15 and 8:15 P. M.

Laundry

Try

"THE MODEL WAY"

Call the White Wagon
On Tuesdays & Fridays

Model Laundry
Company

J. P. Smallwood, Agent
Bell 3033
1203 S. Busey

The Military Ball

A peculiar thing was this Military Ball—unique in aspect and significant in nature.

With every student present stiff and most of them uncomfortable in khaki suits and leggings, still there was a dignity, a solemnity, a larger meaning representative of the place military training has in the life of our nation—and particularly at this time—which was inspiring.

Let us hope that the most portentous thing about the Military Ball was its unique aspect—the wholesale vision of uniforms—and not its significance—that of grand, inspired, but grim war.

Willis—"These artists draw big money. It has been figured that some of them get as high as \$5.00 for a brush stroke."

Gillis—"Indeed? Why, that's almost as good a scale as a Pullman porter's."—Judge.

He—"If you refuse me I'll blow my brains out."

She—"H'm, you certainly flatter yourself."—Froth.

Treat Your Feet
Like a Friend
and
they will serve
you well.

Comfort Begins With a
Proper Fitting Shoe

Ask to be fit at

The Julian Shoe House

111 W. Main, Urbana
Next to Masonic Temple.

BAKERS! The Best Buttered Pop Corn
and Roasted Peanuts, **Cor. Main and Walnut Sts.**

Student—"What are your terms for students?"
Landlady—"Dead beats and bums."
—Brunonian.

IF YOU WISH TO BE TREATED WHITE
PATRONIZE

KANDY'S

All
White
Barbers.

Kandy's University Shop

615 East
Green
St.

How Our Profs Sound To Us

Weirick in Advanced Composition

TO begin with, all American magazines are disgustingly mediocre—except Harper's, and that is published simultaneously in England and in the United States.

The trouble with American magazines is that they haven't as much punch as the English publications. Take *Blackwood's*, for instance. It is bitter and biting—and what is more supremely wonderful than a bitter and biting magazine? Nobody understands it; everybody resents it; it is intensely futile and richly insignificant—what American magazine can be like this?

Now, speaking of politics, there is only one political arena which should be of concern to any intelligent person. Of course, few of you are intelligent, but I'm paid for doing this, and besides, it amuses me, so, to continue—that is the English political arena.

The House of Commons and Balfour-Ker represent the individualist laboring classes, while the Irish Home Rule and Pall Mall stand for the Northamptonshire revolutionists.

Hence, with the *Monthly Dusty Review* on the one side and the *Annual Musty Register* on the other we have a battle of satire and bitterness which should enthral any conscientious puzzle editor.

Next Monday we will discuss the uselessness of democracy.

"You owe me fifty dollars."

"I don't."

"Yes you do. You just want to beat me out of it."

"Don't accuse me of being a beat. I've got religion."

"If you have, it's in your wife's name."

—Purple Cow.

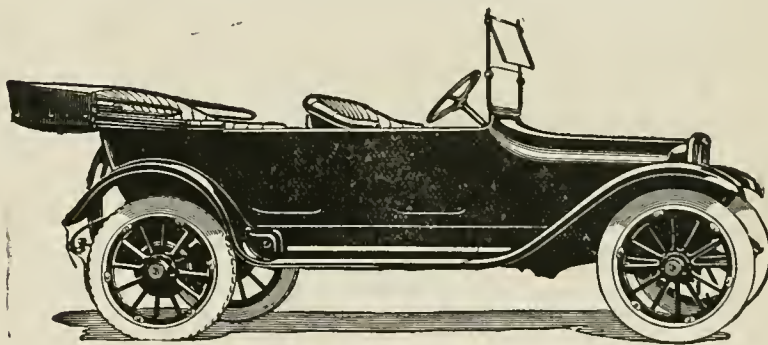
DODGE BROTHERS

MOTOR CAR

WHAT owners are thinking and saying the country over, constitutes a higher endorsement of the car than anything we might say about it.

The economy of the car, its quality, the remarkable things it does when called upon, are comments you hear wherever the car is discussed.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low.
The tire mileage is unusually high.



The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete
is \$785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

J. M. BILDERBACK

DEALER

Auto 1702
Bell 3007

338-340 Hickory Street

"THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO WANT TO MAKE JESUS SO LITTLE THAT THEY CANNOT WALK UPRIGHTLY. THEY WANT JESUS TO LIVE IN A DUGOUT."—RADER.

Do Research Work in Zom's New Hats

THEY'RE here—a spick-and-span new assortment light-weights, with the new style wrinkles. Don't let March find you in the old lid.

\$2.50 to \$3.50

Roger Zombro
Green Street, of course

Clothes of Quality

is what every man wants. We are agents for America's three representative tailors

J. W. LOSSE CO., of St. Louis, Mo.

ROYAL TAILORS, of Chicago.

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We are prepared to give you the very best grade of woolens and trimmings together with strictly hand tailoring at

\$18.00 to \$35.00

Order That Easter Suit Early.

Pitsenbarger & Flynn
62 E. GREEN STREET

"Jack, you've been making love to some other girl!"

"How do you know?"

"Because you've improved so!"—Punch Board.

NICE DOGGY!

Aren't you afraid of the ocean wild?

Asked the bather by her side,

"Oh, no," she answered, "don't you see,
I know the ocean's tide."—Tiger.

The Philbrick Gift Shop



Champaign, Ill.

Gifts Out of the Ordinary

DEEP PHILOSOPHY.

Bystander—"I suppose you would like to take a ride without worrying about tires and the like?"

Motorist (fixing a puncture)—"You bet I would."

Bystander—"Well, here's a car ticket."—Chaparral.

She—"We must have waited for mother fifteen minutes. Let's go to my house."

He—"Hours, you mean."

She—"Our house? Oh, you dear."—Brunonian.

WE ESPECIALLY COURT THE PATRONAGE of critical players. These rooms mean nothing to us unless tables, cues, all equipment, the company found here, and the general atmosphere pass muster with those who demand the very best.



Arcade Billiard Parlors

DEWEY NEWMAN, Prop'r.

Bradley Arcade,

Champaign, Ill.



“Collared at Last” Slip Grip

(PATENTED)

A PINLESS, BUTTONLESS SOFT COLLAR HOLDER



No pins, no buttons. It slips and grips. Stays where put. On and off in a jiffy.

The ordinary button or pin type of fastener has been the bane of the soft collar wearer.

Permanently guaranteed against wear and breakage.

The first really convenient, effective and neat fastener for the soft collars.

Slip Grips will be the boon. Just slip it on and it holds the collar ends together and keeps the collar up-standing.

If you cannot get Slip Grips at your near by dealer, order direct.

14-K Gold, each.....\$5.00

10-K Gold, each.....\$3.50

Best quality Gold Filled, each.....50c

EISENSTADT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Manufacturing Jewelers, Saint Louis, Missouri

College Spirit Reversed



SLIM PUPKIN the eldest male offspring of the town grocer. Ezra Pupkin, wanted to go to college. The family coffer which was the grocery store's cigar box, back of the flour barrel, did not hold enough legal tenders to allow

him to leave home for the purpose of writing a letter back once a week. Slim wouldn't go unless the grocery store furnished the finance.

“A fellow can't be a regular college chap like you read about if he has to work his way through, you know”, he told the circle around the kitchen stove.

Slim kept begging and begged so hard that his dad decided to sell

seven of his eggs—seven of dad's hen's eggs—to assure the boy his future.

Slim left for college three days later, after hearing the advice of his father, the weeping of his mother and the tooting of the train.

Chapter II.

Slim arrived O. K.—as is said in telegrams. Slim knew he looked like the rest of the boys that got off the train because nobody tried to sell him a gold brick, so he went a little further and bought himself a package of cork-tipped cigarettes. He paid a dollar for them. He didn't want to show himself up by waiting for the change or asking the price of the things. He felt that he had been cheated and knew it when he tried to light up. The cork on the end wouldn't catch fire. He spent the rest of the week spending his time.

He took a bath Saturday night and then wrote home.

Chapter III.

Slim arrived in his old town and

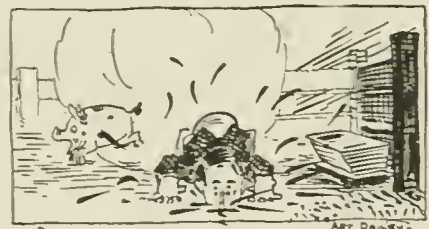
was met at the station by his dad. Slim's college career lasted eight days.

“Son”, greeted the old man, “we got your letter and mother and me decided that you could do just as well down here on the farm as you've been doin' up there.”

The old man wiped his nose with the brim of his hat, took a bite out of the contents of his left hip pocket, swig out of the contents of his right hip pocket and continued:

“I had the hog pen enlarged—hope you'll find it homelike.”

Slim had written home that he was rooting for the college team.





WHEN SELF-STARTERS WORE BOOTS

Richmond Straight Cut Cigarettes were already known, even in those early days, as "that fine old Virginia cigarette."

"Horseless Carriages" have given way to "Gliding Palaces" but your Grandfather would tell you that it would be almost a sacrilege to

try to improve good old Richmond Straight Cuts.

Subtle in richness and delicate in aroma—their "bright" Virginia tobacco has an appealing, old-time taste which has never been equalled in any other cigarette. If you've never tried them—try them now.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT

Cigarettes

PLAIN OR CORK TIP—15 CENTS

Also packed in attractive tins, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. Sent prepaid if your dealer cannot supply you.

Allen & Ginter RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSORS.

PREFERRED BY GENTLEMEN NOW AS THEN





A Home Town Song—With Interruptions

MY heart is a fiddle; my soul is a bow;
My mind's full of music that's aching to flow
And to fill all the world with the fragrantest tunes
And to thrill with the secrets of summers and moons,—
But the notes—home town notes—that I'm groping to find
Have been written before by a far finer mind. . . .

*"Home-folks!—Well, that-air name, to me
Sounds jis' the same as poetry—
That is, ef poetry is jis'
As sweet as I've hearn tell it is!"*

I lie back and dream, with my heart full of joy,
Of the sunshiny home-days when I was a boy;
But the lilts and the colors that swarm through my dream
Are Riley's—he caught them and brought them, a gleam:

*"Tell you what I like the best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine,—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!" . . .*

*"Oh! the Circus-Day Parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!"*

When I want to put the longing and the glory and the love
Of my small home in my small town into a few words of
The kind that college boys and girls would like if they should see,
I'm helpless, lost already in his magic minstrelsy.

*" 'Do They Miss Me At Home?' Sing it lower—
And softer—and sweet as the breeze
That powdered our path with the snowy
White bloom of the old locus'-trees!
Let the whippertails he'p you to sing it,
And the echoes 'way over the hill,
Tel the moon boolges out, in a chorus
Of stars, and our voices is still."*

He adored the glow of living—the radiance of the home,
And the homeliness that haloed every town through which he'd roam—
He revelled in this worship and his loving thoughts he made
Into clinging, singing melodies of words that played and swayed
Into pictures so ineffable that they just drenched their way
Into your heart and mine—and wrote my prologue song today!



THE SIREN

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For Men Only

WELL, how did you ever get here?

Accident? Curiosity? Looking for a fallacy for your logic course?

Wonder of wonders! In spite of the many short articles and the several jokes and the various pictures in this magazine, you managed to find your way to this musty, dusty editorial page.

Now that you are here, what do you expect? To be pleased? To be flattered? To be stimulated?

Disappointment of disappointments! None of these will happen to you. You are going to be insulted.

Listen: Do you realize that the chances are nine to one that you are naturally depraved, or, to say

it most mildly, that you are a weak character?

Either that or the whole system of running undergraduate affairs at this university is fundamentally wrong.

For it is a fact—as nearly a fact as anything which is generally admitted by faculty men and students can be—that nine out of ten undergraduate politicians are grafters. Reasoning from this fact, and assuming that undergraduates in politics are fairly representative students, one must conclude that nine out of ten students would be grafters if they were involved in undergraduate politics.

Assuming that, in general, a person who comes from a decent home and who grafts is a weak character, the chances are nine to one that you

are either sagging badly in your moral make-up or entirely soft.

This must be so, unless you are willing to say that the whole system of running undergraduate affairs here, a system which has developed together with this great and wonderful university, is wrong.

This must be so, unless you are willing to believe that this very day the members of our esteemed political science department or our student leaders with a social sense should consider it a duty to analyse and suggest basic reorganization of the methods of undergraduate government.

What do you think about it, unfortunate wanderer into the editorial page?

How's Your Absorber Today?

FOR no reason at all, the Judges-at-the-Jubilee matter is here brought up again. Manager Cavette's theory explaining his preference of five judges to the vote of an entire audience is interesting if not fascinating.

The idea is that the five judges, being placed in carefully selected spots in the Auditorium, will absorb the general trend of opinion and thus give decisions reflecting the spirit of the whole audience.

Of course, this thing is clear. The judge, sitting in a given place, will accurately absorb to whom the five hundred persons in his immediate vicinity would give first, second and third organization cups and to whom they would give the first individual cup. These judges are, supposedly, persons of no personal beliefs or prejudices. They are persons who will be ruled only by this vividly perceptible and detailledly outlined opinion of the audience.

Cavette's objection to the plan of letting the audience vote is that there is danger of a stuffed ballot box.

Evidently he trusted more in his ability to select five highly-sensitized absorptive judges than in his ability to select two honest men to count ballots.

A Literary Atmosphere

HALLELUJAH! Those who have been mourning the flightiness of our L. A. and S. students, the gawkiness of our Ag. students, the depravity of our engineering students and the sordidness of our Commerce students may now hie themselves to the nearest caravansery and with the true cultural *eclat* may hoist a potation to the goddess of—well, whoever the goddess of convivial high-browism is.

For—and we trust that the surprisingly large personell of the initiate will forgive the shortness and snappiness of these paragraphs—we have an imposing array of potential *literati* in our midst.

Witness the contributions to the *Illinois* short story and poetry prize contest—twenty-two stories and five poems. And every one of those writers is truly of the temperament; every one knows that she (or he) will be great some day;

every one is willing to discuss her (or his) possibilities and writings at any and all times with any and everybody.

We are progressing. Let Harvard and Columbia hire a watchman for their laurels.

Is anyone ready to introduce an agitation for a genuinely Bohemian coterie? The *Siren* stands pledged to foster it and protect it with her life if necessary.

Window Screens

THE window screen before my eyes
Blurs the sky.
I cannot see the blue or white, clearly,—
It is checkered into dull gray.
Outside, the heavens would stretch, undistorted, above me.

A woman lived.
All her life, she cooked, and sewed, and swept, and dusted chairs.
She never read more than the "Rhoadsville Chronicle" and her
Sunday School Quarterly on Saturday nights.
She never saw a sunset, red with inflamed meltingness,
But that she said, "It looks like rain", and went on tatting.

She never knew men, or women.
All of them were saints or sinners to her.
She saw no other types.
She never understood why girls went wrong, or boys left home and bummed their way to Chicago on stock-freights.
They were all damned to her,—
Although she never could have even thought that word,—
And she said, "There is no excuse for them. None of my folks ever went that way."

But she belonged to the Home Missionary Society,
And filled her mite-box, yearly.
She had a vague knowledge of the people her pennies helped,—
"The Marchmont Home", you know, and all that.
Yes, she was a good woman.
When she died, they wept.
And said, "Her well-spent life is over. Now she rests."
Well,
Her intellect had rested while she lived.
Upon her tombstone
(A large, granite obelisk with a pigeon carved among ponderous roses).
They engraved the words,
"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD"—

She lived behind a window screen.
She could not see the blue or white, clearly.
It was all checkered into dull gray.
Outside—there was grass;
Iris swayed; a meadow-lark, unseen,
Sang of life, and love, and mirth, while the heavens stretched undistorted above it.



"Oh, Doc, I've swallowed rat poison by mistake. Quick!
What shall I take?"
"How about life insurance?"



ONE DAMN THING AFTER ANOTHER

A Home Town Anthology

I AM A. B. Paddock, the village drayman.
 For nineteen years I have met every train except
 The evening of May 14, 1902, when Clara Belle,
 My youngest daughter, married Tom Davis,
 The tinner. I don't gamble much nor drink
 But somehow
 Things don't seem to come my way.
 My wife
 Is godfearing and content.
 I have given up.
 "I'll take care of your baggage", I always say
 When Ray Morse comes home,
 "And it won't cost you a cent."
 I owe his father money.

P. L. SMITH is my name, and everyone calls
 me
 P. L. Formerly I was a school teacher.
 Now I am the milkman and philosopher of Homeburg.
 But I am wizened of figure, and hazy of eye,
 And my heart is shriveled because folks don't
 Appreciate me. I have been married twice.
 Small wonder that I am narrow minded.
 I live on argument. Food costs money.
 I can quote untrue passages from famous authorities
 Without winking an eye, until it is way past time
 For my son, by my second wife, to milk the cows.
 My health is poor, so I can't work much. I am
 Anxious to have a discussion with Ray Morse.
 College never saw me. I, I am self educated.
 My wife never disagrees with me any more.
 Home doesn't interest me. My first wife
 Used to argue with me. She is dead now.
 I am a Baptist.

I AM only the Town Pump.
 But for years and years
 The good people of Homeburg came to me
 And I brought to their buckets from
 The cool depths below
 A sparkling nectar, fit for any god.
 Mischievous urchin and feeble patriarch
 Slaked their parched throats by me
 Careless of unknown germs which might abide
 In the tin-cup, now rusty, on its chain.
 I have seen Romance. As people pass me
 I remember how once I was a trysting place—
 A pleasant word, or an abashed cordiality,
 A smile beneath the ruffle of a sunbonnet
 While Youth pumped water smilingly for Maid.
 Betrothals date from me. But then
 Came Engineers and Syphon Pipes, and Bonds,
 And now I am a relic of the Past Romance,
 Unnoticed, yet revered.

GAZE now on Mournful John, and hear him laugh.
 If Homeburg has a village drunk, I'm he;
 A circus for the urchins and the wise,
 A sermon for the gossips and the snob.
 A wealth in sparkling wines and rot-gut gin
 Has kept my scalpel tongue forever oiled,
 Lending rich data to the village lore
 And saws a sober man could not conceive.
 I might have journeyed far from Homeburg town
 But here, a so-called weakling, I can claim
 A function in the village social scheme.
 I have a role to play. I play it well.
 None lose because I am the village stew.
 Good folk may smile at me and say aside,
 "How fortunate that he is free from kin,"

As I have often said myself and smiled,
How many cups I've held aloft and said
My wife, poor thing, too bad she never was.
Toasts to my love, as though there'd been a one.
I seek not solace in the bottom of my glass
Nor is there anything I would forget.
Men envy me because I have no care
For what folks say or think or do or wish.
I neither heed their pity or their smiles,
And many a man might gladly be like me.
It matters naught if I am table talk
Or text. I am the Homeburg Toby, let me be.
I have a reputation to maintain; let's drink
To my career, as laughing Mournful John,
The village drunkard.

WOULD I be known were my right ear without
A pen as Albert Wallace, bank clerk, nothing
more.

For twenty years next August I have been
Daily astride my stool behind by desk,
Keeping the balances of Homeburg's bank.
The goal of my ambition has been reached.
I'm but a clerk, but that is all I want
For I'm a good one, honest, straight and true.
Why should I care for wealth. It means to me
Only long lines of digits, nothing else.

Revivalist Rader at the Radical Table

MR. "BROWNING" of the department of journalism is not the only outsider to have sat through the ordeal of a meal at the famous faculty radical table in the Y. M. C. A. cafeteria. Rev. Rader, who is now skinning sinners and boosting celestial stock (dividends guaranteed) in the tabernacle, happened to stroll into the basement of the Y. M. for a meal the other day and was attracted by the intelligent appearance of four or five gentlemen sitting at a table together and conversing eagerly. One was a short thin man with the appearance of a dean, another was very important looking and impressive as though he might be chairman of the Board of Trustees, a third was stocky and bald and he puffed up like a pouter pigeon when he spoke, the fourth had white hair and no doctor's degree and taught a class or something like that in the Y. M. C. A. The fifth was tall and angular and a violent pro-German though he apparently belonged to the English department.

Rev. Rader approached the table. "God bless you, my friends," he began.

My pittance keeps the soul and body one,
I fear my God and he will see me through.
My wife and I are childless. Sabbath day
I teach a class of youngsters.
My mind has left my work, so go away
I must go back to my ledgers.
Back to my high stool and my work desk where
My figure has been molded so that now
I walk half-crouched. For twenty years I've been
A bank clerk.

IF I were vain by weight I would reduce.
I'm Edith Burrill, Homeburg's oldest maid.
Men I have scorned and now my life I've given
To keeping house for Leon Burrill, my brother.
I've read the best in everything, I think,
But even so I still retain my creed.
I used to ask Ray Morse, when he came home,
If he were active in the college Y. M. C. A.,
But now his mother tells me that his work
In chemistry and literature and Greek
Has made of him a skeptic. What a shame.
Oh, have you heard the awful news that's out
About the depot agent stealing from the fund.
Oh it's disgraceful, and another thing,
I hear that Boones keep beer right in their home.
What is the world coming to?

"Are you a radical?" they asked in chorus. The Rev. thought he was a radical revivalist who got after the old conservative sinners, so he was told to sit down.

"What do you think of the Illini?" he was asked. "Pretty soft rag," he said. "Good!" they shouted unanimously, "Let's give him half a unit for research on that".



Tommy: "Aw-aw-Aw Reservoir, Frenchy."

Poilu: "Aw-aw-tanks, Tommy."

"Which is more ladylike, the *Siren* or the *Ladies Home Journal*? Come on now, don't say you never see either. All radicals read the *Siren*. It seems the candidate is trying to crawl. He ought to get up from his knees and talk straight from the shoulder."

"Would you for \$1,000 use your Bible for cigarette papers?" "Certainly not." "Would you for \$10,000,000? Don't you think every minister has his price? The candidate must answer quickly and exactly as he thinks, not as he thinks he is expected to think."

The revivalist began wishing he had gone elsewhere but he had to finish his examination. He prayed silently for help and an early escape.

"Do you think the deity is all powerful and can do what he likes?" "Yes". "Then why do you think he needs your help to carry out his purposes?"

"God bless you, my friends", he responded. "I must ask to be excused, for my finance committee meets in College Hall in five minutes."

"The candidate is put on probation?" suggested the man who looked like a dean. "As it was in the beginning, and shall be without end. Amen!" they all agreed.

Of Milk Shakes



"How's the world treating you?"
"Dutch."

To the Littlest of All

LITTLE songs are prettiest,
Little tales are wittiest;
The little, little, little cloud
Is whitest in the west;
Little brooks are tunefullest,
Little lakes are moonfullest;
The little, little, little trail
Can climb the mountain best.

Little rooms are cosiest,
Little hands are rosiest;
The little, little, little home
Is Heaven's dearer part.
Little wiles can charm a man,
Little smiles disarm a man;
A little, little, little maid
Can nestle in his heart.

—Arthur Guiterman in *Life*.

FROM that grand old rounder and divine poet, Anacreon of Teos, who died so happily and unrepentant at the age of eighty-five by choking on a grape seed, to the naughty young ladies who write for SNAPPY STORIES and PARISIENNE, many have praised wine in poetry and prose, excellent, mediocre and rotten. All prohibition laws to the contrary notwithstanding, poets are just as willing now to yell "Io Bacche" and flirt a leopard's skin as in the worst days of the Roman Empire.

Nor have corn whiskey, apple jack, rock and rye, absinthe and plebeian beer been without their laments and apologists. Even less inspiring beverages as red circus lemonade and cider, have been the subjects of paens and panagyrics, have been praised indiscriminately in elegiac distich and Luke McLukian prose. It is not our purpose to add to the volume of literature already extant or extinct on such subjects, although we confess to having once lauded the dry martini in verse libre that was very libre indeed. Our ambition is a far nobler one.

We would fain rescue from literary obscurity, that paragon of all thirst quenchers, the foamy, the nourishing, the celestially-flavored, the altogether-satisfying though unobtrusive milk shake.

Give us the milk shake in abundance and prohibition is shorn of all its terrors; we cease to meditate on the remoteness of Danville. If the Anti-Saloon League would spend on free milk shakes half the money that it annually wastes in the publication of deadly statistics, even near-beer and bootleg whiskey would go out of fashion. The most determined friends of Dionysus and the Wholesale Liquor League would forget to fight for their hops or sour mash, once they had allowed their parched throats to be irrigated by a half pint of shake.

We believe that the nectar which flowed eternally on Olympus was nothing other than shaken milk well tintured with chocolate or vanilla. We hold similar views on the composition of that mead which the heroes quaff in Valhalla, and will hold to it in spite of all the professors of Scandinavian east of Minnesota.

We are orthodox in our championship of the soul-sufficing decoction. We have no sympathy with those who would improve upon perfection, who would convert a creamy shake into a pasty stir by the addition of frozen water and gelatine; nor do we hold with those mistaken imbeciles who would malt it, destroying all its delicacy of bouquet and flavor by the addition of the ill-smelling and petrified product of pastures remote and cows long since deceased.

We stand for the milk shake as an institution pure and undefiled, as we received it from the tall tumblers of a former generation. We believe in its catholic destiny, in its acceptance as an ultimate substitute for every known beverage from benedictine to Pluto water.

I Stayed a Week in Plainsville

I STAYED a week in Plainsville.
 It was full
 Of box-like houses in narrow little yards of parched
 and brittle grass.
 There was a main street
 With a bank, and drab, false-fronted stores
 Where men worked
 And loafed
 And gossiped;
 They told long yarns, and slapped their thighs and
 laughed—and stared at me when I went by.

Over near the tracks
 A row
 Of drooping, heavy fet-locked horses stood tied to a
 railing
 —and stamped. . . .

There was dust,
 And reeking weeds
 And painted signs of Bull Durham tobacco
 Under a July sun.

Mrs. Wagner took in boarders.
 Her baby
 Always cried until she took it up and nursed it.
 At supper
 She brought in a heavy bowl of whitish fried potatoes
 And shooed the flies out of the sugar bowl.

In my room the air
 Pressed close, like flannel held against my face.
 The water in the pitcher was yellow, and never wet.
 I could smell
 The ingrain carpet,
 And frying grease,
 And the old upholstering of two broken down chairs.

I met the women of Plainsville.
 Mrs. Dirksen
 Lived up over the hardware store with its corrugated
 iron roof
 And little sun-warped balcony where she hung dish
 towels.
 Down the street
 Were Polly Hand and Mrs. Hess and Martha Myers
 They lived
 In sordid, flimsy houses with awful wall paper.
 They washed
 And ironed
 And scrubbed
 And hushed,—and went on bearing,—babies.
 They baked, and cooked, and did the dishes after-
 wards.
 At night
 They sagged into a chair a bit—and went to bed.



POPULAR SONGS

"Walkin' The Dog"

I stayed a week in Plainsville
 And I wonder.
 Can it be I really saw the life those women lived?
 Or do they
 Underneath the hush of endless unconstructive tasks
 Conceal some vital reason for their being
 That suffices them?
 I wonder. . . .

Fables As They Really Happened

2. The Hare and the Tortoise

ONCE a Tortoise and a Hare entered in a Confer-
 ence meet. The Tortoise was a long distance
 man and nobody could beat him on the two-mile run.
 The Hare was a specialist on the hundred-yard hur-
 dles.

The only event called for in this meet was a quarter-
 mile run and the Hare, who had been to the Military
 Ball the night before didn't have much pep, while the
 Tortoise had tucked his head under his shell three days
 ago and had slept straight through.

Naturally the Tortoise won, but this cheap moralist,
 Aesop, who was reporting the meet for the Christian
 Science Monitor, got the facts all twisted.



its way. How will you have it, the sky of your home town—deep, deep, ineffable blue with colors shimmering into a bewildering blend that seems to reach down into your heart and make tinting-edged clouds. Or is it just sky—a sky that has clouds sometimes and stars at other

clean panes through which you
tains. There is a big lawn in
be a hammock. And here, right
ck?—we'll delineate the face and
all the world. She is lounging
e? And there is a smile on her

The drug store, this is. With its soda fountain and dirty looking glass with the months-old "All Sundaes, 10c" whitewash sign. With its big Coca Cola advertisement in the front window, the advertisement showing a huge red-and-white faced girl in a deep-sea blue dress. With its big ice box in front, where the hired men sit on Saturday nights, all dressed up, and swing their legs. Behind the fountain we can imagine Minnie, the fourteen-year old daughter of old man Geeznus, operating with infallible ineptitude and slowness. And behind the counter in the shadowy back we can barely discern Geeznus himself with his shiny bald head and his glinty glasses, leaning over the counter just where the ancient, tarnished silver manicure set is reposing on its faded velvet case, leaning over, reading the Home town Weekly.

think? The stores may be the general grocery, meat and hardware store; the dry goods and notion store; the window of the general store and perhaps a plow and a cultivator out on the sidewalk in front. The showcase
ols of red and green silk thread. And, to add a touch of rakishness to the scene, let's have a traveling salesman

ve in a big city? Well, then, you haven't got a home town—just like people who live in
un be happy in contemplation of somebody else's home town. A wide, dusty street it'll be,
way down, down through loping, winding valleys. There will be a few buggys at the curb,
et—where it becomes a road. A little girl, with her pig tail braids flying ridiculously out
flour and a gasoline can will be jostling perilously. On the wooden sidewalk an awk-
And nothing else—except the hot glare of the sun; unless you have chosen the black sky.

The railroad station, where the locomotive switches and stops for water, ought to be here. A small, rickety wooden structure it is, and there are half a dozen doors through which to get in and nobody except natives of your home town knows where to go without walking in on the wrong side of the telegraph operator's counter. There is an old cannon stove in the waiting room. Of course, we can't draw it, but let's imagine it—that'll help lots with the "feeling" we get into the drawing of the outside. And the crates of fruit and vegetables on the platform—let's make many of those and let's make them large, for this picture is of a prosperous year and a prosperous home town.

R HOME TOWN—



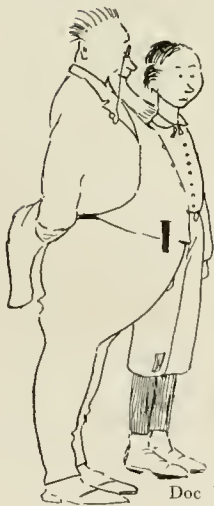
Otto, the barber
greeting a customer



Mrs. D. D. Hancock, the
Methodist minister's wife



Joe and Mabel, who left
grammar school in the
same year



Doc Beard, whose son is
preparing for college



Miss Letitia Gladstone, popular
club woman and S. S. worker

BREATHES there a co-ed with soul
so dead

Who never to herself hath said,
I wonder how he'll like my hat;
Whose heart within her heart hath
whirled

As his huge number nines she heard
Stumbling o'er the front-door mat.
If such there be, her number tell—
For her no ukuleles swell;
She is Phi Bate or Sigma Xi,
She knows a lot of Chemistree. . . .
She goes back home remorseful, aged,
Educated, but unengaged.

"**T**HE wages of sin is death", but
think of the fun you can have
while your wages are being held up.

Blind Pigs and Blind Dates

THIS University of ours is a
queer affair. I have seen queer
things here for four years, but the
two queerest to me I hope will be
the queerest to you, at least until
you finish my tale. I, like many of
the rest of the *lower strata*, enjoy
in resorting one of these queer
places almost every week-end with
a good congenial gang. We are
sociable and enjoy all that is put
before us. And after consuming
that which we enjoy, we peacefully
go home without molesting anyone.

Last fall, when winter had not yet come and we had a whiff of summer now and then, brother Bob came to me and said he wanted to steer to a straighter path before I left school. I, being one who will listen to any amount of *bull*, proceeded to ask him to show me a more profitable way of spending my week-end and my ninety cents. He then told me of a friend of his friend at a sorority, who was a mighty fine girl. I, like a fish, told him to arrange a double date for the Union dance the next Saturday evening. So, that week-end, instead of sneaking up dark alleys and pushing secret buttons, I *dolled up* and prepared for a hilarious frolic with a social butterfly.

On that *big* night, we first went to her house. When I entered the door, I received icy stares from all of the *sisters*, as they knew and I knew it was a *funny* place for me to call. I managed to smile and be agreeable enough to be asked to sit down. Bob and I waited for what seemed two hours, until finally a fair looking one tripped down the stairs and smiled at Bob. I began to become satisfied then, but when she said *mine* would soon be down, I knew that I hadn't drawn *her*. So, of course my anxiety began again.

Finally *mine* did arrive, and I was ready to leave right then. Did you ever have a date with a *friend* of the other guy's girl? If not, take my advice and avoid the disagreeable feeling. I thought I had seen sad ones, but this one took the cake, and being inside of the sorority house was the only thing that saved Bob from getting into a fight. As I stared at her, I thought what a boob I was this time and what lucky dogs those of the gang were, who at this time were already beginning to enjoy another social meeting.

I decided to make the best of it, and the old maxim—beauty is only skin deep—soon entered my dome. I started a conversation, but I swear I cannot remember what I started it with. It doesn't make much difference, though, as she, at once, began to talk about the weather. Oh, how I could have hammered Bob! Well, we talked there about the weather until we had described it until we could even

see it. I then began to get restless, and finally persuaded Bob that it was time to go to the dance, although we were about a half an hour early.

When we arrived at the Annex, the dance had already begun. The music was playing, but I couldn't hear it. All I could think of was the old gang away down there—somewhere—where they were probably more immoral than I was, but anyhow they weren't bored. We started out to dance, but she moved like a 1913 model, absolutely nothing there at all. I tried to smile and say something, but how could I be successful? She was having the time of her life, so I made a heroic attempt to make her think I too was having a *large* evening.

There must have been a hundred stags on the side lines, but none of them knew me that night. I asked several if they wanted to dance but they couldn't hear me, so what was the use. To tell a wonderful story about the dance is impossible as nothing was interesting except probably you would be interested to know that it seemed as if I had spent a week there. When twelve o'clock came I could not help but feel pretty good, it would soon be over. She then remarked that I showed more "pep", the later it became. Poor little one! She knew no better.

As I was escorting her home, I planned to finish up the evening right, even if I had been bored for four long hours. I hurried her home and told her what a wonderful time I had, and a few more courteous lies, and bid her a big GOOD NIGHT. I then looked at my watch and it said twelve-thirty. I hurried away, not to go home, but to get in on the last round before the old gang broke up their real, social gathering. Wasn't it enough to drive anyone back to drink?

HAPPY: "What are you crabbing about now?"

Gloom: "I was just thinking that if they sent a golden chariot to take me to Heaven, we'd probably be arrested for speeding on the way up."



"What's an optimist?"

"An optimist is a person who'll go into a restaurant without a cent in his pocket and figure on paying for the meal with the pearl he hopes to find in the oysters."

A little kissing now and then
Is why we have our married men;
A little kissing, too, of course,
Is why we have a quick divorce.

LOVE is the excuse man gives for
doing what would otherwise be
naughty.

The Dramatic Hours

NO more vital a thing than the Dramatic Hours has been initiated on this campus in many a moon. Open only to those interested, and to those, free, capacity crowds have filled Morrow Hall for the two performances already

given. In each case, the audience was interested and pleasantly stimulated by the excellent acting of tastefully selected plays.

A truly inspiring literary activity of undergraduates along dramatic lines seems a thing of the immediate future. Every day we are becoming more and more convinced that talent, and plenty of it, may be found among Illinois students. Dramatic Hours should stimulate and develop this talent.

MON: "It's nothing but work, work, work, day hin han' day hout—there's no hend to it."

Ocle: "Poor chappie! How long 'ave you been hat it?"

Mon: "Hi begin tomorrow."



WHICH of the above pictures do you like?

Have you ever thought about the connection between college spirit and "Keep to The Walk" signs? We hope you have and if you have not, we suggest that now is the right time to think about it—now, just before the spring and summer months.

Our campus has beauty. The lawns are well-kept, the walks are fairly well-defined. Our campus certainly has beauty—if you call a brand-new coat beautiful, if you call Grand Rapids furniture beautiful.

If you love the individuality of a worn coat, however;

if the old, comfortable Morris chair is most pleasing to your eye, then perhaps you are not enamoured of the loveliness of our campus.

If you have notions about spirit—something, perhaps, to the effect that our campus would be a warm, unique memory in after years if it were a campus of groups of fellows, of benches, of strolling couples, of serenades underneath trees—if you have notions of this sort, then you can conceive how our campus may be beautified a thousand-fold, at no expense excepting an increased janitorial payroll.

Real Letters From A Girl To A Student

VI.

My pretty Dick:—

Oh! you adorable child, I received two letters from you this morning and I was so happy but when they arrived Mrs. Bertwil Sunne was here and I thought she would never go so I could read them. I kept smiling and asking her not to go but my heart kept saying, Beat it, Beat it.

No, Dickie, I don't care about your typewriting your letters, just so its from you and you love me. Your letters are so good that sometimes I think I ought to pay more attention to my English, etc., but I just write right off the bat, slam bang. But it comes right from my heart. U. No.

Such a relief—your father sent a check, now do be careful not to let the reaction be so great that you spend it all before you should. I presume you get enough of this and will tell me to "Butt Out" so I'll quit before I'm told. But I don't blame you for having some fun. I don't want you to be a clam.

Its only 134 more days before you come home to your Evey. She will be 134,000 times glad to see her

darling little mountain lion. I'm not much afraid of my little lion either because I know just how to train him to be the sweetest, calmest? tamest one a few years out of captivity.

Now do not worry about travelling men. Firstly, I respect myself too much to have a thought about such species of mankind. Secondly I spend all my time thinking about—you. Thirdly that sort never did appeal much to me.

Mother feels better today. Her hand doesn't hurt her so. But I'm awful worried about her.

Mow's Myrtle? Whoops, theres another break. I hope you don't write her like you do me—of course not, if you did I'd come right down and take a bite right out of you. But you know that love makes us happy some and miserable mostly.

Come home, I want you so. Never mind, dearest, do as you think best but I'm dying for your love.

Goodbye, dearest, until my next.

Mit mein ganze Herten,
Zein kleinen frau,

Eve.



Sue's Escape

By Mary Mabel Marion Grace McNulty Smith

NOTE:—Miss Smith was once a small town girl herself. Her folks were the simple, sweet, fine people whom she so vividly depicts in this little classic. Sue is just the kind of a girl we all knew—the kind of a girl you know and I know—just folks! And Sue wants to do the kind of thing we all want to do—just folks! And she does it in a strange and thrilling way—read the story and see.

ABNER, the sody clerk, leaned over in his white coat and grinned tanly at Sue.

Sue, dressed in fresh white calico, with an auburn rose daintily flung against her shining, glinting hair, smiled the smile of femininity Abner understood.

"Chocolate sundy?" he asked.

Mutely she nodded her pretty little country head.

With the unconscious grace of a milk maid, Sue wiped her mouth.

There was a pause.

"Oh, Sue, I love you. I love you. Marry me and we will be happy. Marry me now—today—and let's run away to some foreign clime where Malays kris and Guineas boomerang." Abner shouted mutteringly.

Sadly Sue went from him where he stood. Other things, better things, were in store for her.

Silently she tripped home. Her mother, a wrinkled, gray-haired but quiet woman, greeted her as she entered.

"Afternoon, Sue!" she ejaculated, and there was a world of mournfulness and ecstasy in her tone.

"Why, what's the matter, maw?" worried Sue as she leaped into her mother's arms.

"The biscuits, darter, the biscuits for supper air burnet—ivery wan iv thin, by golly."

"Ach, himmel," smiled Sue and her smile permeated to every corner of the dirty room. "We no gonna hava da eats?"

At this moment the traveling salesman entered and he and Sue ran gaily from the house. Why should they not be gay—were they not eloping? And together?

Oh, the train, the train with its plush and ventilators and the locomotive in front—the great, big locomotive with its bell and smoke-stack and wheels! It gripped them.

"We are going to the big city, aren't we, dearest of men?" snuggled Sue.

"You bet we are, most expensive

of women," witted Jake. Jake was what he tragically called himself although his real name was Abner. Yes, it was none other than Abner—Abner minus the white coat, minus the tan smile, and rapt in a glamorous, checkered fabric which made him exude an aura that was irresistible.

They sat, alone, for two hours, while Abner exuded and exuded. And Sue just drank the thrill of it all in—she just drank it and ate it and gnawed on it.

In the vast city they met a gray, hoary, bent, draggly, shabby stranger.

"Texee?" snapped this individual. "Waldorf-Astoria—only five dollars."

"I am going on the stage!" announced Sue triumphantly. The ancient stranger bowed low. Jake tilted.

(Miss Smith's next Sue story will appear in our April number. It follows Sue through a breathless career. Don't neglect to miss it.)



AT HOME



IN COLLEGE

THE grind: "Dear me, today is Sunday, tomorrow Monday and then there are Tuesday and Wednesday—half the week gone and nothing done yet!"

IRISH maid: "Please, mum, an' what does Kismet mean?"

"Kismet means fate, Nora."

"Begorry, mum, thin me Kismet surely have been hurting me!"

SWEET young thing (to aviator): "How do people look to you when you're up in the air?"

"Madam, I get up so high that my uncles look like ants."

The Thee—ayter

THE vaudeville house—this isn't a paid ad so we refrain from saying the Orpheum—has had enjoyable entertainments the past month. Every bill has not been wonderful or even good. Manager M—— is not expected to give us the best all the time—other play houses like good acts to. The average has been good.

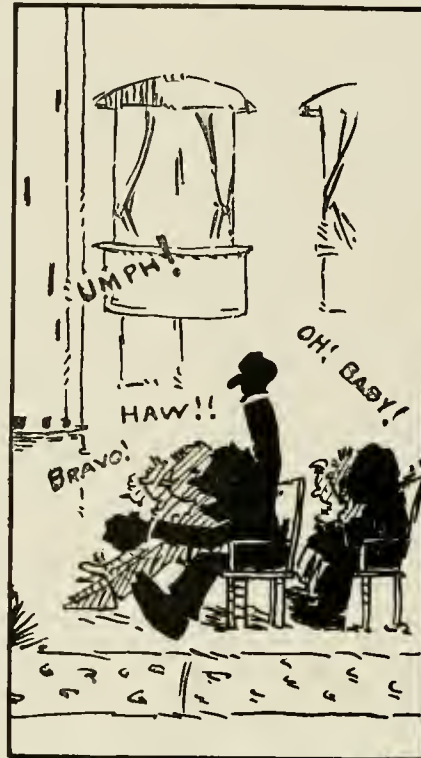
It is impossible to give a criticism of every act persented since the last issue of the *Siren* on account of lack of space and also on account of the fact that we did not see every bill. Our brazen opinions are based on the *vox populi* and not on an individual *vox*. It is our policy to agree with a few of our subscribers.

"MIDNIGHT ROLLICKERS" was the best received act of the big ones. A jazz orchestra—not band—furnished the music for two teams of the "world's fastest dancers" in an inprovised Bohemian Garden. The jazz part of the act was not too loud, which is generally the case in most acts of this kind. The dancers—ah—the girls



ART. DAILEY.

were young and pretty and shook a pretty—er—foot. The men—who



ART. DAILEY.

cares about them? The Bohemian Garden should have been called a kitchen. The drummer had all the kitchen utensils with the exception of the roller-towel.

The most popular front or drop curtain act is hard to pick. It is a toss-up between Darrell & Hanford in "Late for Rehearsal", and Oscar Lorraine, who called himself "Violin Nuttiest". Oscar was the best received and surely had individuality—not counting the young lady who helped him out. Our personal opinion concerning the two acts is that Darrell & Hanford's was the best. They had the cleverest act the local theatre has ever produced. If the dog had been left behind the scenes we would say more nice things about it. The stunt was a few lines of monologue, a few of dialogue, a couple of songs and a black face make up for the supposed real act. Darrell & Hanford finished their act and got off the stage. They came back and made one bow but that was all they would do, although the applause indicated more was wanted. The attitude of this pair towards the audience is the subject of a little sermon found in the next paragraph.

Actors like encouragement. They don't like to play to a rowdy—or rather unappreciating audience. The college town audience discourages acts by kidding, by horse-laughs, and by its unlimited and outward signs of approval when a good looking girl appears. The actors lose the ambition they have of making the act "go big" and to please the audience. They are anxious to hurry up and get the act over with and (we suppose) get out of town. They probably think that there is no use even to try to do their best because the gang out in front will not appreciate their efforts. The result is that the seat holders do not get the best the act has to offer. Have you ever stopped to consider that this is the reason we sometimes do not get our money's worth especially when a good act is on the bill?

Point of View

SAMMY LEE from Uni Hall Gazes at the grass. Why, he Will stare for hours upon that lawn

As sad-eyed as a loon can be. And all because to Sammy Lee It looks like grass in Kankakee!

Billy Jones sits on the desk Before th' *Illini* window sill And looks straight out without a word—

So gloomy that you'd think him ill. And it's just because that grass to Bill

Looks just like that in Shelbyville.

And Daisy from the window smiles And pays no heed to anyone Nor sees the answers that she wrote,

Although her quiz is but half-done. But that week end straight home she'll run, Because it looked like Bloomington.

Oh, it looks like India to Singh, To Rudolph Schmidt like Germany, And like Japan to Moriho; Le Veaux insists it's like Paree. But one thing is quite plain to me— It's Podunk grass; go look and see!



"DOGGONE IT—I CAN'T CONCENTRATE!"

Well, Now—

ON March the second, Friday night,
Supplied with new horns, gleaming bright,
The Band will play for us to hear
The finest concert of the year.
Year in, year out, they toot and blow
So they can make a goodly show,
For you to call, "Best in the land,"
Come out next week and help the band.

On Saturday, March third, there'll be
A track meet in the Armory.
From North and South and East and West
From far and near, the very best
Of well known athletes will compete
In Mr. Gill's big relay meet.
Come out and see with your own eyes
The young Greek gods take exercise.

The opry isn't far away.
It's set for April, we've heard say.
M'sieur Brazeau is rather sure

That this year's show will take a tour,
To prove to folks around the state
That Illinois is up to date.
Say, how those ballet boys will kick
In tempo with Herb Stothart's stick!

The new semester's on its way.
No lives were lost, the magnates say,
When beef and brawn, just like of yore,
Stood jammed against the chapel door.
Somewhere around this learned "U"

There surely is somebody who
Could think a while and rack his brain
And make our registration sane.

Arthur Comstock's going to leave;
Not re-appointed, we believe.
He chose himself to emulate
Scott Nearing, in a martyr's fate.
Art Comstock, of the drooling pen,
Lost the respect of Prexy when
He aired his governmental views.
He was opposed to research, too.

Spring Morn

THROUGH the wild soft summer dark
Of an early dawn I go;
Over vales and hills through a leaf-locked way,
And I hear a bird's faint note.

Oh, he sings of mem'ries fled,—
And his cheery song steals through
To the weary hearts in the waiting world,
From the realm above the blue.

He—"Billy paid fifty dollars just to see Jack."

She—"Are they such good friends?"

He—"No, they were playing poker."—Cornell Widow.

Domestic Science Student —
"Science shows that a man can live on Limburger cheese alone."

Her Father—"Well, if he's going to live on that stuff he ought to be kept alone."—Orange Peel.





Snarlle Charlie

"THIS 'Come to Jesus' business gets me sick", snorted the defiant young agnostic who had only half digested his science and philosophy. "Think of an organized revival in a university community. What's the good of education, anyhow?"

"Steady now," I returned. "Show a little educated poise. Take things philosophically. The trouble with you sceptics and atheists is that you let your religious friends heat you at every point. They put it all over you on organization. You never could dream of running a six weeks' glory halleluyah atheistical festival. You couldn't begin to compete with the orthodox in soliciting donations for your affair. Where would you get the money for thousands of feet of lumber for your agnostic auditorium? Who would put your placards in their windows? What dear old ladies would give chairs for your choir? And who would sing your godless songs? What organizations would work for your success? What business men would subscribe to your guarantee fund in fear of losing unbelievers' trade? You don't amount to anything in the community. Organize and secure influence.

"Let me give you a few pointers. You have a large number of quiet sympathisers here. Show some backbone and they will come out to support you. Get a dean to introduce your campaign. Then have some famous anti-supernaturalist like John Dewey as your first speaker. Have the Illini run a cut of him on the first page. Follow up with an anti-revivalist of national reputation like Scott Nearing. Then let an expert religion-psychologist like Professor. Coe show that conversion and emotional susceptibility go together. Sell piles of song books and take big collections. At each meeting ask all who want to lead a life of intelligent common sense to stand up and renounce their old hysteria and unhealthy excitement. Receive them into the fellowship of sane educated human beings. Give them the blessing of human cooperation and bid them rejoice in their escape from the bondage of distorted

superstitions.

"But what's the use? If you could command one tenth the enthusiasm, money support, influence, prestige, and power that your religious revivalist friends control, you would not waste time knocking them. You would be too busy with your own earthly salvation schemes to give anyone else much attention. Beat them at their own game. You've got the brains. Use them. When you can work out some constructive plan your Uncle Snarlle Charlie will begin to take interest. Back to the mourner's bench!"

"There's one thing I do like about the U. S. Navy. They do everything so openly."

"You mean above board."

"Yes, and without reserve."—Cornell Widow.

HOW CAN WE BEAR IT?

"I may stick around now," says the sapling, "but I leave in the spring."—Cornell Widow.

TWO in a hammock,
Attempting to kiss;
The hammock turned over,
They landed like this.

SHE (as the waltz ends, the waltz during which he has been dancing on her toes): "That's all—far's I go."

"I'm going to take my girl to Atlantic City for a few days."

"Are you going to take trunks along?"

"Sure. I must wear something when I go bathing."—Penn State Froth.

Harry—"And what changed your mind about committing suicide? Was it some spiritual message?"

Carrie—"Naw, I'd a had to put another quarter in the gas meter."—Pitt Panther.

Superior One—"You know, I have always been rather curious—"

Inferior Person—"Hardly that, Ted. Let's say unusual."—Cornell Widow.

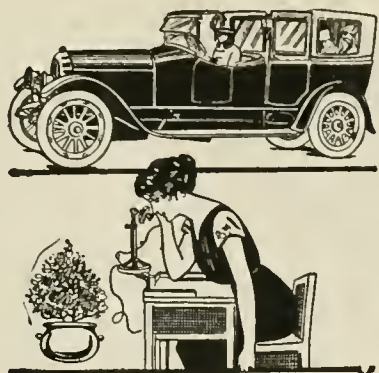
Jos. C. has a Payment Plan
for Watches and Diamonds
that permits you to wear
'em while you pay for 'em.

Jos. C. Bowman

"Your Dependable Jeweler"

First Door North of City Building on
Neil Street

Your Phone Order



for an auto will be promptly attended to. At the very minute you appoint an up-to-date car will be at your door to be at your service as long as you desire. The cost of our auto livery service is very moderate considering the amount of ground it will enable you to cover in quick time. Our phone number is Bell 39; Auto 1211.

The Chester Transfer Co.



DO YOU KNOW HIM?

HE was always sleek, even as a boy, well fed, satisfied and forever winning prizes in school.

He would grind away, doing a line of Cicero a minute, while I squatted behind my desk reading surreptitiously "The Count of Monte Cristo" or "The Vicomte de Bragelonne."

He was held up as a model of youth to me by my parents until I foreswore heaven and memorized the philosophy of Thomas Paine.

He went to Cornell university and was graduated an electrical engineer.

I went to Columbia and eloped before I was a junior.

He married the daughter of a millionaire and came back to the small town to sell dry goods in his father's ready-to-wear business.

I came to New York to write the great American play.

He will dwell in his hoggish comfort all his life, vote the Republican ticket and have a column obituary when he dies.

But I would not exchange all my unpublished poetry for his whole damn corset and fur department.

And his wife is hideously fat.

—Louis Weitzenkorn, in The Guillotine, The N. Y. Call.

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CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Speeches That Are Never Made

MR. Toastmaster and Brothers. After listening attentively to the fossilized remarks of the previous speakers, I am moved to say that of all the lines of guff I ever heard, theirs takes the Brown Derby. The only reason I managed to keep awake was that I knew what was coming and brought a rose bush in my hip pocket. Now one old duffer that spoke—that old goat over there with the green side-whiskers and blue

moustache eating that piece of hemp rope he calls a cigar—had the nerve to stand up and tell us what the crowd was like in his day, and what it stood for. To begin with, we are not interested in ancient history, and we also realize the awful handicap the standing of the fraternity in his day has been to us. Why drag out the family skeleton at an occasion like this? Moreover he was probably concealed during rushing season in the garret or cellar. Now I have a snappy little story to tell you which I thank you for your prompt attention.—*The Purple Cow.*

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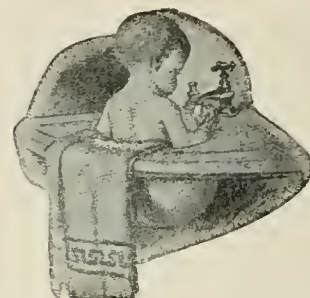
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In The Co-Op

Willis—Just think of it! Those Spanish hidalgos
would go three thousand miles on a galleon.

Gillis—Nonsense! You can't believe half what you
read about those foreign cars.—Life.

"Say, Pa, this book says 'the royal coffers were empty.'
What is a royal coffer?"

"A king with consumption, my son."
(And they journeyed eastward.)—Froth.

First Snoppyquop—What's that toothbrush for?
Second Ditto—It's muh class pin. I graduated from
Colgate.—Stanford Chaparral.

"I think this new fellow Briggs, is an awful boob."
"Is your girl crazy about him too?"—Gargoyle.

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Interviews With Great Men

Ward Flock

THE *Siren* reporter kneeled and kissed the hand of the great President.

At first the great man did not recognize the reporter. He placed his hand in his pocket and drew out a notebook with committee names.

"Let's see," said the magnificent personage, "I promised you a job on the—er—wasn't it the cap and gown committee?"

"No," gangled the *Siren* man. "I just wanted to interview you for the *Siren*."

"Come in to Del's," said the wonderful individual.

"Now," after they were comfortably settled, "don't ask me about politics. I don't like to brag. Ask me to give you some inside dope on who G. Huff will pick to play on the baseball team with me this year."

The reporter asked him.

"Well," responded the marvelous guy. "Red Armstrong really didn't have a chance. I don't see why he went out against me even. I told him so when he called me up the night after election. And Lafe Whitney—he surely was sorry that he wasn't on my side; I asked him if he wasn't when he called up to congratulate me, but he wouldn't admit it. He is, though. Same with Pete Cunningham. I tell you, those fellows had the wrong idea. The only way to get votes is to promise everybody jobs. Why, I had the orchestra for the senior ball hired three months before the election. Then, this foolishness about expecting a man to get elected just because he is a 'representative' man. The only way to get votes is to go out and rake up all the old dusty unknowns around here and drag them out on election day. Twenty cents for the drinks? There must be a mistake! . . . Well, now, about the baseball situation—"

"Thank you," said the reporter to the omnipotent being, and left.

COME DOWN

He—I could love that girl in green.

She—Oh, don't be so boastful.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

THE telescope is the instrument for lovers; the microscope for those who seek a divorce.

MIDNIGHT ON THE BORDER

SENTRY—"Halt! Who goes there?"

INEBRIATED PRIVATE—"Frien, hic, wish bottle a whiskey."

SENTRY—"Pass on friend! Halt Whiskey!"

COLLEGE professor in small town book store: "Do you have 'Lamb's Letters'?"

Clerk: "The postoffice is across the street."

WHY is a rooster sitting on a fence like a penny?"
"Head on one side, tail on the other."

AG: "Why did that freshman pawn his shoes?"

Nes: "He wanted to get money to buy his girl an engagement ring."

Ag: "Did he buy it?"

Nes: "No, he got cold feet."

A LITTLE RESUSCITATION

Hy—"Them doctors is agittin' better every year."

Cy—"Yep, I see they are going to revive Shakespeare in New York."—Cornell Widow.

Ungodly, Wicked, and Guilty

IF it is ungodly to play tennis on Sunday, to golf a little and perhaps to take in a movie or vaudeville show, then the *Siren* is the most blasphemous heathenness alive.

If goodness lies only in abstinence from sport and entertainment on the Sabbath, then the *Siren* has never known virtue.

If it is wrong to do all in one's power to encourage a spirit of rebellion against a law which forbids a healthy good time on Sunday, then the *Siren* cheerfully pleads guilty.

All friends of all sirens—and that means all friends of all women, for no female is truly a woman, unless she is more or less a siren—can be true to themselves only in one way at the city election on the third Tuesday of next April. They must vote against Sunday closing. They may be ungodly by so doing, they may be wicked and guilty of wrong, but they will be true to themselves.

Won't it be interesting to get up early Sunday morning and tramp around on the golf course, to have a fast set of tennis after breakfast, take in a movie in the afternoon, go to church in the evening and then go to bed tired, healthy and happy with a most delightful and wholesome sense of ungodliness, wickedness and guilt?

Dere editor:—

Les lumley told me 2 rite yu sumthin funney about the Oughto Show an i dont no nothing very funney about no oughto so i dont nothing much to rite for your sigh wren but i will trie so hear it is. The Oughto Show will be funney and it will be wurth the scene. It will be held in Jims hennaks Les sed an i spose thats a funney place to begin with because it aint nothing but the old armyry where the kaddets used to drill an trie to smile an act like they liked it to wear a high collar. The show will be a mamoth a fair Les sed but that isnt rite cause it aint no fair at all an there wont be no hors rasing no florul hall but nothin but a grate menny oughtos and axessories. Les

sed their would be a grate deel of intrust shone in the multipul silinder motor problem an I gees there will be but i think it would be more intrusting to see the diffruns between the fore, ate six and twelv silinder motors wich is a questshun now when gas costs a buck a smell.

You will note that i aint sed nothin about a ford in this letter an that shows ime purty good not to say nothin about no ford when funney gies usually rite about a ford awl the time an i dont even say nothin about no ford in this. I mite tell a ford story i heard about a robin and a sparrow but i wont.

Well this is about enuff for your sigh wren i gess but this is a fact

the Oughto Show is ok an yu should see it for yu cant tell when yu mite wanta bie a oughto an beside all the folks in school oughto go for it will be as good as the chi show only it wont be held in the colliesieum but in Jim hennaks wich is rite by Jims nazum an illinoy field an across the st. from the would shops; thats neer enuf to it so u can find it. I hope yu like it; espeshly the okestra wich is ogmented Les sed and will play afternoon and nite an mebbe yu can get a dance with sum nice kewpay or limmissen; but yud look funney with yur arm round her hood an looking solefully into her headlights with them horn rim prof foolers on you, hey? this is enuff an so-long

A. Nonomus.

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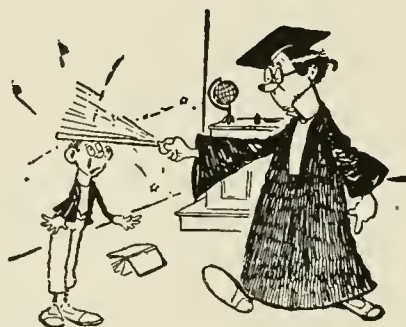
"A COME-BACK"

"Then this," asked rejected James, "is absolutely final?"

"Quite," was Dorothy's calm reply, "shall I return your letters, James?"

"Yes, please," answered poor James. "There's some good material in them that I can use again."

—*Arvgwan.*



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A thing of beauty is an expense forever.—California Pelican.

She—"They must be engaged. That's her fourth dance with him this evening."

He—"That's no sign."

She—"Isn't it? You don't know how she dances."—Penn State Froth.

Small Bro.: Mother said I was to call you.

Big Bro. (sleepily): Three aces; what you got?

TOUGH EGGS!

"I can dance with everybody but my wife!"

Croaked Leary

And thought he led a doleful life

Quite dreary.

Quoth Jiggs, "My life's with sorrow rife

Now get me!

"I can dance with everybody, but my wife

Won't let me."

—Brunonian.

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"Has he any sense in money matters?"

"Not a bit! He's one of those asinine creatures who says that he'd be perfectly willing to pay an income tax if he only had sufficient income."

—Puck.

NOT IF

She—When we are married I will never see you coming home at two in the morning, will I?

He—Not if you are a heavy sleeper, dear.—Punch Bowl.

The Sense of Humor was born in the brain of a Frenchman who, long, long ago, heard an Englishman and a German call one another stupid.

—Puck.

Cheswick—"Wazza matter, Rollo, why so sad?"

Rollo—"I've just been rejected from the army. They said I had 'water on the knee' and 'a floating kidney.'"

Cheswick—"Well, why don'tcha join the navy." —Puppet.

IT IS KNITSEW

First Nut—Can she knit?

Second Nut—I should say sew.

First Nut—Can she sew.

Second Nut.—I should say knit.

—The Princeton Tiger.

"A short cut often takes the longest," quoth the sage.

"Yes," replied the cheerful idiot, "especially at the barber shop."—Cornell Widow.

WHEN I AM DEAD

I've a horrible aversion
To what poets call inversion—

My verse may not be musical it's true;

But when I sleep in clover
Pause, reflect, and ponder over,

I never wrote "she passed the doorway through."

I'll admit there may be flaws,
Which give the critics cause

To rave and rant and rail against my song;

But when my toes point skyward,
Seek ye comfort in this by-word:

I never wrote "he walked the path along."

—Jack o'Lantern.

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The Scout's Best This Month

AMEN AND AMEN.

Dear Scout:

Concerning research and teaching, Doc Tolman told us of an instructor at Chicago who wanted to be promoted.

"What have you published?" was asked of him.

"I have made no publications, but my teaching is rotten", he replied triumphantly.

Two tramps who had been literary men, but had fallen even lower, were wending their hungry way past a farmhouse. Smoke was coming from the kitchen chimney. It was supper time for everybody but the literary tramps.

Mused one, "It looks like Keats over there."

Answered the other, "Yes, and I bet the potatoes are Browning."—Sun Dial.

He (returning from the punch bowl)—"Shall we sit this out?"

She (sniffing)—"No. Let's walk it off."—Widow.

She—"How did you dare kiss me last night?"

He—"Well, there was a mistletoe there and I think there was a misunderstanding."—Widow.

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Last year about this time I gave a special offer of two special portraits which has proven vrey successful for me to the extent of 1800 pleased and permanent customers who took advantage of it. I have been asked many times by different students if I would not do something similar this year. They want Duncan portraits and I want their business so here is a special I will give from February 20 to April 1: 1, 8x10 sepia or black and white carbon black enlargement and 1 4x6 sepia or black and white contact print for \$2 which will be payable at time of sitting. One-half of this amount will apply on an order for one-half dozen duplicate

prints and the total amount will apply on an order of one dozen duplicate prints.

This is a very rare offer and should be taken advantage of by every junior, because the negative is made the regular senior size and print for 1919 Illio can be had at any time for 50c. It will be to your interest to have the plate made now and placed on file. It will give you a lot of time to get satisfaction and I suggest that all who buy Duncan portraits demand satisfaction regardless of the cost to me to give it to you. I will have no solicitors to (pester) you and this offer will not be extended later than April 1st.

Faithfully yours,

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know for yourself the tobacco cured in Nature's way.

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The Ladies' HOME JOURNAL



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Velvet Joe

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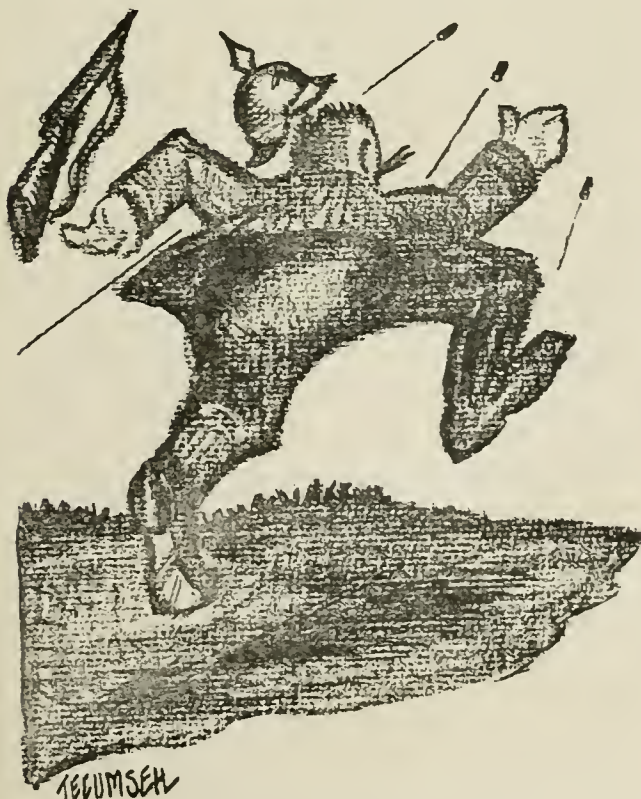
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ON THE BORDER

"Bill Smith made an awful break at the Style's tea."

"How so?"

"Someone handed him a cup of hot chocolate with whipped cream on it."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Well, he put his foot on the round of the chair and blew off the cream."—Tiger.

Stude (facetiously)—This steak is like a day in June, Mrs. Bordem—very rare.

Landlady (crustily)—And your board bill is like March weather—always unsettled.—Punch Board.

Cheswick—"Wazza matter, Rollo, why so sad?"

Rollo—"I've just been rejected from the army. They said I had 'water on the knee' and 'a floating kidney'."

Cheswick—"Well, why don'tcha join the navy."—Puppet.

The Escortee—"They tell me you're an awfully deep student."

The Escort—"Oh fairly deep—I'm usually pretty well down."—Minnehaha.

Bellhop—"Here's your water, sir."

Kentucky Alumnus—"Water? What for? Is the room on fire?"—Punch Bowl.



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We Hand It To—Ourselves!

AS ANY well-informed person about the campus knows, Mask and Bauble is offering a \$25 prize for a one-act play to be written by an undergraduate. This offer, we are told, came as the result of Vic Grossberg's efforts inspired by the Siren's article in the "Back!" Number entitled "Deal Dramatically With College Problems". Hence, following the precedent set by Mr. Hearst's newspapers, we herewith modestly hand it to us.

Or course, our goal of a larger money prize to be offered for a whole play, and that play to deal vitally with some of the real problems of college life, has not yet been reached. But a healthy start has been made, and we are assured that as soon as practicability will permit, the bigger thing will be undertaken. So, as we have somewhere remarked, we take our new spring Borsalino off to ourselves.

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A STRONG MAN OF JOURNALISM

Peggy—"Daddy, what did the Dead Sea die of?"

Daddy—"Oh, I don't know dear."

Peggy—"Daddy, where do the Zepp'lins start from?"

Daddy—"I don't know."

Peggy—"Daddy, when will the war end?"

Daddy—"I don't know."

Peggy—"I say, Daddy, who made you an editor?"—The Sketch.

Husband—"Excuse me, are you my wife's hair-dresser?"

Strange Lady—"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you can bring it around naturally tell her I should like to see her some time this week, will you?"—The Lamb.

A lobster-eyed maid of Assyria,
Afflicted at times with hysteria,
Despondent for lack

Of a hubby saw black,
And married a gent from Liberia.

—Panther.

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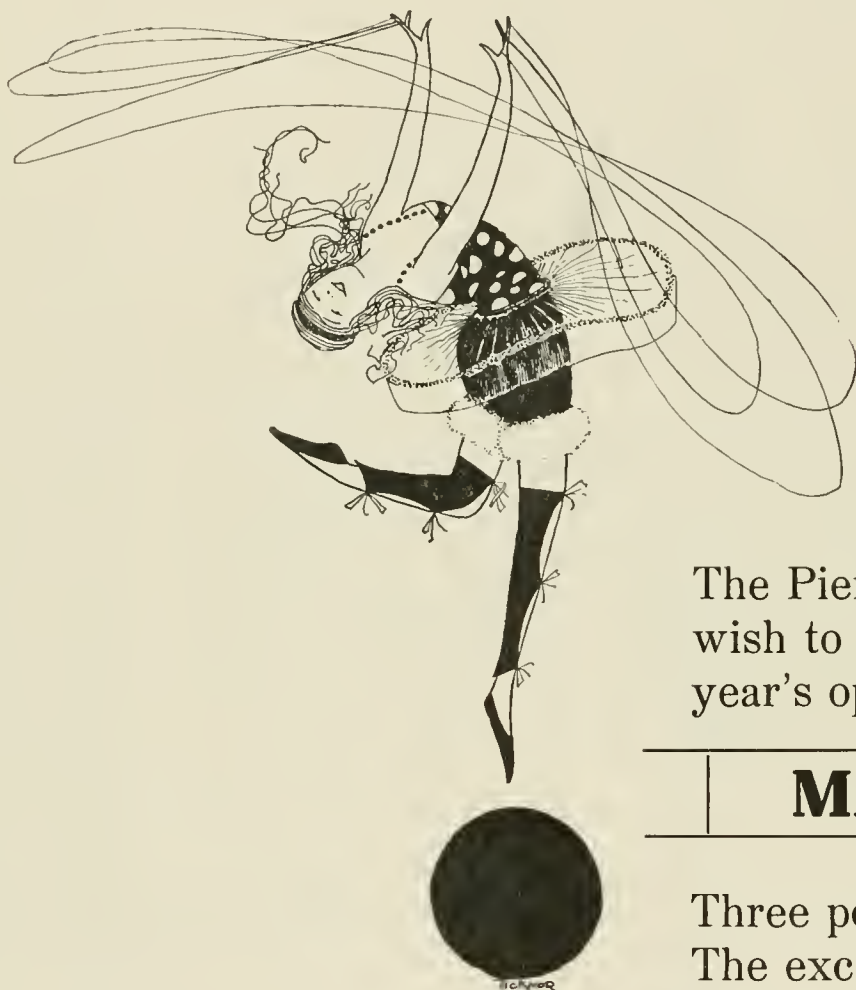
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For comfort, as well as their good taste, you will gladly stick to Fatimas as thousands of other men are doing.

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FATIMA
A SENSIBLE CIGARETTE



The Pierrots of the Illinois Union wish to announce the dates for this year's opera as

MAY 11 and 12

Three performances will be given. The excellence of the production is assured. Reserve the date now.

The 1917 Student Opera

"Keep to the Right"

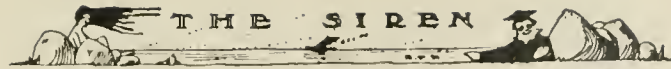
The 1917 Student Opera

And now from the penumbra of such extravagant musical comedy-exclamation pointed productions as "Watch Your Step!", "Stop! Look and Listen!", "Safety First!" and "I'm Neutral", emerges "Keep to the Right!". It will be presented by "The Pierrots", of the Illinois Union, at the Illinois Theatre on May the eleventh and twelfth.

Could this vehicle be more aptly named? It is always safer to keep to your right, unless you are sight-

seeing in Montreal. So says Gene Brazeau, student manager, in between his telegraphic communications to Herb Stothart, in New York, who is to be director. The lyricist is Carleton Healy, the music is the latest Easter creation of Ralph Carlsen and, Oh Boy, the book is by Hal Beardsly.

Play it safe. Save your pennies and "Keep to the Right". The Siren's going to the show. Nuf sed. We don't want to spoil your enjoyment.—Adv.



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

EDITORIAL

OF COURSE, the woman's place is in the sorority. And what does the sorority, sweet place that it is, know about elasticity? In fact, what have the home, the mother, the girl, children, and the servant problem to do with this thing elasticity? Nothing. *Nothing!*—ah, but here is a clue. "Nothing" is a word to conjure with; it is an advanced word; it stands for many and marvelous things. It represents the results of years of study on the part of women's culture clubs; it is an everlasting testimonial to the efforts of various and sundry groups of earnest ladies throughout the country who show you how to become rich by cheating the garbage man and the ragsman and how to make a banquet out of soap and canned peaches; it—but we digress. Elasticity was our topic. . . . Still, somehow, there is a fascination about Nothing. Its scope is vast—far wider and deeper and more infinite than elasticity. . . . We have come to a conclusion: we shall assume woman's prerogative of inconsistency and turn from our stated topic to the alluring one of "Nothing". To a woman Nothing should be of great interest. She should study it carefully, and after having learned it, she should practise it assiduously and for the rest of her life. Her conversation should be full of it; in fact, Nothing should be always visible in her every mood and expression. A woman who marries a man and has Nothing to her credit will, if he is the right kind of a man, and by that we mean a *Ladies' Home Journal* kind of a man, prove the most absorbing thing in his life. A woman who represents Nothing in society will always have Nothing to do, and what is more highly desirable than this? Nothing! We must conclude with the profound truth that woman shall have attained the height of, as the Dayton, Ohio Cultural Club has so aptly put it, womanhood when she has succeeded in filling her head with Nothing.

HOWEVER, Elasticity haunts us. So shall talk of it to our vast family of mothers and sisters and daughters. (That reminds us: in our next issue we will carefully consider just what a given woman may consider herself—that is, in case you happen to

be a mother, daughter and sister at the same time, just in what capacity you shall read this magazine and follow its trend.) Elasticity is a very dangerous thing—all good mothers should avoid it. For instance, if you have a rule that no child of yours may help itself at certain hours to jam in the pantry, if that rule is broken, do not consider human nature and the particular circumstances attendant upon the violation—simply go through with the punishment you have outlined and make no deviation or show no expression of regret. The fact that no two children are alike, that few situations are alike ever in all respects, that there may have been something wrong with your rule in the first place,—these things should have no bearing on your conduct. To carry our point home, let us mention an analogy. Take a great state university which is supported by the people. The legislature makes the laws covering the requirements and regulations of that university. Then the legislature provides an administrative body in the university—it may be called a council of administration—with powers to interpret and execute these laws. Well, the council in such a state university, if it runs true to form, will feel that a law is a law and that while exceptions are sometimes advisable and even necessary, these exceptions must be made only after the most thorough-going investigation and deliberation. It utterly neglects to consider whether the law was a good one in the first place, whether any two human beings (and they say that college students are human beings) may be unlike in a thousand different ways, whether by an elastic administration—an administration sympathetic to the desire every individual has to develop in accordance with the demands and tendencies of his own nature—the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, but rigidly adheres to the law. This is right; it is sound; it is safe. It is Administration. And Administration should be your policy in the home if you want nice, well-drilled, unopinionated, drudgery-loving children who will allow you to pursue your lives in peace, will never run away from home, will never elope with impossible persons, will live quiet lives and die a quiet death without having kicked the least bit of dirt up from the rolling, conservative surface of old mother earth.

How We Economized

The True Story of the Early Wedded Struggles of a Wife

**A Thrilling Revelation of how Helpful Hints made two young persons happy.
Don't Miss This!**

I WAS the petted daughter of a grain broker and he—he was the poor but gifted son of a cap manufacturer. We met at college where so many, many young people *do* meet. And most sublime miracle of all—we loved! Ernest was only twenty odd years of age and I was a mere unsophisticated child of eighteen. I was young, inexperienced, pampered, totally unprepared for the grim struggle with poverty which was menacingly in our path. But my whole being was suffused with the realization that I loved Ernest and so in spite of the protests and threats of outraged parents, I married him.

A few months of bliss—and then—

Well, Ernest had nothing but genius and temperament. Of the latter I knew nothing but the fascinating appeal but I had blind, unreasoning, altogether childish faith in the former. But faith I was to learn—and speedily—does not wash the dishes nor yet feed the swine, as the poets have so aptly put it, and alas, I was fitted by training for nothing but to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam and feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream, as the poem continues. Except indeed that I could applaud gushingly when Ernest was successful and condone becomingly when he wasn't. And for a while that seemed enough.

But ah me! our path led to certain destruction. Ernest tried in infrequent spasms and succeeded in still less frequent spasms. At the end of two years I was suddenly brought to my senses. I happened to read the *Ladies' Home Journal* article on *Are You Living Within Your Income?* I read of the things one must do if one was living within one's income. Then taking pen and paper I took an inventory of our available assets and liabilities, for that is what the article called them. When finished, I looked with amazement and with horror at the results. We had nothing in the bank, very little in the pantry and the clothes closet, a drawer full of unpaid bills, a trunk full of manuscripts, and a size 4 knickerbocker suit and one cradle filled with our children—also one job netting \$13.43 a week on a socialist newspaper. Well, I knew then and there that something must be done. Up until that moment I had not realized how badly we had managed and what an empty bubble our seemingly happy married life had become. But now that I saw my duty I did not shirk.

So I straightened my shoulders and became a woman. "Ernie", says I, "we're on the brink. We've been living on over-capitalized, unsecured hopes. Now, looky here, we shall face this matter with determination. We shall be *real* men and women. Now, you are making \$13.43 a week and we are spending \$43.13. That is wrong. It is, truly, my dear. And we are going right here and now with no delay to shift into reverse!" And Ernie responded with courage and with admiration. "Go to it, kiddo!" he said with deep emotion. And I went.

Well, at first it was a hard struggle. I lay awake nights thinking about how I should manage. But gradually we got started on a new regime. I systematized our little household; I began to keep books; I studied dietetics; I secured work at instructing a sewing circle of the Ladies' Aid of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and greatest of all, I read the *Ladies' Home Journal's* Helpful Hints to Young Housewives. I became an assiduous devotee of that and similar articles. I learned of 93 uses for discarded egg cartons, 47 uses for frayed feather dusters, 13 uses for broken Paris garters, and I learned how to make over last year's lavender kimono into the newest and *chic* sport coat for tennis wear or a hand embroidered chemise or a pair of B. V. D's. In fact I turned from a shiftless, lazy incompetent into an energetic, systematic and modern housewife.

Slowly our efforts were rewarded. We prospered! Ernie, spurred on by my efforts and enthusiasm, joined me in my campaign. Imperceptibly slowly our expenses decreased until one glorious day



I Read of the Things One Must Do.

in spring when the buds were bursting on the trees and the robins were singing gayly we hit the \$13.43 mark, and the next day we began to save. A month later we were living on \$13.42; a year later on \$12.67; two years later on \$12.54; and five years and nine and



Our House Was Filled With Timely Helps.

a half months later on \$12.47. Then, finally, our greatest achievement. In the spring, when Frances was a baby, we got down to \$12.

But we were not satisfied. We had acquired a genius for saving and for applying helpful hints. In

the evenings, our home was the scene of the greatest and most touching domesticity and activity. Ernie and I would get out hammer and nails, paper and pins, needle and thread, tooth brushes and shoe laces and we would make a reinforced book case, a boudoir cap, a patented shoe horn or a telephone pad. Our house was filled with timely helps. And we saved more steps than we took.

Then came the turning point in our lives. The socialist newspaper went into the hands of the receiver and Ernie and I and our little family group were stranded—yes, stranded and middle aged. But we were undaunted. Our years of economizing stood us in good stead. We got down to a real help-matey conference with a log fire and comfy arm chairs and all the necessary accoutrements. For a while no one hit on a workable plan and then Ernie says, "Mamma." (Ernie always calls me that) "I have it. I shall become a wholesale merchant."

"A wholesale merchant, Ernie," says I, surprised and delighted, "What will you sell?"

Ernie was undaunted. "Why," says he, and his voice was firm, assured, "I shall sell discarded egg cartons, frayed feather dusters, broken Paris garters, and last year's kimono's."

"But to whom?"

"To whom? Why to none other than the American Housewife—to the vast army of readers of our women's magazines".

And he did.

Today we are rich. He employs a buying force of one hundred, twenty stenographers and forty-three sundry other clerks, and last year he incorporated at \$5,000,000.

And so I say—and heartfully—here's to the *Ladies' Home Journal*—for it taught me to economize and it brought me happiness and wealth!

Some Real Poetry That Got Into This Magazine When The Editor Wasn't Looking

PINK looks the sound of beauty,—
Life flushing out of dimness.
Silver is there;
Just a sheen, cobwebby with mistiness,
Breathing fragrance into the melody of color;
The lingering sweetness of forgotten gardens,
Whispering the gentle words of spring, and growth and
the moist smell of living.
Pink is the heart of youth,
All youngness,
All being,
The continual reaching out for new birth,
The deepened thrill of expression.

Two long lanes of trees.
The heavy perfume of blossom-breath
Spilled into the night

From white, sienna-tinted flowers
Wavering down,—
Moths.
At the end of the lane,
Sunset—
Pink-tinted clouds;
Shells of satin pearl-pink
Cupped into sky-goblets,
Penciled in silver.

Two figures moving toward the sunset:
His face, flushed with warm blood,
Bent close to her pink cheek
Held up to his.

At the end of the lane
Silver,
And sunset.



“THAT REMINDS ME”

[We pay five dollars each for little tales of home life with a humorous angle on them. Here you will find such tales, fresh (ly unearthed) ones every month.]

He Wanted It

LITTLE WILLIE, aged one, was watching the neighbor's dog digging for a bone the other day. He smiled with glee and, approaching his mother, said:

“Why does the doggie do that?”

“He wants to get the bone, dear,” his mother said.

“I want a piece of bread-an-butter!” cried Willie!

Margaret And The Apple

MARGARET, the five-year-old daughter of a wealthy broker, came home from school one day very much excited.

“What do you think our teacher did today?” she asked her father.

“I can't imagine,” smiled the parent. “What did she do?”

“She read in the reader about a pussy—and—and a—doggie—and—a—a—apple—”

She Was Not In

AN old peddler stopped at the doorway of a farm house one sunshiny day in May.

“Is your mother in?” he asked of the little girl who was sitting on the front doorstep.

“No!” replied the tot.

A Woman's Reply

A VERY red-faced woman was trying to climb aboard a train which was just about to start. The woman had in her wake her family of about fourteen children.

“Where ya goin'?” asked the colored porter facetiously.

“Bloomington!” replied the woman, and went up the steps.

He Knew The Time

TWO young fellows were strolling along a side street in New York. They encountered a policeman.

“Have you the time?” asked one of the young men, thinking to fool the officer.

“Ten-twenty,” answered the cop without hesitation.

The Dog Was Lost

THE college professor was reading from a large volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, when a knock was heard on the door of the lecture hall.

“Come in!” said the professor.

An old negro serving man entered.

“What can I do for you?” asked the old professor, peering over his glasses.

“Ah done los' ma dawg,” said the negro, fidgeting with his hat, “an' w'en Ah las' seen him, he wuz headed fo' dis' room!”

“Mamma Is Right!”

THE family had just settled down to the noon-day meal, and father had finished the opening prayer when little Agnes, aged four, said:

“Papa, where did oo get um's tie?”

“I bought it in a store, Aggie,” retorted the parent.

“But mamma says you need a new suit!” exclaimed the youngster.

“Mamma is right!” smiled father.

Saving Souls

AN actor met his friend, a clergyman, on Broadway.

“Hello, Tom,” said the actor, “still saving souls?”

“You bet!” said the clergymen.

“Well, that's nice,” retorted the actor.

Everything With Him

A PRIZE FIGHTER met a former friend on the street.

“Ef it ain't Bill!” he exclaimed. “Doggone me, ef it ain't crazy old Bill! Well, I ain't seen ye for ten years, Bill. How's the world been treatin' ye?”

“Fine, Jake!” responded the other with a twinkle in his eye. “And how's everything with you?”

Hired

A YOUNG fellow was applying for a job.

“What,” said his prospective employer, “is your age?”

“Twenty,” said the young man.

“Hired!” came from the other.

No Chance For Him

THE young man's proposal had just been unfavorably passed upon by the pretty young lady.

“Is there no chance at all?” he asked dejectedly in the doorway.

“Absolutely none!” she replied inexorably.

“Then good-by!” he said, quick as a flash.



Our Monthly Menus

I.

(This menu, if followed carefully and fully, will take off at least ten pounds from your weight every week.)

BREAKFAST

Cheese croquets with fish sauce
Coffee en casseroles
Peanuts on the half shell

LUNCHEON

Toasted lemon a la mode
Apple pie soup
Potatoes gratis

AFTERNOON TEA

Tea
Sugar
Cream

DINNER

Two baked, especially hardened, ox hoofs
Paprika salad
Radishes boiled in ice cream
Orange souffle with mayonaise dressing
Roasted rice a la demi-tasse
Scrambled tomatoes garnished with custard

SUPPER

Steak, half-sole
Poached soup with French crullers
Boston beans a la Transcript
One ham, raw

AT BEDTIME

One fried O'Sullivan rubber heel

II.

(If, on the other hand, you are thin and wish to add weight, the following menu, if followed carefully, will add at least ten pounds to your weight every week.)

BREAKFAST

Cheese croquets with fish sauce
Coffee en casseroles
Peanuts on the half shell

LUNCHEON

Toasted lemon a la mode
Apple pie soup
Potatoes gratis

AFTERNOON TEA

Tea
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DINNER

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Poached soup with French crullers
Boston beans a la Transcript
One ham, raw

AT BEDTIME

One fried O'Sullivan rubber heel

Real Letters From a Girl To a Student

VII.

At Home
"All Time"
"Night?"

My dearest:—

I am going to always obey you after this about wearing rubbers when its wet. Tell you why. I told my mother what you said and she said the same thing over, over, over again. Its not a nice story, sweetheart, but I'll tell it. Last night mother put the hot water bag in my bed before we went to lodge meeting, and somehow there was a leak in the dyke, which I soon discovered on snuggling down so I arose and turned on the light. Mother said "What's the matter doll?" (That's what she always says in the night if I stir). And I said "This nice bottle you put in my bed has floated off". She said, "What are you going to do?" I replied sweetly, "Oh! I don't know—put on my rubbers probably, as Dickie told me to." She thought I was funny I guess as she laughed so hard, woke father up and he asked her if she were trying to turn night into day.

I wish I could spin off a nice long letter like you do, dearest, but alas, my pens fails to be clever lately, I guess its because my life in uninteresting lately. Oh! I mustn't say that when I have everything my little heart desires, even you.

Mother is counting on our trip east this summer. Won't it be great? I wish you could be along, Dickie—then it would be greater, greatest. But maybe we can save our pennies and take a nice trip some day. I'd like to go to California, but that's a rather dangerous state to take my Dickie. Ha! Ha! How are things getting along under the sheltering palms with your friend Myrtle? Don't answer because it makes me jealous. If your heart is big enough to let some other girl have a corner I never want to know it. Now remember, unless its all sold out then you can tell me. I'll do the same to you if anything should happen. But as crazy as we are about each other I don't think there's any danger.

Well, hon, I must leave off or I won't get my money for being the family cook.

Bye Bye—

All the love in ALL the worlds,
Eve.

X X X Write! Write! Write!



The Story of a Belgian Child As Told By Himself

He awoke in his brass, canopied bed, and—but read the story and see for yourself!

MARCH 1, 1917.

Today has ben a full day.

I awoke in my brass, canopied bed which had been sent to me by a kind-hearted elderly lady from Seattle, and spent an hour or so deciding which pair of knitted socks I should wear today. I have five hundred pairs, in a wonderful variety of colors, and one of my greatest joys is the selection every morning of the pair I am to wear that day.

Then I was diverted from my labor of trying on eight or ten of the new sailor suits which a Culture Club from Dayton, Ohio has sent me, by sounds from without. I heard a gasping and grunting and scraping. Running to the door, I found that I had been preceded by my valet, a man who is the perfection of efficiency and self-effacement—he was sent me by a millionaire from Newport who said he had more valets than he knew what to do with and wanted to do what he could for us poor sufferers. How wonderful the United States is to us in our hour of need!

Well, my valet, Henri, was holding the door open, and through the vista thus made I perceived four strong men lifting case after case of goods to the door from a line of fourteen motor trucks which extended up the roadway.

"What is it, Henri?" I asked.

"From what I can gather from these—persons, it is merely a new consignment of things for you, sir, from somewhere in the Middle Western states."

"Very well", I said. "Let them be carried to the third warehouse; it is only partly filled."

"There are only four men," hinted Henri.



"What is it, Henri?" I asked.

"Peanuts and The Soul"

—By—

E. F. Schnitz-che,

**The Foremost Living Authority on Dietics and
Myst-icism—Next Month**

"Of course!" I said, understanding. "Get Max and William and Thomas and direct them to help these men. If they are not enough, you will also lend a hand."

Max is the butler; William and Thomas are the footmen.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," said Henri.

"And—Henri—" I said.

Henri paused.

"As soon as you can, find out just what the nature of these articles is and let me know."

Really, it is getting to be a nuisance, the way these gigantic deliverers of articles from the United States are cluttering up our homes—although, to be sure, we poor sufferers appreciate them. We have to, out of loyalty to our queen.

In an hour Henri arrived with his report. He was quite disheveled and dirty. Apparently the quantity and bulk of the articles had been such that his physical assistance had been necessary.

We spent two hours going over the preliminary list of the goods received. Three grand pianos; four sets of Dickens' works; thirty-four cases of knitted socks; nine-hundred dozen boxes of Ivory soap; two thousand loaves of bread—it really was annoying, for I came late to dinner and also missed my lesson in Italian and music from Guiseppe da Bonci, the tutor who had been sent to me by a railroad president from Illinois.

However, I must be philosophical and bear up. I can always obtain comfort from the thought that my suffering is light as compared to most of us Belgian children; the gifts which are delivered to me are far less in quantity and value than those received by most of my young countrymen.



This Wins The \$5 Prize

"The Ethics of Spooning"

ETHICS is the science of conduct. Hence spooning is perfectly proper, for if it were misconduct, I could not write about its ethics.

Spooning is more than proper. Unlike our Puritan Sunday, it is highly enjoyable as well as proper. It is twice blessed: it blesseth him that spoons and her that's spooned. Nay more, it blesseth her that spoons and him that's spooned.

Spooning is like a modern insurance policy of the mutual participating variety, or like a twin cylinder reciprocating engine. For genuine devotees all the world's a spoonholder and each one plays two parts, spooner and spooned.

Spooning is a semi-social virtue. It does not thrive in absolute solitude, but flourishes when two are unaccompanied, though three's a crowd. It is easy in the world to live after the unspooned chaperone's opinion; it is easy in paired solitude to spoon after our own; but the great spooners are they who in the midst of the crowd keep with perfect sweetness the spoonful independence of solitude.

So much in general; now a concise manual for lesser spooners, and I have done.

1. I say unto thee: Spoon with others as thou wouldst have them spoon with thee. This is the golden rule of spooning.

2. If thine friend would take thy hat, resist not, but give her thy coat and gloves likewise.

3. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine spooning may be in secret; and thy dean which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

4. If thine friend kiss thee on the right cheek I say unto thee: Turn to him the other cheek also.

5. Embrace thy friend not until seven times, but until seventy times seven.

6. And as ye go, spoon, saying, The Kingdom of heaven is at hand.

7. Nevertheless, blessed are the careful spooners, for they shall not see the dean. Selah!

—Gertie S., Danville, Ill.

FROM OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Likes Story

Editor:

The story "Tittering Tillie" in your February issue brought the tears to my eyes with its throbbing pathos. When I read it to our little sewing circle, we all stopped for a full half hour and wept. I feel sure that poor Tillie must be a real girl somewhere, and therefore we all made up a purse of seventeen cents which we herewith enclose for you to forward to Tillie to pay her passage from Constantinople to this country. When she arrives, please let us know; we have arranged to secure her a position as saleslady on our biggest notions-and-dry-goods store.

The Jolly Seven,

Keokuk, Iowa.

Saves \$100

Dear Editor:

I consider your article on drying handkerchiefs, which was so remarkably illustrated by actual photographs in the January number, one of the most useful ones I have ever read. It never occurred to me to wash handkerchiefs with soap and then dry and iron them to make them as good as new. I used to throw all soiled handkerchiefs into the coal bin. But now, I can safely say that I am saving at least a hundred dollars every year as the result of your article.

Mrs. D. F. Ool,

West Virginia.

Twittikens Sends Kisses

Editor:

My little kitten, Twittikens, sends you lots of kisses and many hugs. The darling just loved the sweet little story in your February issue by Mary Mabel Marion Grace McNulty Smith about the gre-a-t b-i-g Cattikens and the little tiny Dogus-Bogus. I read it to Twittikens three times, I did. Um-hum. An' she liked ums ooo-o-oo—lots!

Ella S. Q. Food,

Texas.

Fashion Hints

AMONG the offerings of Fifth Avenue boot shops we find the Chameleon pump, the distinctive feature of which is that it will match any shade of hosiery. Of course just now the price is far above the reach of all but the subsidized wardrobe, but the idea is worthy of comment. Strange to say, hard usage has little effect on these boots, but they wear out rapidly if the owner changes hosiery too often. They cannot be worn with plaid stockings, of course.

We find in necklaces a new thing which is likely to revolutionize the table department of the The Set. It is the Pendulum Pendant, which is constructed so that when one bends forward too far the throat is tightened so that the mouth cannot be opened. The invention is credited to an engineer who had seen co-eds eat sundaes at a western university.

Of the underlying causes which affect the mode the most important innovation is the O-Pa-Q petty-skirt. This garment is absolutely opaque, as the name implies, yet it is very light in weight. It has been on sale in the Middle West for several seasons, but for some unknown reason has never become popular with the younger women. If it were universally adopted it is thought that the law requiring automobiles to dim their lights could be repealed.

The Grinnell handkerchief is now on sale. The unique feature of this accessory is that the principle on which the Grinnell Sprinklers is based is applied to the handkerchief. It is a well-known fact that one of the safest and surest ways to break the spell of the dance is to drop the handkerchief for the gentleman to pick up. The Grinnell has provided for this automatically. The moment that the strain of saxophone and "Allah's Holiday" has swayed the lady into a state of semi-forgetfulness, her embarrassment usually causes her to tighten her grip upon the handkerchief holder, thereby causing heat, which in turn never fails to open the clasp, releasing the dainty lace and effectually breaking the spell of the dance.



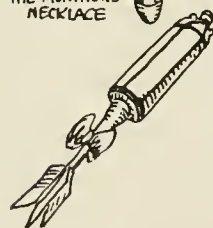
LES DERNIERS
COLLECTED FROM FASHION
PARIS · LONDON · NEW YORK
If you cannot obtain these at
your leading mercantile establish-
ments buyers will be glad to spend y-
We pay them no salary.



THE MUNITIONS
NECKLACE



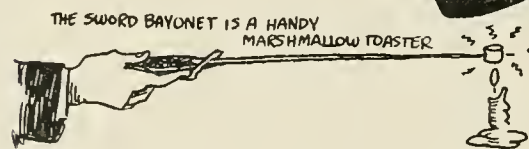
HANDSOME & TIMELY
NOVELTIES APPROPRIATE
OF PREPAREDNESS
ARE NOW GREATLY IN
VOGUE - - - -



THE AERIAL BOMB
FINDS USE IN MANY
HAPPY HOMES AS
A POUNDER OF BEEF
STEAKS AND AS A
HUSBAND SUBJUGATOR-
TIED IN RIBBON IT
MAKES A NOBBY
PARLOR ORNAMENT

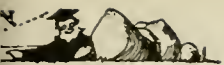


THE FRENCH SHRAPNEL
HELMET MAKES AN
EXCELLENT SKILLET
COVER



THE SWORD BAYONET IS A HANDY
MARSHMALLOW TOASTER





ES CRIS

OTS IN -
GO - CHAMPAIGN

ere displayed at
mail us a check Our
y for you

THIS SUIT OF
HAWAIIAN HULA
UNDERWEAR
IS BEING PUT ON
THE MARKET BY
THE SHREDDED
WHEAT COMPANY -
COOL & SCRATCHY



THIS LITTLE GARMENT
IS MADE OF OPAQUE
MATERIAL AND WILL
PROVE A GREAT BOON
TO MANKIND AS SOON
AS THE PALM BEACH
SEASON OPENS



YOU NEED NOT
FEAR YOUR
SILHOUETTE

A VERY POPULAR
EVENING DRESS
PATTERN - A FAV-
ORITE AMONG
NON-FUSSERS



THE LATEST REPORTS
FROM BERLIN SEEM
TO INDICATE THAT
THIS RADICAL DEPARTURE
WILL BE THE ORDER IN
MEN'S CARB FOR #17 -

UNIVERSAL
SERVICE



A QUICK CORSET COVER

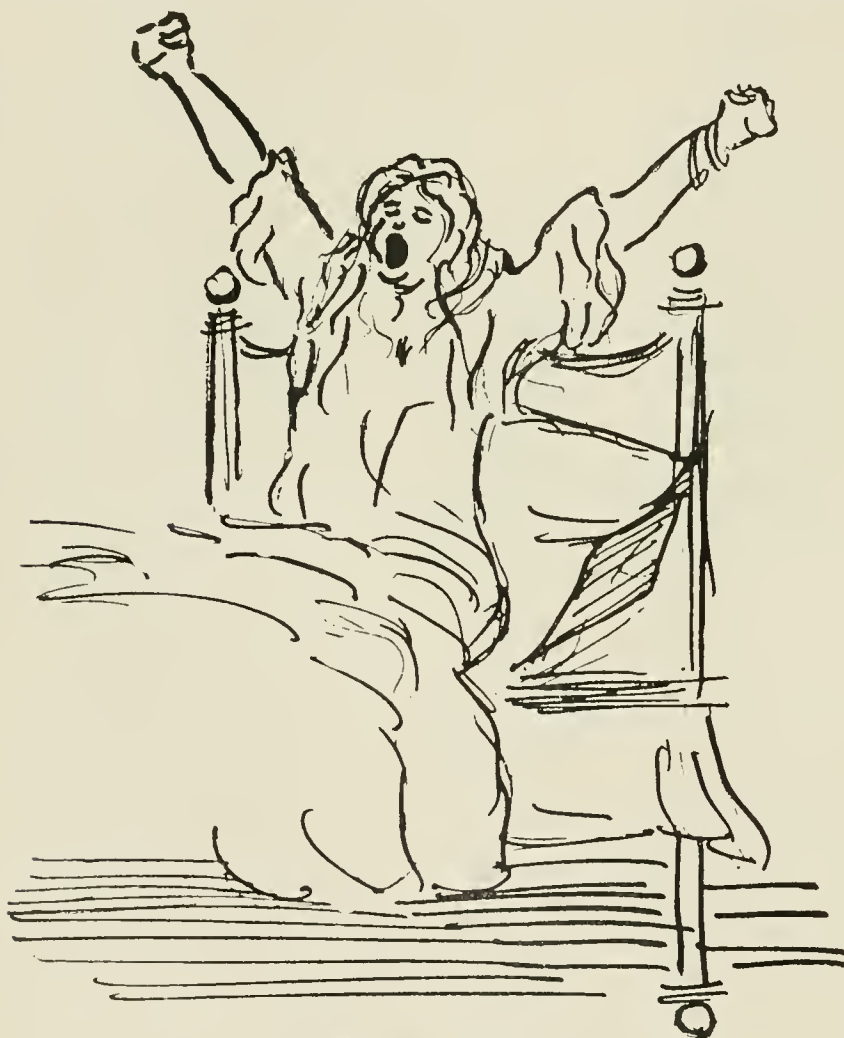


TECUMSEH



Phoebe's Diary

The author of this prefers to remain anonymous, but doubtless our readers will recognize the delightful style and delicious delicateness—well, read the story—



This Morning I Awoke.

MARCH 20, 1917.

This morning I awoke.

As I look back over this, the Momentest Day of My Life, I recognize a great new truth—the day does not begin until one awakens. Although the sun had been up for hours, it was night until I opened my eyes.

I leaped from the bed and seized the three books which Rev. Pilate Bjornsen, the new Irish curate, had so kindly lent me from his private library. I had complained that I failed to feel stimulated after reading "Miss Toosey's Missions", "Steven Vane's Trust", and "The Life of John Wesley" in the Sunday-school library.

I can never forget how I trembled when he placed his strong white hand on mine and said these beautiful words,

"Dear little Miss Phoebe, your thirst for knowledge has awakened and is even now beating its new-launched wings against the shackles of your heart's aquarium."

The strange spell of his presence might never have been broken had not Fate intervened. My little sister, Vanilla, fluttered into the room like a fairy spirit. Shaking her golden curls, she murmured softly,

"Golly! He's a nut!"

But to retrace the steps of my document, I seized upon the three books, "The Problems of Human Life Here and Hereafter", "Three Weeks", and "The Contemporary Short Story" by Baker.

I read avidly, glancing from time to time at little Vanilla who lay asleep all unconscious that her young life was going on. Her face was flushed delicately beneath its delicate coating of night cream. I saw with a pang that for the first time Dinah, her old rag doll, was not clasped in her soft, white arms and from beneath her pillow peeped the photograph of a masculine face. My little sister! You, too. . . . YOU are growing up.

. . . Ah. . . . Ah.

Carelessly, I let my books slip to the floor. I stumbled downstairs, my eyes blurred with tears. The greasy smell of pancakes nauseated me. My whole soul revolted.

The table-cloth was spotted with egg. Half a dozen dirty children were busy on the floor covering the old dog Crusoe with cockle burrs. I walked across them unseeing.

My father grumbled in a sweaty tone.

My brother gulped the muddy



coffee, sniffily. He ate three pancakes in two bites.

In her faded blue wrapper, my mother slouched herself back and forth between the table and the stove. She sang "Allah's Holiday" with gusto.

When the children poured the molasses upon Crusoe's nose to make the cockle-burrs stick tighter, I could stand it no longer. I rushed from the room. I fled to Mother Nature.

The sun sickened me with its aureal glare. The smell of the nicotinas in the round garden-bed was unbearably sweet. A March fly buzzed complainingly.

From the dilapidated little honeysuckle arbor, floated voices:

"I gave her three books that I



My Brother Ate Three Pancakes In Two Bites.

thought would keep her busy. She don't need to come rubbering around us."

It was the curate! The Irish curate — ah, those kind white hands! Disillusioned.

And a sweet voice answered,

"Golly, she's a nut!"

My little sister—Ah
Ah.

My—heart—is—broken—

Pydie—"No, thanks, boys, I'm not drinking. I don't want to set the young men a bad example, and I'm deacon in the church; and, besides, I've had three big drinks already this morning."—Jack o' Lantern.

Our Household Hints



Mrs. Carrots, Who Won First Prize.

First Prize: (Won by Emma S. Carrots, Dubuque, Ia.)

Cakes with white icing may be artistically decorated with pink tooth-paste. (The kind that comes out like a ribbon and lies flat on the cake.) Grasp the tube firmly between the third and fourth fingers of the right hand and with the left hand gently squeeze the paste into dainty futuristic designs.

handle B fasten the iron just inside the door-way.

Explanation:—When the caller opens the door the curling iron opens and closes on the cards. With such a device it is never necessary for the hostess to appear in person, or to hire a maid.

Snappy Schemes

INVISIBLE hairnets make unobtrusive door-mats for rainy weather.

Second Prize: (Won by Mrs. J. LaMonde, Cairo, Ill.)

Directions for Making a Calling-card Receiver.

1. Wind a curling iron with pink ribbon, tying in neat bow.

2. Knot one end of a tape measure to handle A of iron, and the other end to the door-knob.

3. With a nail thrust neatly through the other

A light coat of varnish applied just before the second course will make knives more efficient in conveying peas to the mouth.

Give baby his bath in the washing-machine,
Only two turns and the darling is clean!



The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman

The Secret of True Married Happiness is—Well, Read This Powerful Human Document and See!

KEEP the pigs out of the front yard and you'll be happy! This is the lesson I impart to young country brides after twenty years of the most harrowing experiences with front yard pigs.

It happened this way. When Charlie asked me to marry him, there was one thing which he had not told me and that was that he would brook no interference in the managing of his farm even though his methods should result in unpleasantness for me. And to be sure no young man would ever tell a young girl that before they were married, now would he? Well—and so Charlie didn't.

But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof—although to be sure the evil until that day didn't become evident until many days later—in fact, to be accurate, until the morning after our return from our honeymoon. You see, we returned at night. I had never seen my future home and Charlie escorted me proudly through the rooms which had just been newly decorated in honor of my arrival. Everything was just too sweet and cozy for words and I fairly squealed with delight.

It was not until the next morning that the faint suggestion of a shadow came over my otherwise perfect happiness.

It was like this. I arose with joy in my heart. I went to the window. I pulled up the shade and lo! what do you think met my eye? There in our front yard, in front of my new home, were pigs! P-I-G-S! My cry of distress brought Charlie quickly to my side.

"My precious, what is it?" he demanded anxiously, and his eyes were filled with love. My own were filled with tears.

"Charlie, dear, Charlie, look! Those pigs! They're in the front yard!"

Charlie looked distressed but astonished.

"But my darling, they always come into the front yard. Why not? They don't hurt anything."

"Why not? PIGS! P-I-G-S!! In MY front yard!" I was verging on hysterics.

"My dear," said Charlie and it was a Charlie I had never known before, cool, calm, collected, determined, "this is my farm! You may run your house as you please and I shall never interfere but I—I shall run my farm!" And with a gesture of finality, he stalked out of the room.

That was the beginning. With those words the die was cast. Charlie refused to listen to anything I had to say. Pleas, threats, tears were of no avail.

For years it went on thus. We had two children, and we were happy. Even in spite of the pigs we were happy, for the human mind can adapt itself

in wondrous ways. Not that my ideas about pigs in the front yard changed with the years. No indeed, but the subject was forbidden and was never brought up except on the rarest occasions such as one night when we had out-of-town guests who ran over one of the pigs on the front drive and all the women went into hysterics. Yes, in spite of the pigs, we were very happy.

Then came the climax. One early morning in June when the sun was shining brightly and the whole world was cheery, Mary, our youngest child who the whole neighborhood say is a cherub sent from heaven, was playing in the front yard and a pig scared her—a big, black, dirty pig—with a snout. The precious child went into hysterics and six doctors worked over her for nine hours. All through the night we fought for the young life. Charlie and I were half-crazed with dread, but toward morning when the first streaks of dawn were illuminating the eastern horizon, the doctors said, "Your child will live."

Until that moment, I had been brave as women usually are in times of great need, but when I knew that my baby would live—my baby whom I had suffered for, cared for and loved, then and there I collapsed into the nearest chair and burst into tears. One of the doctors looked at me with compassion and understanding. "But," said he turning to Charlie and speaking sternly, "If I were you in the future I should keep my pigs out of the front yard!" So saying, he left.

Charlie fell on his knees beside me and buried his head in my lap. "Lena, Lena do not weep so! Oh, forgive me, Lena. It is I who have brought this upon us. I who was so blind, so immovable! It would have been by fault if we had lost our baby, Lena. But you must forgive me. Say that you will Lena, let me hear you say that you will!"

"I will," said I through my tears for I was choked with emotion.

The next day we put up a fence.

There is only one motive that is powerful enough to induce me to bare this intimate talk of my married life, and that is to save other women from similar misery. Since that day, now four years ago, my married life has been a dream of joy and bliss. No shadow has ruffled its clear surface. And, dear sisters, I say to you one and all, "Make him promise before you marry him that he will put up a fence, for if you would be happy in the country, keep, oh keep, your pigs out of your front yard."

Lena Nordbrock,
Elmsurst, Illinois.

Gossip From Paris

Paris, France.

Chere Amie,
Overalls for Madame? Oui, it is



Overalls For Madame.

the truth. Only this afternoon, Mademoiselle Cerise Bouillon was seen strolling along the Champs Elysees attired in well-fitting overalls of apple-green denim. And her simple chapeau! Was it not adorned with two tiny hoes?

Her poodles, Epistle Paul and Apostle Peter, well-known for having originated the pompadour style of hair-cut, are again having their hair parted in the middle. It is said that American men are taking up the fashion.

But hush! Skimming along on her auto-centiped, came Senorita Goshi-Curci (Galli's sister) the famous Italian actress who is starring this



The Latest Wrist Adornment.

week at the Opera Comique in "Parlez-vous Deutsch? Not Je."

Her gown was of white iceland fox with a tucked bodice and very full plaited skirt. The soles of her pumpkin-gold felt shoes are covered with the autographs of French soldiers.

Voila! The latest wrist adornment is a miniature type-writer fastened on the left wrist with a simple little platinum bracelet. Thus Milady immediately records her engagements and has the gentlemen sign here.

Another dainty accessory is the gumbo. Pray what is it?—this silver case fastened to the left earring? (By the way, right earrings have gone out.) Inside it resembles a muffin ring. In each pearl enclosure, Mademoiselle deposits her dainty wads of gum. She chooses at leisure a hue to match her costume.



Came Goshi-Curci.

Stimulation

HISTORY, for instance: We would rather hear a vivid, impressionistic essay (incomprehensible if you wish) which would fire our imagination and stir our

mental impulses to a desire to find out more about the subject *ourselves*, than to listen to the most keenly analytic and priceless contribution of dry, accurate facts which bore us into a state where we would prefer to go out and get drunk and shoot a chorus girl rather than read about political development in the early '80s.

Which somewhat breathless statement quite artfully brings us to the conclusion that when an instructor, in Rhetoric, say, has sense enough to read a little bit of newspaper satire to us, a few pages from *Heine*, a stimulating editorial paragraph, a touch of colorful description, and perhaps a dab of serious criticism, he is doing much toward giving us an idea of what it is to know enough to think enough to want to know more enough to be intelligent.

Stimulation—that is why so many educators say that a college man's "outside" life is more important than his classroom life. It is, because in his outside life he gets his stimulation, while in the classroom he is likely to go thru an atmosphere of stagnation. The college man who is fortunate enough to have a roommate whom he can respect and who at the same time has worth while mental habits is in a fair way to be educated. The college man who has a teacher who senses the *magnetic* value of knowledge and thought and who tries to put that across instead of ramming a set of canned facts—can and all—down the throats of his students, is twice blessed.

We all promptly forget the things which our persistent "can" instructors have succeeded in shoveling into our mental apparatus—they are not usually digested; they are mental fecies. On the other hand, the things to which our interests have been stimulated are what determine the things we know and think about, the lustre of our eyes and the cast of our lips and whether we will beat our wives.

Some Pattern Suggestions

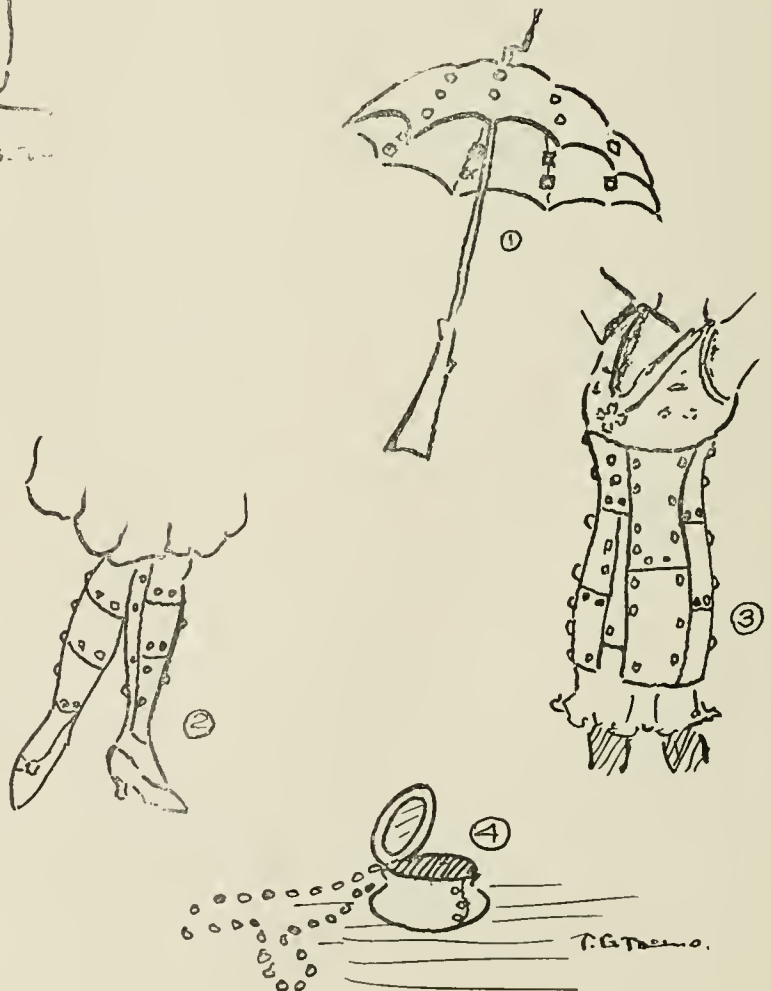
(Upon receipt of \$4.10 to cover postage, our pattern department will be glad to mail one of these patterns to any subscriber free.)



No. 7099140. A simple waist with new high collar and crusher hat. Collar and hat may be pulled together in case of exposure to gas or hot air attack.

FOR USE IN THE WAR ZONE

1. Bombproof parasol.
2. Holeproof hosiery.
3. Bulletproof corset.
4. Asbestos-lined, damp-proof and fire-proof powder case.



What Girls Have Made Out of Other Girls

By Mrs. Pshawfrey Ward

And now we have patterns—real patterns!—for girls! The very latest thing in finishing young women. If you were—but read on, you'll find out!

I.

Pattern For The Society Girl.

SOCIETY is always in need of new patterned girls. The colleges have come to the rescue and are now furnishing simple patterns for the manufacture of the cultured society product from the raw country material.

When the rusty little country girl in sunbonnet and starched white apron first comes to Champaign, the advertising managers for society meet her at the train and take her to the drilling houses, —dignified by the name of Sorority Lodges. Here she commences her trip thru the mill (theory expounded by Charles Darwin and Sara Moore) she soon leaves behind all thoughts of kindly cows and grunting pigs, and turns all her attention to beautiful fashions and cultured dance steps. At the end of two weeks comes the test of the survival of the fittest (expounded by Aristotle and Helen Morris). If she is a true product of evolution she survives and is safely launched upon society, a high-grade, hand-made product of other girls.

II.

Pattern For The Parasite.

Some girls who enter this manufacturing center have already been launched upon society as the handiwork of their cultured mothers. The work for saleswomen of sororities—pardon me, society,—is then much easier. After two weeks of remodelling, the inner-



She Survives And Is Safely
Launched.

most shrine of the lodge is thrown open to them. Studies become merely a by-product of their lives, for in the Parasite Rest Room (the sorority closet) they find highly polished themes made to order for their rhetoric instructors, carefully prepared question questions with the corrected answers, and, as the supreme treasure trove, typewritten instructions on "How to Kid the Instructor".

III.

Pattern For The Publicity Aspirant.

For this pattern, Illinois employs highly efficient saleswomen to advertise those who have been leaders in their High School activities. They select girls who are certain that their old High School will go out of business now they are gone, —in fact all the teacher's-pets-of-high-school-days, and initiate them into the college political game. From the first, Phi Delta Psi is their goal. The routine weekly program prescribed for them is:

Monday—bluffing day.

Tuesday—swimming the length of the girl's swimming tank.

Wednesday—Woman's League tea. (Ten minutes with a cooky.)

Thursday—Y. W. C. A. (May leave when the program is half finished.)

Friday—Literary Society. (Every week when being rushed; every two months after initiation.)

In addition, such worthy aspirants are instructed to be present at all class and mass meetings and
(Continued on page 32.)

How I Built a Mansion On Five a Week

By Bonn Hedd

**America's Greatest
Economist**

NEXT MONTH



Notes On "Passers By"

SCOTT MCNULTA as Burns, the tramp, in Mask and Bauble's recent presentation of "Passers By" by C. Haddon Chambers, was, from his head to his toes and from his walk to his talk not only a convincingly good tramp but successfully different from himself.

Dana Todd, on the other hand, was apparently not in the slightest a different individual from himself off-stage. For the first five minutes he was pleasing to look at. He was good-looking and attractively melancholy; there was an ungodly perfection in his attire. We watched him with interest, waiting for the rise in inflection, the quickening of step, the awkward move which would betray emotion—waiting for him to prove that he was human and not a perfect combination of phonograph and fashionplate. But it did not come. And as the monotone of his pleasant voice continued gracefully through humor and action and climax, and as his body moved with the same leisurely correctness through love-scenes and informal meals with underlings, it became a torture to us poor devils in the audience. Drops of water, you know, are refreshing and cooling and all that sort of thing, but when a man is tied down and drop after drop of water is allowed regularly to fall on his forehead, it becomes excruciating torture. Thus, by the time we had suffered through to the fourth act, every time Mr. Todd came or spoke or went we had a delirious desire to screech madly and trample out over our neighbors' knees and set fire to the Illinois theatre.

But, doggone it, McNulta was fine.

And Nell Patterson was, as usual, beyond the reproach of the likes of us. She has a voice, stage-presence, and intuitive adaptability to a role. She can get the atmosphere of an emotion across. Every part of her body becomes significant or obscure according to the most effective and artistic demands of the lines.

The cast on the whole was remarkably well chosen. The play was not. No action; no power; no purpose. Some characterization, but none that was lovable or strong or striking except, perhaps, the character of Burns in spots and maybe one or two of the others in spots.

Why Mask and Bauble should foist such a play on the students who pay real money to see it, is more than we can understand or condone.

Our "Make-Up"

OF COURSE, we (that is, the Siren staff) know better than to call an issue "The LADIES HOME JOURNAL Number", to begin with a burlesque of the contents of that worthy publication, and then to break up the unity of the masquerade with articles like those on this page and that entitled "Stimulation". But when a man is in college and has to pass courses and keep friends and see games and shows and help get out a magazine in about five days, he may be pardoned a few inconsistencies. Hence our "make-up" department not only does not apologize, but it brazenly takes this additional space in order to point with pride and say: "See that flaw? Well, it's the only one!"

The Gridiron Banquet

A SENSE of humor is the badge of sanity. It is a proof of perspective. In this little, very much unreal academic college world we are in constant danger of a warped viewpoint on ourselves and our neighbors. In such a world, the chance to get a real glimpse at one another should be welcomed with intense pleasure. The Gridiron Banquet, started last year by Sigma Delta Chi, gives us such a chance. Last year it brought the warm, informal touch of human recognition and sympathy to many of us as nothing else has done here for a long time. This year on Thursday night, March twenty-ninth, it comes again. It will be welcome, for it is one of the vital things of our college life.

A Reincarnation

YOU have asked me for a song, something gay, of love or war,
And an hour has passed, my lady, full of songs in sprightly key;
But the wind has touched a dreaming string in my guitar,
And my chording heart responds with an unwonted melody:

"O night abloom with roses, each a memory
Of nights once set like jewels in the throat of Spring
A thousand silent sleeping years ago maybe
When you were a jester's daughter and
I was a king!

I remember how the river curled and lightened at
your feet
Into little lyric waves that sang my love to you,
As you stood, a queen of women, in the sunsets dim
and sweet:
Faded sunsets of old days when love was wonderful
and new!

We were happy in the shadow of my father's throne,
And you bore me laughing children in a little wood;
But these modern days are mirthless with a love for
self alone
And my homeless heart goes sighing thru a childless
solitude.

You have made a loveless marriage in these latter days
And your husband's house has stooped to make a
guest of me:
So today the jester's daughter is a princess tired
of praise,
And I am a strolling player to Your Majesty!"

—C. B. B.

Josef Hofman's Piano Page

Q.—I am a young thing just beginning on the piano and I experience considerable difficulty in playing in A Flat. Can you offer any advice or suggestions that might aid me?

A.—I would suggest that you move to an apartment where the neighbors are more lenient and less crabbed.

—::—

Q.—Has the length of nails anything to do with a player's technique? Mine are quite long. Is this right?

A.—Yes, long nails, of course, last longer than shorter ones. It is therefore an act of economy to buy and smoke the long ones.

—::—

Q.—What is your opinion of Wagner?

A.—He is one of the greatest shortstops in the game, although his age is beginning to tell on him.

—::—

Q.—How do you pronounce Tchaikowsky? Dvorak?

A.—You don't. You sing 'em.

—::—

Q.—I have a pupil nine years old who finds

**Jos. C. has a Payment Plan
for Watches and Diamonds
that permits you to wear
'em while you pay for 'em.**

Jos. C. Bowman

"Your Dependable Jeweler"

**First Door North of City Building on
Neil Street**

TECUMSEH



Sweet Thing—"Why did you swear so horribly when you fell into the lake?"

"The damns kept the water out."

—::—

JOSEF HOFMAN'S PAGE—Continued.

Muenchener's 1st opus a trifle heavy. What do you think I should do?

A.—Let the pupil try some of Vichy's lighter stuff.

—::—

Q.—When I reach the 18th bar of Pilsener's "Dark" I don't know what to do. What do you advise?

A.—After the 18th bar it is surely time to go home.

—::—

Q.—I am ambitious and desire to branch out a bit. What will help and be of value?

A.—Try a course in Forestry. You will learn a lot about branches in that way.

—::—

Q.—How high should the piano stool be?

A.—Just high enough to reach from the place you sit down on to the ground and no higher.

S. C. TUCKER, DRUGGIST

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR

**Will give the office all the time required, and more if necessary.
Subject to the will of the people at the election Tuesday, April 17**

"Cleaning Up" The Breweries

TO what lengths will not the prohibitionists go in their zeal to rid the country of alcoholic drinks? An Oklahoma "dry" wrote this letter to a St. Louis mail order house.

R. U. Wet & Co.,
St. Louis,
Misery,
January 4, 1917.
Dear Sirs:—

The letter of yourn received and I wisht say rite now that the preposal is a good propersition an I will give you my bizness if you send me an order blank an give me 90 days credit insted of 60 an if you will stick to what you says you will stick to. But how can I tell how you will stick to what you was saying you would stick to if your not on God's side. Get on God's side and the ouder is yourn an join the lord an us an me in gettin misery to go dry by cleanin up the breweries in St. Louis. Don't forget the 90 days credit an the side of God an I beg to remane your in prohibition.

Most truly yourn,
I. M. Dry.

And here is the reply of the mail order house.
I. M. Dry,

Arid, Ok.

Jan 6, 1917.

Dear Sir:

We are in receipt of your noble letter of the fourth

instant. Words cannot express the commendation and praise which we feel that your prohibition sentiments merit and we shall, therefore, take great pride in listing you among our customers.

We shall faithfully fulfill each and every promise which we made you. And we would even give you a credit extension of thirty days, were it not for the fact that our fight against the liquor interests neccessitates our having a lot of ready money on hand.

Every man in our employ each night, excluding Sundays, does his utmost to clean up the breweries. Often these men are unfit to work the next day, so strenuous are their attacks upon liquor of the previous nights! And often do they fight the demon beer until early in the morning! What tho they die from over work, have not their lives been whetted with the dew of divine inspiration?

We are firmly convinced that if our concern grows large enough to justify the employment of thousands of high spirited men, no more beer will flow in the streets of St. Louis. Your esteemed order would hasten our expansion. Will you help us grow?

Yours truly,
I. Will Cleanumup,
Mgr.

P. S.—Enclosed please find the order blank which you requested. Will you help us grow?
And he did!

Auto 2181

Bell 620

CHAMPAIGN COFFEE COMPANY

110 N. Walnut Street

Largest Coffee and Tea Retailers in Central Illinois, 15 years experience in the business.

We Retail at Wholesale Prices

DELICIOUS COFFEES, FRAGRANT TEAS, OUR OWN IMPORTATION

Champaign Ice Cream Co.

SANITARY

Ice Cream and Sherbets

IDEAL IDENTIFIED.

She—"I like a man of few words and many actions."

He—"You want my brother; he has St. Vitus' Dance."

—Tiger.

SO WE'VE HEARD.

Optimist—"Yes, sir! There is lots of money in real estate these days."

Pessimist—"Yes, and there is lots of money in banks, too."—Gargoyle.

He—"May I see you to-night?"

She—"Yes, but remember that father turns off the lights at 10:30."

He—"All right, I'll be there promptly at half-past ten."—Ohio Sun Dial.

DON'T BE SLOW

Keep up with the satisfied
customers who are patronizing

Hoover's Sanitary Barber Shop

(The Choice of the Particular People)

1st Nat'l Bank Bldg. -:- Champaign, Ill.

*Many
Variations
of Varsity "55"*

Direct From

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Expert designers of college cloths
for young men,

\$20, \$22.50, \$25

New Spring Lines Ready

**STERN
BROTHERS.**

CLOTHIERS

23 Main St. Champaign



For Commissioner

CHAS. L. KISER

506 S. Third Street. (In the Student district)

More than twelve hundred voters expressed their confidence in him at the primary. Ask any one of them why--and then join them in casting your ballot on election day.

A VOTE FOR
ROGER E. ZOMBRO
Candidate for
COMMISSIONER
Will Be Appreciated

Election April 17

INTELLIGENCE

ABSOLUTE satisfaction,
purest material, pains-
taking workmanship, and
the most exacting execution
of all details is the basis on
which we solicit your
patronage

THE WHITE & GOLD
CONFECTIONERY
Urbana **Illinois**

*The Player's Wish
—is Our Law—*

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This is the essence of service we
wish to give – the personal at-
tention which sees that your
precise wishes are carried out
with quiet courtesy and dispatch
=====

Arcade Billiard Parlors
DEWEY NEWMAN, Proprietor
Bradley Arcade Champaign, Ill.

VISIT

Gaston's Hair Cutting Parlor

BEFORE

Donning Your Easter Toggery

E. P. GASTON, Proprietor

Y. M. C. A. Building

For Your Own Good Cheer

You get MORE for your
money and your Satisfac-
tion is Guaranteed at the

Arcade Confectionery

Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmie"

Third St. Delicatessen

G. A. OSTRAND, Proprietor

606 South Third St.

How Our Profs Sound To Us

Doc Dodge In Shakespeare.

"THIS semester we will specialize in *Hamlet*. In order to appreciate *Hamlet* we must look deeply and thoroughly into the history of the early quartos and folios. Therefore we shall spend all but one week of this semester discussing the following important points:

"Did Shakespeare ever sign his name? (Two weeks.)

"If so, how did he spell it? (Two weeks.)

"Having decided that we do not know how he spelled it, why did he spell it that way? (One week.)

"When was each play written? (One month.)

"How many lines are there in each play? (Two weeks.)

"How many lines of end-run verse in each play? (Two weeks.)

"The names of the characters in each play. (Three weeks.)

"Did Shakespeare live across from a brewery? (One week.)

"Was Shakespeare's nose long or short? (Two weeks.)

"When we have covered this ground in a scholarly manner, we will be ready to go more deeply into the study of Shakespeare. We will then take up the fascinating question of whether the first folio was more valuable than the third quarto to the scholar who wishes truly to understand the inner significance of Shakespeare's plays. Then, if we have time, we shall while away one or two hours in reading one of Shakespeare's plays in class. This, of course, is superficial work. Anybody can read Shakespeare at home, and this should not be done in class. But you might accidentally discover something wonderful about the man's work if you read him without having your minds first cluttered up with a mass of details about the many things mentioned in my outline for the course; so I am going to have the reading done in class. This will insure you against ever finding him anything but dull and a horrible bore."

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If you want to save money on that new spring suit, come in and look over our line.

We are showing over a thousand patterns of the season's newest woolens, made in seventy different models.

We Absolutely Guarantee

Style, fit, workmanship and materials at \$18 to \$35.

Pitsenbarger & Flynn

612 E. Green St.

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Barber Supplies

Athletic Goods

Complete Supplies

BASE BALL
TENNIS
GOLF
TRACK

The Co-op.

On the Square.

University Candy Co.

CANDY

15 Taylor St.

Champaign, Ill.

The Philbrick Gift Shop



Champaign, Ill.

WILL MOVE MARCH 29

New location, Belvoir Bldg.

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Lois Seyster '19, and T. G. Thomas '18, have been elected to the Siren editorial staff.

HOWARD ROSS, .∴ MEAT MARKET

Choice Fresh, Smoked and Salt Meats

116 South Neil Street

Bell 16.

Auto 1116.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

BORSALINOS and

Other New Hats

ZOM HAS a delectable assortment—wise University men are getting their new hats already for the final touch to the Easter attire.

Only so many Borsalinos to go around—better look 'em over.

Roger Zombro

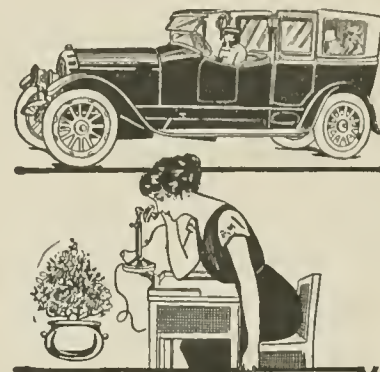
Green Street

SODDEN CRYSTAL

I was in tears before my window.
The sun looked down upon my tears,
Creating rainbow hues;
Indigo, orange, violet, green and yellow,
The phantasmagoria of a blended dream,—
Crimson, white;
The lullaby blue of skies dripped over with the down of clouds,
The whisper and whimper of leaves with the tripping of rain upon them,
The black shadows of caves that mouth fear gruesomely,
linking hands along the underground tunnel of night
that leads to nowhere,—

All these
I knew through the crystal of my tears.
Then the sun closed its eyes and left me rainbowless;
(My tears were only dull, wet, sodden griefs
Seeping from under my heavy eyelids)
Left me dreamless,
Hopeless,
Yet with memories.

**Your
Phone
Order**



for an auto will be promptly attended to. At the very minute you appoint an up-to-date car will be at your door to be at your service as long as you desire. The cost of our auto livery service is very moderate considering the amount of ground it will enable you to cover in quick time. Our phone number is Bell 39; Auto 1211.

The Chester Transfer Co.

**Have You
?
Examined
The Siren's
Advertising Columns?**

**Our Advertisers are worthy of
your patronage**

**ADVERTISING RATES
On application to the Business Manager**

**Write NOW for space in the May 1 and
May 28 numbers**

EASTER SUNDAY

Send your friend an appropriate box of Candy as an Easter Greeting.

"L A N O Y"
CHOCOLATES
WILL PLEASE HER

Special line of
EASTER NOVELTIES
on Display

D. E. HARRIS, 608 E. Green St.

WHAT GIRLS HAVE MADE OUT OF OTHER GIRLS.

(Continued from page 23.)

to be at the door of Phi Beta Kappa initiation when a sophomore.

IV.

Pattern For The Fusser's Darling.

According to this pattern the salesmen co-operate with the saleswomen. They guarantee to reform

the innocent Freshman girl into a regular fusser's darling. They initiate this modest little maiden into the delights of fraternity porches, dances, the high-class entertainments offered at the Orpheum and movies (such as "Where Are My Children?") and the joys of forbidden library dates. The motto stamped on the pattern for this girl is "Get a man and evade the rules."

(N. B.—All above types, 1, 2, and 3, may use this pattern free of charge.)

V.

Pattern For Almost Forgotten.

There are a few impossible studes who gather a few more impossibles—so we have a limited number of patterns for the Almost Forgotten Student.

(Because of scarcity apply at once.)

Notice to mothers: Study "What Girls Have Made Out of Other Girls", select your pattern, and send your daughter to Illinois.

Supplies for Athletes AT

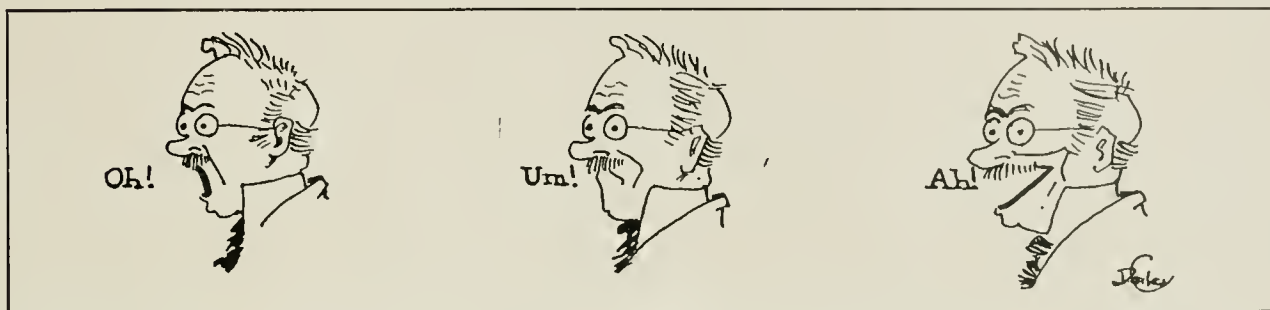
Base Balls,
Bats, Masks,
Gloves, Suits

LOYDE'S
TWO STORES.

Tennis
Rackets, Balls,
Nets, Shoes

Last year we asked: "Does Advertising in the Siren Pay?"

This year we admit: "Siren Advertising does pay



Movie of a man watching *them* eat at the

Second Annual Gridiron Banquet

March 29, 1917

AT

The BEARDSLEY

C. B. HATCH, President

"Banquet Service Unexcelled"

We appreciate Students' Patronage.

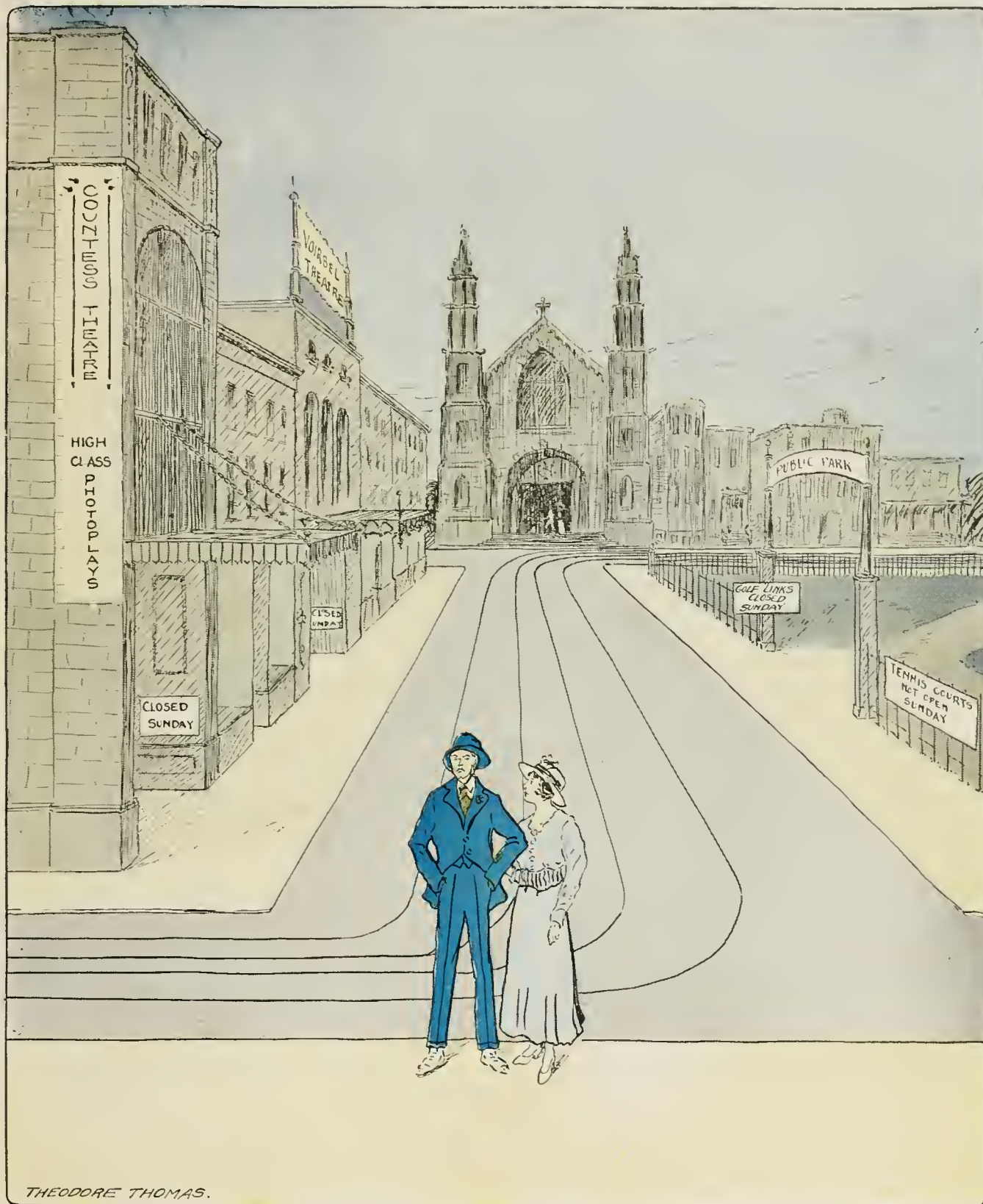
Come where you are welcome

A Vote For the Students' Friend



E. S. SWIGART
FOR
MAYOR

Is a vote well cast. Remember the election date: April 17



All Dressed Up And——!

THE TRIBE OF BEN HUR

The Society With the Big Future

A Fraternal Beneficial Order Founded on the Book,
"Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace.

R. H. Gerard, M.D.

Supreme Chief

Crawfordsville,
Indiana.



Jno. C. Snyder

Supreme Scribe

Crawfordsville,
Indiana.

NEW HOME OFFICE
Crawfordsville, Indiana

Over \$15,000,000.00 paid to beneficiaries.

Over 100,000 Members in Thirty-seven States.

One and a half million dollars Surplus and Reserve Fund on hand.

Over 800 Members in the Twin Cities, Urbana and Champaign.

STUDENTS OF ILLINOIS, both young men and young women,
are invited to join.

For further information see

L. M. HUNDLEY, D. S. C.

3 Douglas Place, Urbana, Ill.

The Good Reliable Student, Who Desires Profitable Employment, Call Bell 1288



BERWICK 2½ in.
GORDON 2¼ in.

ARROW

FORM-FIT

COLLARS

Curve-cut to fit the neck and shoulders—Will not chafe the shirt—Waistcoat cannot ride up under collar.

2 for 30c

ALL MOBILIZED AND
READY FOR

May's Big Shoe Selling



And to look at the new shoes awaiting you here one would say:

"Spring dipped her Brush into the Rainbow and Painted us a Panorama of Glorious New Fashions."

Superb new Pumps—
Dainty White Shoes—
Sporty "Sport" Shoes—
—and all the other May needfuls—are ready.

"The Shop Ahead"

SNYDER & SNYDER

On your way to the Orph.

REALIZING that the Motion Picture business has reached the stage of its evolution where Music is as essential as good Films, the management of the Belvoir are now installing a new \$5,000.00 Bartola Orchestral Pipe Organ. This instrument is a combination of a beautiful pipe organ and orchestra, and so constructed that the organist is able to follow minutely each scene of the picture, whether it be the pealing of the Cathedral Chimes, or the roar of a big city's traffic, or a "Jaz" band with its ragtime drums.

Watch for the Opening Date.

BETTER MUSIC MEANS BETTER PICTURES.

WRIST WATCHES For MEN and WOMEN are popular — You should see our 15-jewel

small watch for Women—fitted in 25-year cases with bracelet at \$16.00—the wonder of 'em all—thin, too—for Men—those with Radium dials—in nickel cases with strap from \$10.00 to \$15.00—all warranted.

WUESTEMAN, *The American Jeweler* CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

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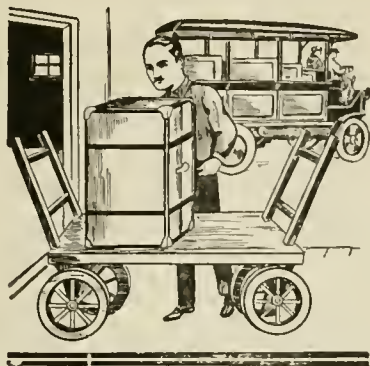
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SENIORS ARE WARNED

If they don't subscribe to
THE SIREN
For next year they'll be sorry



Your trunk will go on the train with you if you have us transfer it to the station. Just phone us what train you propose to take and we'll see that your trunk gets there in plenty of time to check and be put on the train. Don't worry about your baggage if we are handling it. It will be where you want it when you want it.

THE CHESTER TRANSFER CO.

Real Letters From A Girl To A Student

May 10, 191—

Dear Dick:—

I can see by your last letter that you wish me to release you from all promises we have made until you are quite sure you do love me. I quite agree with you we were altogether too hasty in settling such a serious question and perhaps, as you say, Myrtle with her rare qualities and high ideals which she so closely follows will be more suited to you than I.

Therefore I will grant your request that you inferred that you are free and we will remain on the basis of friendship if you wish.

Let me add before closing that I think it rather unkind of you to criticize my ideals and standards over other girl's shoulders.

Also I am not a sorehead and I never was farther from being sore. I am glad you were frank enough to tell me before it was too late. I wish you success and Good Luck and happiness in finding the right girl some day.

Your sincere friend,

Eve.

P. S.—You may return my pictures if you wish or if you don't want them throw them away. Goodbye.



noise — a mark of inefficiency

ONE of the first things efficiency experts eliminate in reorganizing a business is **noise**.

In large offices everywhere efforts to prevent noise are being made. Cork and rubber flooring, silencers for typewriters, wall coverings to reduce echoes, are used to overcome the **noise nuisance**.

The man who shouts and stamps around the office with hard, nail-studded leather heels is a **noise maker**—a "blusterer," out of place in modern business.

Noise interferes with the smooth running of business.

Successful, efficient men now wear O'Sullivanized shoes with heels of new live rubber.

O'Sullivan's Heels spell Silence and Efficiency for you and those about you.

Try them in **your** office.

When you buy your new shoes, buy them O'Sullivanized. Up-to-date shoe dealers now sell latest style shoes with O'Sullivan's Heels already attached.

Insist on O'Sullivanized shoes, the **new live** rubber heels give the greatest wear with the greatest resiliency.

In black, white or tan; for men, women and children; 50c attached.



Copyright, 1916, O'Sullivan Rubber Co.

G. N. BACON

WM. SANDWELL

G. N. BACON & CO.

Successors to BACON BROTHERS

Glass, Wall Paper, Paints and Painters' Supplies

107-109 North Walnut Street

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Auto Phone 1138

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FRED G. MARSHALL

Bradley Arcade

TAILORING and FURNISHINGS

Anderson Tailoring Exclusively

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

HIS LIFE CYCLE.

She—Why does that author go off on a tear and get drunk?

He—So he can write stories about his experiences.

She—But why does he want to write about his experiences?

He—So as to get some money.

She—But why does he want money?

He—So he can go off on a tear and get drunk again.—Squib.

Seeing-the-World Tour and Our Interviews With Prominent Anti-Suffragists

"Woman's place is in my home."—Appius Claudius.

"I have never felt the need of the ballot."—Cleopatra.

"The Magna Charta is merely a fashionable fad of ye barons."—King John.

"I know of no really good slaves who desire emancipation."—President of United Slave Holders Protective Association.—Independent.

"My! That is a swell suit. You're a credit to your tailor."

"You're wrong. Now that I've got the suit I'm a debit to my tailor."

"What is the difference between an elephant and a mosquito?"

"What is the difference?"

"The shape."

Spike Tuff—"Me fodder knew a month before his death when he would die."

Jim—"Who told him?"

Spike Tuff—"The judge."—Lamb.

"It's an extended corridor that has no ultimate termination," mused the absent-minded professor, as he patiently plodded around the revolving doorway.—Jack o'Lantern.

Al—"Did the convict keep cool when he went to the block?"

Bino—"No. He lost his head completely."—Tiger.

THINKING OF YOU

YOU KNOW that when your mother prepares a dish for a meal that dish becomes the chief feature of the occasion. Your mother has been careful in selecting the materials, she has been particular, she has been watchful—she has been thinking of you.

We try to attain what is really a home influence in the preparation of our meals.

Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria

'67—"Here, my boy, is your hour test. I am sorry to say it is a very low E."

'20—"That's nothing to me, sir."—Purple Cow.

A NEW PHASE.

Dolly—"Think I'll quit smoking."

Molly—"Why?"

Dolly — "Too effeminate." — The Lamb.

Harry—"And what changed your mind about committing suicide? Was it some spiritual message?"

Carrie—"Naw, I'd a had to put another quarter in the gas meter."—Pitt Panther.



AFTER
STUDY



AFTER
EXERCISE

Horlick's the Original Malted Milk Makes a Nourishing Food Drink

"Horlick's" is pleasing *and more*—it is beneficial, upbuilding, sustaining.

What *could* be more palatable, more strengthening, than the complete food elements it presents—full-cream milk and hardy malted grains?

Many students use it as an economical lunch. It is so time-saving, so satisfying.

Those who wish to concentrate and *keep* refreshed, claim it is best before and after study or exercise. They find its all-food nutriment is so *quickly* assimilated as to be *quickly* refreshing.

Others prefer to keep a jar in their room because of its *constant convenience*. These folks have it at hand to use as a restful good-night drink.

And *now* you can get "Horlick's" in Lunch Tablet form, cocoa flavored. They come so compact you can *carry a flask in a corner of your pocket*.

Enjoy the full benefits of "Horlick's". Don't restrict its usefulness. Discover *for yourself* how *sensibly* "Horlick's" fits in at every occasion.

*Buy from your druggist. Specify
"Horlick's" to get the Original.*





*Been Thinking Any About
Your Summer Roof Garden?*

JOS. KUHN & CO. 118 $\frac{1}{2}$

THE PIERROTTS

— OF THE —

ILLINOIS UNION

— PRESENT —

“Keep To The Right”

Illinois Theatre, May 11 and 12

Matinee Saturday

Get Your Seats Now

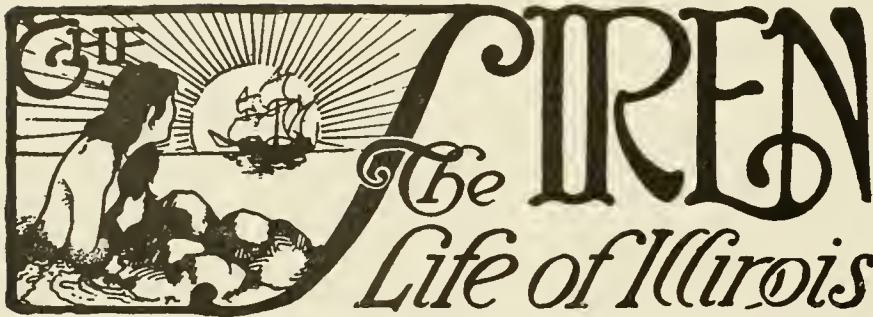
Prologue

WE USE the word sanctimonious in its various undesirable senses. And it has far more undesirable meanings than desirable ones. It represents that prominent phase of puritanism which says, "My kind of a dried-up existence is right, and you are wrong unless you follow it." Its most potent representation is that of a skinny, bigoted person raising his hands in horror because other persons are happy.

"We think that you will be more godly sitting in a church than playing tennis." That is sanctimoniousness when it takes the form of imposing such a belief on everybody in the form of a law. "We think you will be more desirable if you do the things you don't like to do, just as long as those things are best for us and our kind, than if you do that which it gives you pleasure to do." That is sanctimoniousness when it takes the form of prescribing groups of studies which students have to take if they wish their degree.

Much has been said about the evils of poverty, of crime, of vice. But not enough has been said of the evil of sanctimoniousness (another word for it is hypocrisy) which is not only in itself the worst kind of vice, but which is the most powerful weapon that all the other evils in the world have had. A certain person or group of persons gets power. They say then, "We are happy as things are now. If you are not happy, you are undesirable, and you must either change in your attitude or leave." It never occurs to these persons that perhaps it would be right for themselves to change.

Thus, vaguely, we explain some of the attitudes which the *Siren* has taken during the year just closing. Thus do we try to register our dissatisfaction with some things as they are, our feeling of futility because we had only one year in which to attempt what it would take several decades to accomplish.



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Business Staff

E. R. BRIGHAM	F. C. KALTHOFF
	R. A. BRYANT

Adios - Or Is It Farewell?

A SIREN is a siren, whether she be capitalized, italicized, or what not, and the greatest prerogative of a siren is inconsistency. Therefore, if milady chooses to make her exit suddenly—with a Sanctimonious Number instead of a Moonlight Number, in May instead of June—and flashes a smile of farewell in between occasional digs at Champaign Sundays and college town puritanism, who may, as your rhetoric prof so well puts it, gainsay her?

And if she chooses to depart without stopping to get her street coat on or gathering her "things"

from the hall seat—charmingly leaving everything in disorder, merely breathing hurriedly something about "the war, and the Officers' Reserve Corps, and all the boys going to the farm"—if she chooses to do this, why, as Socialist speakers so lucidly express it, not?

So, ignorant and boorish reader, although you will find the cover not to your liking, and the contents will puzzle you, you will grin foolishly and think you are enjoying yourself, because all the while you will be basking in the warm, vivid pleasure of a siren who, poised gracefully on your threshold, ready for instant flight, is going away for the year.

You may meet her again next year. But she will have taken on a different flavor—a flavor perhaps more to your liking. She will be neither impudent nor sentimental, so says the newly elected editor, Carleton Healy '18. She will be a sprite of comedy and jingles. And should you meet her again, her decorations will be the layouts designed by the coming art editor, friend Arthur A. Dailey '18. You will pay for your joy in her to Robert Bryant '18, and she will tell you what suits, theatres and lunch rooms to favor through E. R. Brigham '18.

Adios—or is it farewell?

The Illini Board's Methods—A Conjecture

IT IS uncomfortable to have an editor of the *Daily Illini* who has ideas and is aggressive enough to present them and to keep hammering away at them. It is uncomfortable in many ways and in various quarters, but usually the discomfort has concentrated in the body known as the Powers That Be.

The editor of the *Illini* for the year just closing was aggressive and had ideas. Many of his ideas the *Siren* did not agree with; many of his methods we deprecated. But his policy was one of thought and of action: thought not always accurate and profound and action not always well-advised—yet good thought and healthy action in the main. This editor was apparently a quiet, conservative person in his junior year—he seemed the best bet for a quiescent policy and gentle methods.

Four years ago the *Illini* had another such editor—a thinking, fighting young person. Immediately after him the Illini Board elected a harmless, stupid individual who was so conservative that he leaned backward. This man was succeeded by a similarly inclined individual. During the *regimes* of these two, the faculty was left in peace and the Powers That Be were unmolested.

The elections for the coming year are over. Two men, each of whom has some backbone and some

brains, were passed by and Someone Else was elected. Next year's *Illini*, unless we are sadly mistaken, will be safe if not sane.

Why, we wonder, is it called "The *Student Newspaper* of the University of Illinois"?

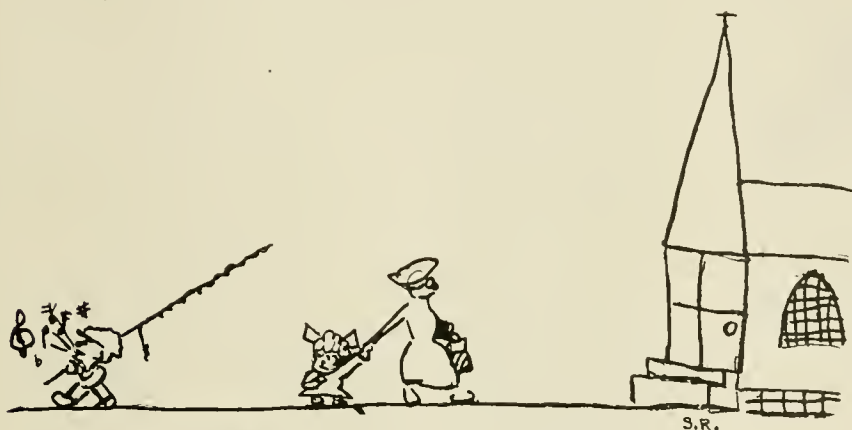
The Ambulance Unit

THE University of Illinois Ambulance Corps unit will soon be on its way to France. Whatever

may be drawing these boys, love of adventure, patriotism, compassion for France, the desire to serve—whatever it is, they are entering upon the grimmest kind of man's work. They are going to work, they are going to dare, they are going to suffer. They will be the saving of many a man's life and limb, they will be the inspiration of many a youth, they will bring joy to many a home.

Their departure from here, from a play world, from ease and irresponsibility, to a place of murder and desolation, is an act for us to watch with solemnity and respect. They should have the sweetest kindness we can give, the most cheerful encouragement, the tenderest solicitude.

They are leaving in the spirit of gay youth with a touch of harsh foreboding. May they return with spirit unspoiled, with eyes open and looking upward, grown finer with the lesson of pain and unsullied by its horror. May the dark doubts of the present fade in the zest of sweating accomplishment. May their hearts grow and their bodies remain intact.



The Best Argument Against A Closed Sunday.



He—"Do you study Economics?"
She—"Yes."
He—"Do you want Protection?"
She—"Oh, Gerald, this is so sudden."

An Autobiography

MAY, 1917: He enlisted today. Tonight he came and said goodbye, for he leaves for the training camp tomorrow. Oh, I hope and pray that it will never be necessary for him to be called for actual service.

Sept. 1917: Tonight he came and said goodbye. Tomorrow he leaves for the front. I do not know how I can bear the suspense which the next few months must bring. But he cannot die. God would not let him. If he does, I feel that I shall die too.

Sept. 1918: I was wrong. I did not die. I could not. Death would have been so easy compared to this. It was a year ago tonight that he came and said goodbye.

Sept. 1919: It was two years ago tonight that he came and said goodbye.

Sept. 1923: It was five years ago tonight that he came and said goodbye.

Sept. 1928: It was ten years ago tonight that he came and said goodbye.

Sept. 1938: It was twenty years ago tonight that he came and said goodbye.

Sept. 1958: It was forty years ago tonight that he came and said goodbye.

Sept. 1978: It was sixty years ago tonight that he came and said goodbye.



"I just saw a funeral leave Old Knocker's house. Did he die?"

"Sure, what did you think they were doing, practicing?"

The Gossip's Way of Judging

THE gossip's way of judging
In the Spring —
She carefully will watch for
Pin or ring;
She'll see how many flowers
They will bring,
When they go to the country
In the Spring.
And if two hands are hidden
'Neath a screen
Of coat or scarf or hat
When they are seen
Together at a play-house—
In the Spring
When lights are low, and soft
Sweet voices sing.
The gossips then as sure as
Anything
Will know if they'll be married
In the Spring.

When The War Is Over, Laddie

WHEN the war is over, laddie, just take a tip from me,
There'll be no German submarines a-divin' through
the sea,
For the Fatherland of Kaiser Bill, the guy we're goin' to
lick,
Will have a brand new Kaiser, and the same will be a
"Mick",
We'll change the song, "Die Wacht am Rhein", into an
Irish reel
And make the Dutchmen dance it if 'tis so inclined to feel,
In Berlin the whole police force will be Micks from County
Clare
When we put an Irish Kaiser in the palace over there!

Shure in every German parkway you will find a sweet
colleen,
An' the fields of wavin' sauerkraut we'll paint a shamrock
green—
No liverwurst or sausage when the Dutchman drinks his
suds,
He'll get corned beef and cabbage and good old Irish
spuds.
The Deutscher bums and gas bombs, we'll throw thim all
away,
An' make them use shillalabs or bricks of Irish clay,
They'll wear no iron crosses, shure 'tis Shamrocks they
will wear,
When we put an Irish Kaiser in the palace over there!



News Item: "Man Discovers How To Make Whiskey
Out Of Bread."

Scene In Champaign Bootlegging Joint.

The Fable of the Fish That Knew How

THE Fish was over-joyed when he discovered the clear, cool waters of the brook pouring into the sluggish Sea of Life. He decided to escape the monotony of Things by adventuring up the stream which men call the Current of Love. He liked the bright pebbles at the bottom, the unexpected whirl-pools and the rippling waters of the brook. In his exultation he leaped above the water and one saw that he was a perfect specimen of nature, strong and muscular.

Gradually the consciousness of a more vivid blue than that of the sky dawned upon the Fish. He rose to the surface and discovered that the brighter than sky-blue was the reflection of a silk-clad ankle on the bank. The Fish lifted his eyes over a ruffled white dress to the fluffy hair of—The Boarding School Maid. She was idly angling and paid no attention to her bright red bobber which was drifting down-stream. The Fish noticed that the worm on the hook was fresh and plump. It tasted good. The Boarding School Maid ceased her dreaming long enough to rebait her hook, a process which was continued several times.

The Fish was enjoying the meal.

The Maiden began to jerk frantically, but always at the wrong time. She was an inexperienced Angler and the Fish was an experienced Fish.

At last, pouting and petulant the Boarding School Maiden took her rod and line and her can of bait and sought new fishing grounds. She was vaguely disturbed and seemed to have lost her zest in the sport.

Apparently sensible women always lost their balance when he (The Fish) came along.

He was growing sleepy and sluggish. After all life was the same old thing whether lived in a sea or a brook. The Fish realized he was growing bored. He noticed a tender looking morsel lying on a rock before him. Although he was not hungry he absent-mindedly began to nibble.

A sudden jerk—and the Fish was flopping on the bank. Experienced, plump hands were pulling the hook from his gill. The Fish lifted his eyes appealingly. His captor was matronly looking.

Back on the bank he noticed another Fish, dry and shriveled.

The Fish gasped as he realized the Widow had ensnared him! Although it was too late he thought of the Blue Stockings.

Moral: Don't be a fish.



"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms."

"How?"

"She broke them off trying to button her shirtwaist up the back."

Contrary Love

GAY in my heart laughed the lilt of a song,
(Love made it ring.)

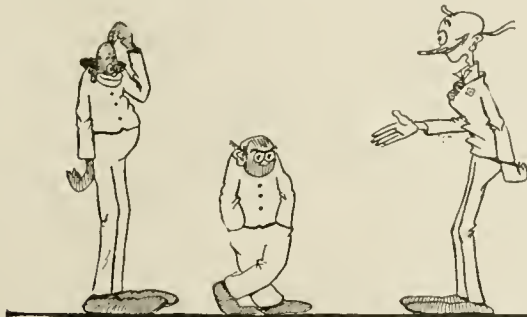
Laughing for him, but when he came along,
Love would not sing.

Hearts are so silent! Else he could have heard
Each tender trill.
Dumb, I could suffer no laughter nor word.
Love kept me still.

Contrary Love, who pretends to deary
Banners unfurled,
Spoils his own game, yet, refusing to die,
Sings to the world.

We Have a Few Left

NEXT year there probably will be a large falling off in registration. In anticipation of this, we suppose that many of the various departments' faculty pay-rolls will be cut down. We wonder if this process of cutting down will deprive us of the *rest* of our good instructors!



A Character Study by Ed Morrissey, entitled, "Why Barbers Commit Suicide."



SINNERS!

On Seeing People Going to Eight O'Clocks

I STAND and gaze at the pygmies below—

They are all hurrying to eight o'clocks.

I have come early because I do not like to hurry,

I like to take time to look at life.

At first they do not hurry so much,
It is ten minutes of eight.

Most of the be-spectacled, queer kind come now.

Later they will wear
A golden key.

The people who come at five minutes before the hour
Are the middle class; they both

read and live.

Some of the men and maidens walk together.

All through life they will wear
A smile.

At one minute before the bell
The crowd becomes tense-kneed
and leaning forward.

They cannot hurry fast enough.

They will wear
A frown forever on their faces.

The bell rings and only a few hurry below.

They are the girls who run with frizzled hair,

Their high heels clicking,
Or else they are the men who do not care.

They will wear

NOTHING

Written on their faces.



This is "just spooning"—



This, however, is "an affair with a cultivated woman."

Sanctimonious Sling-Shots

BEING shocked is the most shocking thing in the world—it's so easy.

You eat three times a day. Do you think that often?

The man who would abolish music and dancing must first simplify the spelling of y-o-u-n-g to o-l-d.

The woman who is horrified now at her daughter's love-making used to be the girl who composed her love-letters while she said her prayers.

That air of mysterious intimacy with all men belongs essentially to all girls who are intimate with no men.

The worst thing about doing wrong is that it makes one ineligible for criticizing the rest of the wrong-doers.

If I wanted to make a moral world I should prevent other people from doing all the things I don't care to do.

"There is no bank-account," fidgets the nervous wreck, "that we over-estimate and overdraw so often as health."

If we came upon ourselves faithfully portrayed as characters in a novel, we'd say, "Not true to life—too mean."

When you think you can't stand a thing a minute longer that is as near not being able to stand it as you'll ever get.

The youth who disbelieves his own dreams grows up inside a wet blanket.

Lives, like coiffures, are often spoiled by doing one part badly to match the other part.

The "good listener" is a person to whom you talk of yourself and other people but of whom you never talk.



"Say, I once knew a girl who ordered a husband from Sears, Roebuck & Co."

"Well, that's all right; it's a mail order house."

Patriotism

PATRIOTISM, we suppose, is noble.

Personally, we are not old enough nor do we know enough to have any convictions on this matter. Likewise, we believe, does the average undergraduate student know very little about it.

If a student, hanging in the balance of doubt, finally decides on a certain line of action simply because some sort of decision had to be made, he has done nothing disgraceful. But if, after having for instance enlisted, he immediately tries to justify and glor-

ify the thing he has done and to cast slurs on all who are not doing it, he is a blatant ass.

The man who enlisted because he knew conscription was inevitable has no right to strut about and talk of "patriotism", "sacrifice", "courage". The most discreet thing he can do is to keep silent. Such discretion would silence the majority of our students who have enlisted.

The real patriot is extremely rare. He must first be a person who intelligently loves his country in a certain way and then who has courage enough to make personal sacrifices for his principles.



In Lieu of

South Campus Anthology

First Soul

O deary me, I'm so yawny.
Heavens! the sleep I lost
When I was alive on this campus
Staying up late with the boys,
Strolling and hiking and dancing.
"Sleep when there's nothing to do",
That was my motto.
But when I looked in the mirror,
Those rings that darkened my eyes
Made me worry and painfully wonder
If the fellows thot that they soiled
My lily complexion.

There was one night, I know, was never made up;
It was right in the middle of winter;
Two whole weeks I had been in this town;
Not once did I leave for a Sunday trip or a visit.
I would die if I didn't get out;
So I felt that I just must run over
To our chapter house in Decatur.
The dance kept me here until mid-night;
As late and as cold as it was
I needed company badly;
So I hinted to Chunk—the old dear—
And he sweetly offered to take me
(That was along in the winter
Before we broke up in the spring).

And the girls were asleep in the attic.
It was three o'clock in the morning
When our car arrived at Decatur
There were no lights on in the house
The doors were all locked—but Chunk
Managed to open a window
And lifted me into the hall.
Chunk was so chilly, I said he might stay
Until he got warmer;
For the matron was surely sleeping,
Since a faint, little snore was coming
From her room back by the pantry.
Chunk took the Morris chair
And drew it up by the register
And then sat down, with me on the arm.
We had to get right over the register;
Scarcely any hot-air came up from the furnace.

Al of a sudden, the matron
Stood under the portieres in her nighty.
"My conscience alive! What do you mean by such a
performance!
This is shocking—outrageous—
Disgraceful to our sorority.
I shall surely report this affair
In the morning, young lady."
Well, poor Chunk was petrified;
But I wasn't; I knew what to do.

"Deary, deary, my darling", I cooed
And led her back to her bedroom.
Then tucking her in, I passionately
Kissed her and kissed her and kissed her.

No one else ever grew wiser
For that little hike to Decatur.
There was wonderful power in my kisses.
.....
But Oh, I'm so sleepy.

Second Soul

O, hear that bird in the top of the ever-green yonder.
Two minutes ago he was singing.
The song of a thrush, then he changed to a lark,
Next a robin, and now he sounds for the world
Like a cat in an alley at mid-night.
That bird is a natural mimic;
Every hour of the day he is acting;
From "character" part to a "heavy"
He can change without needing a make-up.

O, why did they cut on my tomb
This dove which looks more like a chicken!
A mocking-bird carved in white marble
Perching above my inscription
Would make a much better emblem,
More expressive and truthful by far
As my personality's symbol.
For we two are brothers in spirit;
Our natures are both histrionic;
We both have the instinct dramatic.

But no, this little actor
Is not such a congruous token;
Because the dramatic
Was only one part of my life.
Yes, I was more than an artist;
For it was first as an athlete
That I splashed into reputation.
And then thru my growing experience
I became a leader of men.
A thousand huskies transformed to one voice
Obeyed my every suggestion.
I might have been satisfied then
With myself as I had developed,
I might have relaxed to enjoy
A great many social pleasures
As some of my friends were doing;
But I kept working on, busy, busy,
Never neglecting my studies,
With scarcely the time for a shave;
For my life-theory urged me onward
To my one remaining achievement,
The golden key I had longed for,
And then my success was complete.



Dope Sheet:

Artist, actor, experienced with men,
And at last, accounted a scholar,
I held to my ruling idea
That he who grows richest from living
Is the well-rounded, versatile man.

Third Soul

O, wasn't it heavenly in those jolly old days to go swooping around the campus in a great, big car with the muffler wide open, while everyone else was trudging to class. No girl was luckier I guess than I was in getting joy-rides. I knew how: Just to let him lay his arm lightly on the back of the seat while we went honking down Oregon or John street—and maybe—of course I couldn't always tell—but maybe there would be another ride later. Ha. Ha.

But with all my cutting in my college days I never flunked a course or got a *very* low grade. I heard someone say once that anybody who would grind hard enough could be a Phi Beta Kappa, but everybody could make good grades and at the same time haveoodles of fun.

O course, my cuts sometimes got me in trouble. I remember one time. I went to my Psychology class—one rainy morning—and I was awfully behind with my work for I hadn't been to class and kept up my written reports for two or three weeks and I was really worried. The instructor was peeved that morning—said something about cutters—that if they didn't hand in their back work right soon they would surely flunk. While he said that he looked out of the corner of his eye right straight at me. Well, after class I went up to him to say something. I raised my oval face, tilted my chin, pouted my lips 'ist a 'ittle, and then flashed on my dark eyes. Presto! He melted! He said kind of sheepishly, "Don't let that worry you. You can hand in your work at your leisure." He thot he was teaching me Psychology. Ha.

My campus career was four years of delight. I was into everything—almost: peddling papers and magazines on the street corners and selling tags for Belgians and tickets for barbecues and things, out in the rain and cold, reporting, and committees, and honorary societies—but I made my biggest reputation on the stage; for lots of times I was the leading lady.

Some girls thought it was remarkable that I could get into everything that came along without having a houseful of "sisters" to back me. Some people had the impression that for a girl to be known very well she had to wear an arrow, or an anchor, a quill, or a door-key—pshaw, I had only a pair of ear-drops. But the really, truly way for an Illinois girl to be popular is to have a heart running over with good feeling for everybody and then to greet everybody with a jolly "Hello" and the whole world will know and love her. Tra, la.

School Scandal

A Co-ed Contributed This Last Fall!

WOODIE WOODYATT do say as how that Gliffe girl "just can't make her eyes behave."

Ann Voss, the college widow, is still up to her old tricks. This time it's a "Deke" pin. Poor Frank!

And speaking of pins, Ann Siemans is wearing one too, a Delt pin but not on the outside. Congratulations, Red!

Since Jim Pursell went to Lehigh, Doris Newton ravenously devours all newspaper "dope" on that institution. After thought: So does "Iz" Elliott.

Friday evening parties just west of First and John streets seem to be popular but rather dangerous. The Delt's? Sure they were in on it. Likewise some Sigma Chi's. Wonder what happened to the S. A. E.'s?

For the first time in history somebody put something over Helen Morris. Proof: "Mutt" Mott is pledged Pi Beta Phi.

This seems to be a long cold winter for "Marge" Walkerly.

The Delta Gamma debt must sure be a large one, judging from their pledges. Sort of a come-one-come-all set.

"Red" Burgston, connoisseur of women, says, "That from the shoulders down the Pi Phi pledges pass; but from the shoulders up there's nothing to them."

The Winning Petition

Board of Illini Trustees—

Gentlemen:

In the first place, I think the policy of the present editor of the Illini is punk. He is unbalancedly radical, and his methods are those of the yellow journal. He doesn't know what he is talking about half the time, also.

If I were elected, I should advocate research if I had anything at all to say about it. Probably I would not say anything one way or the other, on research or any other similarly delicate matter. I should never print a letter addressed to Other People's Opinions unless it were referred to the Dean of Men first and approved by him. I should never write an editorial on anything but "Welcome Freshmen!" "Undergraduates Should Not Frequent Boot-legging Joints", "Why Are Fraternity Averages Low?" and kindred topics without first referring it to the same Dean for criticism. I should consider his opinion final on all matters of this sort.

I assure the members of the Board of Trustees that I shall not be radical, that I shall have no thoughts on any new matters vitally affecting under-

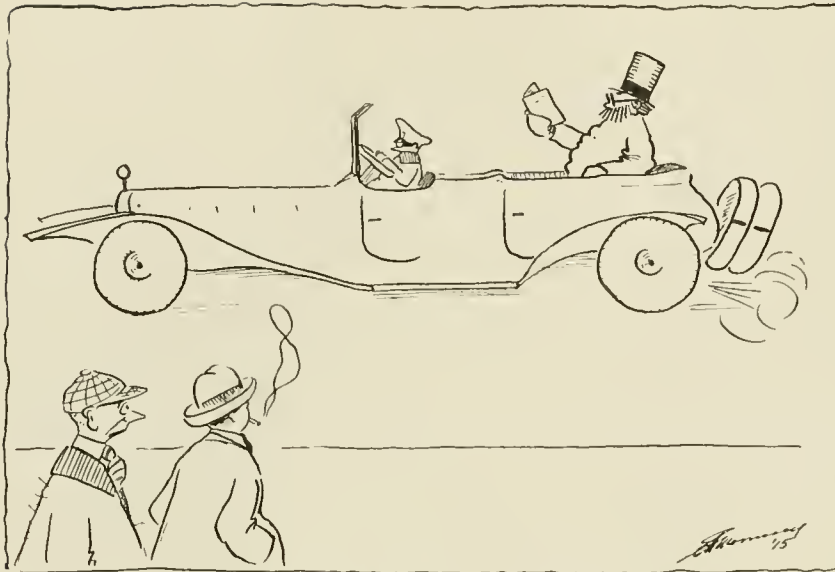
graduate college life, and that I shall not have any new thoughts on old problems. In fact, I think I can safely say—and my record at this University will back my statement—that I probably will not have any thoughts on anything.

However, I guarantee to fill my editorial columns with words. These words will not be a strain on the minds of student readers, neither will they cause any uneasiness among faculty members.

Respectfully,

Honorable Mention For Track Team

Marcus Goldman
Nelson Utley
Harry Darby
De Witt Pulcifer
Heinie Lincee
Clyde Byron Beck
Ship McCarroll
Hal Porter
Earl Cavette
Art Young
"Dutch" Sternaman
Chris Gross
Ed Richardson



"Champaign is a beautiful city. Would you believe it,
today was the first time I ever saw a patrol wagon."
"How did you like it?"
"Why, I was carried away with it."

Even Then

THEY were not Neighborly
Neighbors,
Only Next-door Neighbors.
And they stood a little apart from
the others
At the foot of the Cross.
"Is it not a shame", asked the First,
Trying in vain to see if Mary were
weeping yet
Or only gazing up at the Cross with
that queer,
Rather radiant expression on her
face,
"To think of the disgrace,
Of one's only son being crucified
between two thieves!
I have wanted to warn her
To keep a closer watch on Jesus
Ever since he ran away to The
Temple
In his thirteenth year."
"Yes", agreed the Second,
"If she could have made him forget
Those foolish ideas about God
And work harder
He might have been a rich man
And a credit to his mother,
Like my son Joseph, who is a fruit-
dealer in Damascus,
And owns forty vine-yards.
Come, they are leaving.
Let us follow them to the house
And see if things really are as
thread-bare
As I've heard."

Bittersweet

COY little maid petite of form,
Your haughty mien scarce
deigns to scorn
Plebeian souls you used to know
When your patrician blood ran low.
In high-school days we used to play
Clap-in-Clap-out the juicy way;
But ah, alas! Such slushes end,
And each of us has lost a—friend.

Look up your age in this table and see
WHY THEY SMILE AT YOU

6	The First Grader—You Might share your apple
16	The High School Girl—You might buy her a drink
20	The Co-ed—You might take her to your formal
22	The Prof—You might buy a text-book
25	The Editor—You might subscribe
30	The Creditor—You might pay that bill
42	The Lawyer—You might have a lawsuit
47	The Author—You might make good copy
50	The Cartoonist—You might look well done in green and red
55	The Nut Who Always Laughs—You might fall down
63	The Undertaker—You might die
70	The Life Insurance Man—You might live twelve years longer.

The Mask and Bauble Prize

THE winner of the \$25 prize offered by Mask and Bauble for a one-act skit, "The Cedar-Tree Man", as presented by the organization on its recent "dramatic night", was disappointing. Also the plays which won second and third place were nothing to rave about.

We had hoped for something original, something actable, something good. "The Cedar-Tree Man" was actable, painfully hackneyed, and its characterization and action were as subtle as the operations of a small boy in making a wagon out of a soap box. The second-place play, "The Makin's," was equally actable, almost as hackneyed, but with somewhat better characterization. The third-place play was practically unactable in the given circumstances.

However, the fact that eight plays were submitted and that some of them could be acted should be considered a satisfactory beginning. There is far more talent in this university than the contest brought out, and it is hoped that future contests will crystallize this talent into production.

Notes Taken In The Natural History Seminary

A WOMAN with a shiny, pink, porous nose, protruding
teeth,
A last summer's black straw with faded blue ribbon
And flowers. White hands. Large gold-rimmed spectacles.

He is very cocky and self-assured and talks loudly; she has
Firm, plump cheeks.
He says "cahd", and "thid" for third.
She talks in a subdued whisper which it provoked him
Not to hear.

Who am I to criticize them?
Who are they to criticize me?
Who are any of us?
What does the book she studies, the book he seeks, mean?

My book—it is nothing to me.
A thrush is outside my window.
The sunshine makes the grass yellow-green.
The shade makes the grass shadow-green.
A cloud melts the sunshine and makes one of the shadow-
green
And the sunshine-green.
Now they quiver back into distinct patterns.
Perhaps the shapes of the shadows are maps of unknown
planets.
If I could only read them—
But I am supposed to read about
Simple and compound pistils, gymnosperms and algae,
About which I do not care a whoop.

I laugh and I look up guiltily.
The eyes of a woman scrutinize me suspiciously.
She wonders what can be outside the window of possible
interest
To a person.
I could tell her.
The world, madam, splattered with dark-green maps of
unknown planets.
The light green is the sea and it creeps up between the
little peninsulas.
It swells the gulfs and—
Oh, the shade has melted everything!

The sun has gone behind a cloud.
It is almost four o'clock, and I will flunk my exam.
I do not care!
Why should I care!
Why should I pass it?
I am Columbus—and more; for I have discovered many
Unknown worlds.
Tomorrow I will sail away guided by charts,
Unless it is raining.

How Our Profs Sound To Us

Stopp In Public Speaking.

NOW, I want to impress on you the fact that you
should never waste a lot of words saying some-
thing. Get to the point, say it clearly, then stop.
Don't talk around in circles; don't repeat yourself. It
is wearying to the listener.

Don't forget my point. Never waste words. See?
Never waste words! Ne—ver waste words
Get to the point. That's what you should do. Get to
your point, and when you reach it, stop! Always
stop when you reach it. Be sure, when you reach it, to
stop. You get my meaning, don't you?

Never repeat yourself. Never do it. It wearies
the listener. The listener becomes wearied. Don't
talk around in circles. Get to your point. Never
waste words. When you have clearly said what you
have to say, stop! Don't repeat yourself. Get my
meaning? Never waste words! Ne—ver waste
words. It wearies the listener. Don't talk in circles.



Somebody asked her for the most memorable date in
history, and she said, "Antony's with Cleopatra."



Found—Graphomen's Purpose

GRAPHOMEN, a sort of press club of the undergraduate journalists on the various staffs, has been lingering obstinately but in futility on this campus since its inception a few years ago. Several times it has almost achieved the comprehension of a purpose. Not yet, however, has it actually accomplished any healthy design. Now comes this year's catastrophic Daily Illini election to suggest a vital part which Graphomen may play in our college life.

Until now the four student members of the Illini Board of Trustees have been elected by the whole student body. As a result, we have been getting a miscellaneous lot, sometimes politicians, sometimes "almost-arrived" athletes; sometimes really intelligent persons, sometimes fools or crooks. This year, for instance, take Ralf Woods. We hope Mr. Woods will pardon our picking on him (it is equally necessary that he should forgive the student body for picking on him as a Trustee). He is a good basketball player, but what, in heaven's name, does he know about the needs of the student body with reference to the Daily Illini or the needs of the Daily Illini with reference to an editor. If he knew anything about it, we might have had at least a deadlock in the election for next year's editor. The danger of having men thus unfitted for the serious duty of a student member on the Board will be ever with us until we change the method of electing these members.

Here is where Graphomen enters. Let Graphomen extend its membership to include every member of the staff of every undergraduate publication, editor, business manager, and reporter, man and woman. Thus it will be a body of people representative of practically every class of undergraduate interest in the university plus the ability to understand the necessary qualities for a good editor and business manager. Then let Graphomen make a prolonged and intense effort to get the election of the four student members of the Board into its hands. If it succeeds, it will have performed a lasting and inestimable service for this community.

There Were Only Six

THERE were only six
In class today.

Three weeks ago
There were forty, and last week
Fifteen voices answered
"Present".

Today there were but six.
Two weeks ago, we numbered twenty-nine.
Three were women. Two leave tomorrow.
The other limps.

IN BED.

John—I'm going to kill that d——d mosquito.

Wife—Don't bother, John.

John—You think I want to be bitten just as I doze off?

Wife—But they always buzz first. They buzz just like a telephone.

John—Yes, and like a telephone huzz, they don't buzz till the connection's been made.—Chaparral.

First Stude—You know Jim has gone to New York to study agriculture.

Second Stude—No, has he?

First Stude—Yes; he's taking a course in Winter Gardening.—Record.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all save him had fled.

"The thing that really gets my goat," he remarked, "is thinking how many parodies just as bad as this one, are going to be written about me."—Purple Cow.

BREAKING EVEN.

"While I was watching the ticker some of my stock went up twenty points."

"Then you made a lot of money?"

"No. I came out about even. You see, my wife was at the milliner's at the same time."—The Lamb.

The Day Has Arrived

Exams are over (we hope) and
You know your fate.

No More T & A M or Animal Husbandry.

Backward Ho!
For the Home and the Farm.

And, by the way, don't you want folks
back home to know you are an
Illinois man?

Drop in and inspect the largest
assortment of exclusive Illinois
jewelry, etc., to be found in the
Twin Cities.

On your way up town, first door north of
City Building, Neil Street.

Jos. C. Bowman

"Your Dependable Jeweler"

SENIORS

KEEP
IN
TOUCH
WITH
THE
OLD
SCHOOL
NEXT
YEAR
BY

HE'S THE
EDITOR

SUBSCRIBING TO THE SIREN

ONE DOLLAR

See E. R. BRIGHAM, 202 E. Daniel Street

"Watermillons"

DE moon was hangin, yaller,
Like a crecent in de sky
And de stars wuz swappin glances
And 'winkin on de sly
And de warm souf wind wuz blowin
Wid a perfume 'thout a match
When me brudder an me started
For dat water millon patch.

We headed down de big road
Til we come nigh to de place
Dere de patch begun ter stretch out
'Bout a twenty acre space
Den we crep along de rail fence
Sneakin close an bendin low
Sorto scared an little trembly
Brudder moved almighty slow.

Ole man Benton wuz a devil
An we knew we didnt dare
Fer to git koted in his melons
Er we'd git—well he'd jist "rare".
But we crawled along an finally
Found de hole dats in de fence
In a second we wuz inside
An already to commence.

Fust we hunted round among em
Tell we found one nice an ripe
Wid a "plunk" that set yer stummick
All a' hanker—made yer wipe
Yer mouth—you mos could taste it
As you bit into a slice
Dat had been down in spring water
Tell it wuz as cold as ice.

Well we rolled it through de fence
hole
An got started down de road
An wuz breathin sorto easy
Cept from carryin our load
When we heard a noise a' suddin
Made our hearts pop almos out
Like somebody wuz a' chasin us
And brudder give a shout.

I wuz too scared fer runnin
I jest set still ter wait
—An a little rabbit hopped out
That wuz lookin fer its mate.
We finally got de melon
Set inside de kitchen door
But Ise never gwine ter try dat kind
Of stealin any more.

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Choice Fresh, Smoked
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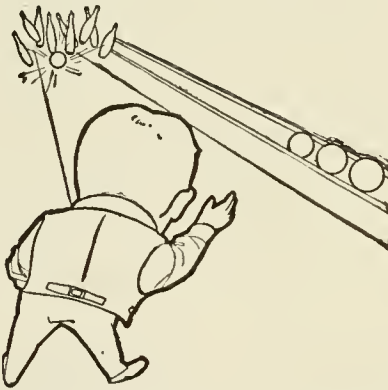
La Noy Chocolates

WHEN you leave the University and have a longing to be back, or wish something to freshen your memory, send in your order for **"LA NOY" CHOCOLATES**. No matter whether you are in Maine, or California, or Mexico, or Canada, or in the trenches of France - we will fill your order **60c 1b.**

D. E. HARRIS

608 E. Green Street

**A Strike
in the
Right
Direction!**



WHEN YOU MAKE
HOOVER'S SANITARY BARBER SHOP
YOUR SHOPPING PLACE
First National Bank Building

The Diagnosis

I DON'T know nothing about this love;
Old Cupid has cut me cold.
I never has sung to the stars above,
Nor by any dame was bowled.
I never was thrilled by no creamy touch,
Or drank any liquid eyes,
I never could hand this gazing much,
Or expand my lungs with sighs.

But I'll bet on this li'l tip:
*Tho it hurt like true love then,
Your heart's all right, and your case was light,
If you fall for the germ again.*

The Kid is a peach (for a regular skirt)
With a kind of a wistful nose,
And a lonesome freckle she hates like dirt—
And she spiels me all her woes.
Last spring she hid in my apple-tree,
And cried, like calico can!
Because she had been exposed, you see,
To the charms of some fool man.

But I gave her this li'l tip—
(And she said it were nonsense, then)
*"Your heart's all right, and your case is light,
If you fall for the germ again."*

The Kid is game and she called me a mutt,
And hid her tears like a whang;
But it seems her case on the charming nut
Has ceased with a sudden bang.
Tonight she was back in the apple-tree,
And it made my air-dome whiz,
When she says, with a queer little slant at me,
"Now I know what true love is—"

*And I gave her the same old tips
"You thought it was genuine then!
But your heart was right, and your case was light,
Since you fell for the germ again."*

**Gaston
Says:**

"Fall Into Line and Join the Ranks of Satisfied Customers"

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Cor. Wright and John Sts.

E. P. GASTON, Proprietor

The Beardsley

A Reliable Hotel for Meals and Banquets

C. B. HATCH, President

Well Now—

TO Madison the *Siren sends*
Condolences to all her friends—
She wept when first she heard
the news
That Badgers now must give up
booze.
'Tis rumored that a special train
Will leave each night for some do-
main
Where there's a chance to "rip 'em
high"
Though Madison has gone bone
dry.

Your country needs you right away.
Prepare yourself for war today.
"Procrastination is the thief"—
No matter what your own belief
If you're a loyal lusty hand
Step up to help your helpless land.
Within a week you'll hear the
drum.
"Right shoulder arms!" The call has
come.

The baseball season's here at last—
It seems as if an age has passed
Since we have shouted, "Swat 'er,
Kop",
Or said to Leo, "That's some drop".

What matter if the clouds of war
Are hov'ring threateningly o'er.
Our baseball team, and Mr. Huff,
Are still here with us. That's
enough.

Election time—it seldom fails
To bring forth from their obscure
vales
A host of infant Hinky Dinks
And Bath House Johns and other
ginks.
Nobody asked them what they'd do
When they're elected. We all knew
That any kind of effort robs
The gilt from honorary jobs.

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and
Retail

Meats and Provisions

We Maintain Our Own De-
livery Service

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If DEPENDABLE Suits

AT

REASONABLE Prices

Is What You Want

612 EAST GREEN STREET

IS OUR LOCATION

We are showing over a thou-
sand of the season's newest
patterns, made in your choice
of seventy models. Come in
and look them over.

Pitsenbarger & Flynn

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

Get Your

B. S.

at Kandy's

Barber Supplies

Interviews With Great Men

Any one of the thousand students who have so courageously sacrificed a month or six weeks of their school work to undertake degrading manual labor on a farm in order to help their country in this crisis.

"What Hoe, Otto," saluted we as we hove around the corner of the station. "So you are among those noble souls who would help the nation lift the great burden of the war?"

"Yes, I'm going to do my little share."

"'Spose you've had lots of farm experience? Father a farmer and all that," eyeing his neat alligator-skin carpet bag.

"No, my father's not a farmer, he's a broker and capitalist."

"Oh, sort of a stockman, eh? That is, he helps around and waters the stock. Yeh, you'd ought to do. Ever hitch up a team of horses?"

"My Gawd no; why should I do that?"

"Oh—well, I just thought, you know—. Ever run a cultivator or a harrow, or a threshing machine, or a plow; know what a traction engine is; ever see a cow; do you know how eggs are made?"

"No."

"Hum. Ever see alfalfa; know the difference between shredded wheat and corn; can you operate a double action pump handle; or a hay loft?"

"Not exactly."

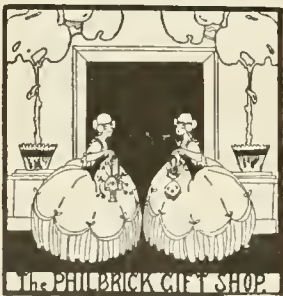
"Well, Otto Finals, you are certainly prepared to be a great aid to your suffering country. My good luck to you and if you run onto any snappy news or can send us some good stuff in regard to the intrinsic value of phosphate on shale soil, why send it down; we'll be mighty glad to use it."

The Beaut—"Do you love me still?"

The Brute—"I don't know. Have you ever been still?"—Sun Dial.

She—"You're a waster! Very few girls would marry you."

He—"Well, very few would be enough!"—Columbia Jester.



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They tell the story better than words.
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Home of Quality Feature Plays

Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17
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DOROTHY KELLY
— IN —
"The Money Mill"

Friday and Saturday, May 18-19
ALICE BRADY
— IN —
"Darkest Russia"

WE HAVE MOVED

FROM OUR OLD LOCATION
AT 223 NEIL STREET TO

11 Main Street

Mollet & Woller

DRUGS — SUNDRIES — CIGARS

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Uncle Ezra—So Eph Hoskins has gone to Palm Beach!
I wonder if there'll be enough going on to suit him.

Uncle Eben—Well, Eph ain't taking any chances.
He's took his checkerboard along.—Life.

Here comes the wagon, Jimmie, don't tell your right
name!—Brunonian.

A CONVENTIONAL JOKE.

Is there any danger around this convent?
Nun, Brother Adolphus, nun.—Brunonian.

Roughneck—"Why the nicks on the
top of your fountain pen?"

Phi Bater—"I notches it every time
I kills a final, see?"—Longhorn.

"Roll your own," advised the father
as he trundled his twins in the perambulator.—Awgwan.

"Madam, your son is a defective."

"My God!"

"Never mind. When he grows up
he can teach journalism."—Jester.

Willis: "The Highfliers are going to
give up their big house this winter."

Mrs. Willis: "You must be mis-
taken, I was talking with Mrs. High-
flier only yesterday."

Willis: "Well, I was talking with
the mortgagee only this morning."

—Puck.

He—Good heavens, the clock just
struck one and I promised your
mother I'd leave at twelve.

She (comfortably)—Good! We've
eleven hours yet.—Record.

Order Storage Eggs Stamped as
Such.—N. Y. Times.

Totally unnecessary.—Yale Record.

Instructor—Do we import any raw
material from France?

Wit—Only plays.—Awgwan.

IMPEDIMENT

Billy—"I would lay the world at
your feet but for one thing."

Milly—"And that is?"

Billy—"Some other people are
using it."—Judge.

IF YOU WANT TO AVOID
INSOMNIA AND DOC-
TOR'S BILLS—

PLAY BILLIARDS

It's a world of pleasure, too. The play-
ing conditions are excellent here.

COME IN.

Arcade Billiard Parlors

DEWEY NEWMAN, Proprietor

Bradley Arcade

Champaign, Ill.

"Pop, what does the Bible mean
by here today and away tomorrow?"

"Probably the cook, my son."

—Judge.

Bull—How many cigs d'ye smoke a
day?

Durham—Any given number.

—Jester.

Fish—I have a friend who suffers
terribly from the heat.

Squirrel—Where does he live?

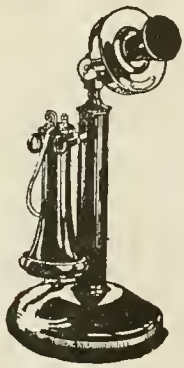
Fish—He isn't living.—Awgwan.

MEOW!

She—"What do you suppose Harold
meant by sending me those flowers?"

Also She—"He probably meant to
imply that you were a dead one."

—Jack o 'Lantern.



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**Plumbing
Troubles**

It Will Not Take Us Long
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The **Practical** Catering to **Particular**
lumber people

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Finder Residence, Bell 2298

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OF ALL KINDS

Tennis, Golf
Base Ball, Etc.

The Co-Op

Our Most Expressive Word

“‘**D**AMN’ is undoubtedly the most expressive word in the English language”, remarked a prominent member of the English faculty the other day, and to this we heartily assent. Every one knows the simple cuss word and its potency, has heard it uttered

in deepest grief, in chagrin, in innocent exuberance, in moments of greatest joy. We have all heard “damn” fall naturally from the unbearded lips of youth to serve as a forceful adjective. We have all heard it ripple, or crackle in the throats of maturity, and we have laughed at the word coming from the toothless gums of senility.

And after all, our most expressive word depends wholly on the

tone of voice, emphasis, and conditions of its utterance for its meaning. Our most expressive word is not so expressive after all. One thing is certain, however. “Damn” is the only word in the language that can afford the maximum heart balm and relief to the soul in the least time, when, two days before, the girl you had dated for the “formal” calls up to say she can’t go.

Oh, damn it all, what’s the use?

The Movette Will Get You!



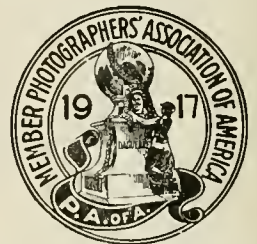
Movette Moving Picture Camera

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It Takes The Mystery Out of The Movies

And its uses are legion. A never-failing delight for every member of the family. For ministers, professional and business men in every walk of life it throws wide the gate to an Elysian Field of allied living pictorial art in every department of study, utility or appeal. It outranks the phonograph’s reproduction of sound by reproducing on your own screen, life—action in its infinite variety. It will develop imagination in the child and wisdom in the adult. It will enshrine the faces and forms of loved ones as you see and know them. It will add a precious gift to memory in actual resurrection of days and events long forgotten. It tells a living story—a family history for the children’s children; a touching appeal for the minister; an unanswerable argument for the business man; a record of human achievement in city or nation with the fidelity and wonder of the miracle that it really is. The Movette Moving Picture Camera is a gift of the gods of genius who inspired the inventor to bring its novelty and enchantment to your hands.

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"A Tale of Two Cities"

From Charles Dicken's Immortal Novel

Coming Friday and Saturday, May 18-19

JACK PICKFORD

— IN —

"The Dummy"

Talking About Talking

(Tune—"Educated"). As sung by a
Chorus of Co-eds.

Oh we are epicures in men,
We know them through and through,
In any given circumstance
We know what they will do.
Each red man has his battle-cry,
Each mason has his sign,
Each prof must have his own text-
book,
Each college man his line.

Chorus:

Men talk about affection
(And the Phi Bate talks of books)
Men talk about their sympathy,
And more about our looks;
We tolerate the men who talk of
mother's pantry shelves,
But Heaven save us from the men
Who talk about themselves!

Hello!

Do You
Deliver?



Yes, and we stay open until one o'clock.
Visit us after the Orph, we're right on
the way home.

The home of

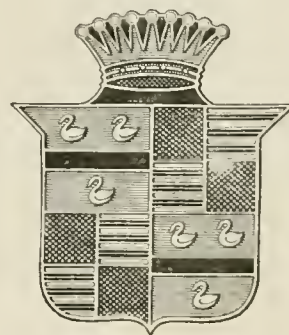
FINE SUNDAES, SODAS, BOSTONS and
FAMOUS MALTED MILKS

If you try one you'll want another every time

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former superintendent and candy maker of the Bradley Confectionery for the past sixteen years

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CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Contrast

I.

I 'M sane again!
I've tasted madness,
Unhappy mirth,
And weeping's gladness,
Trembling joy,
And passion's sadness.
I gave my youth to fevered oldness,
Hatred's sneer, and scoffing's coldness;
I grasped frail life with crushing boldness.

II.

And now I'm growing young, I want
To spend the fleeting hours
Within some peaceful garden
Of the sweet, old-fashioned flowers;
I want a meadow-lark to charm
Me into dreaming, while
I hear a soft voice murmur
And I see a baby smile.

IN BOTH HIGH AND LOW CUT

SHOES

we have splendid goods for comfort and durability. Regardless of the advance in cost of footwear, we are offering our customers the best shoes obtainable at any stated price.

The Julian Shoe House

Next to Masonic Temple.
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In the High Cost of Living BREAD is the Cheapest Food You Can Buy

Eat HOLSUM BREAD. It's Nutritious, Thank You.
Gehrke's Illinois Bakery, 207 E. Clark Street

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SPECIAL business conditions may require special Ledgers for your office. Ordinary "stock" (already printed) Ledgers will not take care of your need.

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114-116 Walnut St., Champaign, Ill.

"You say your mother has the mumps? You want to look out—mumps are contagious."

"She's my stepmother—she wouldn't give me anything."

"The man who was run over by the cars the other day is now out of danger."

"That's good."

"He died this morning."

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THEY will be the popular wear
for May and summer—these
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pinch-backs.

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A SENSIBLE CIGARETTE

Why they're Sensible

Occasionally a more heavy, full-powered cigarette than Fatima tastes mighty good. But heavy cigarettes are a little too "oily" and rich to suit most men for long.

You are certain to find more *comfort* in a delicately balanced Turkish blend like Fatima—a comfort that can come only from pure tobaccos properly blended.

That is why Fatimas are so *sensible*—because they leave a man feeling keen and "fit" even after smoking more often than usual. Your first package of Fatimas will show you how comfortable a cigarette can be.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

The Original Turkish Blend

20
for
15¢



HURRY-UP &
SHOVE-IT-THROUGH
TOBACCO CURERS
WE HAVE SECRETS
UNKNOWN TO NATURE

FATHER TIME & MOTHER NATURE
TOBACCO EXPERTS

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"Father Time and Mother Nature grew the tobacco. I guess they cure it best."

The best natured fellow in the world will lose his temper if you push him too hard. An' even good Burley tobacco loses a lot of its fren'liness if you rush the curin'. Velvet Joe.

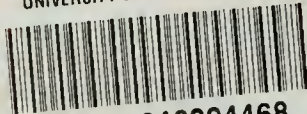
A PIPE load of VELVET gives you every last bit of enjoyment that there is in a pipe.

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